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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Elmer Davis Frederick Hazlitt Brennan John T. Flynn

James B. Connolly George Creel

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AUGUST 24, 1935

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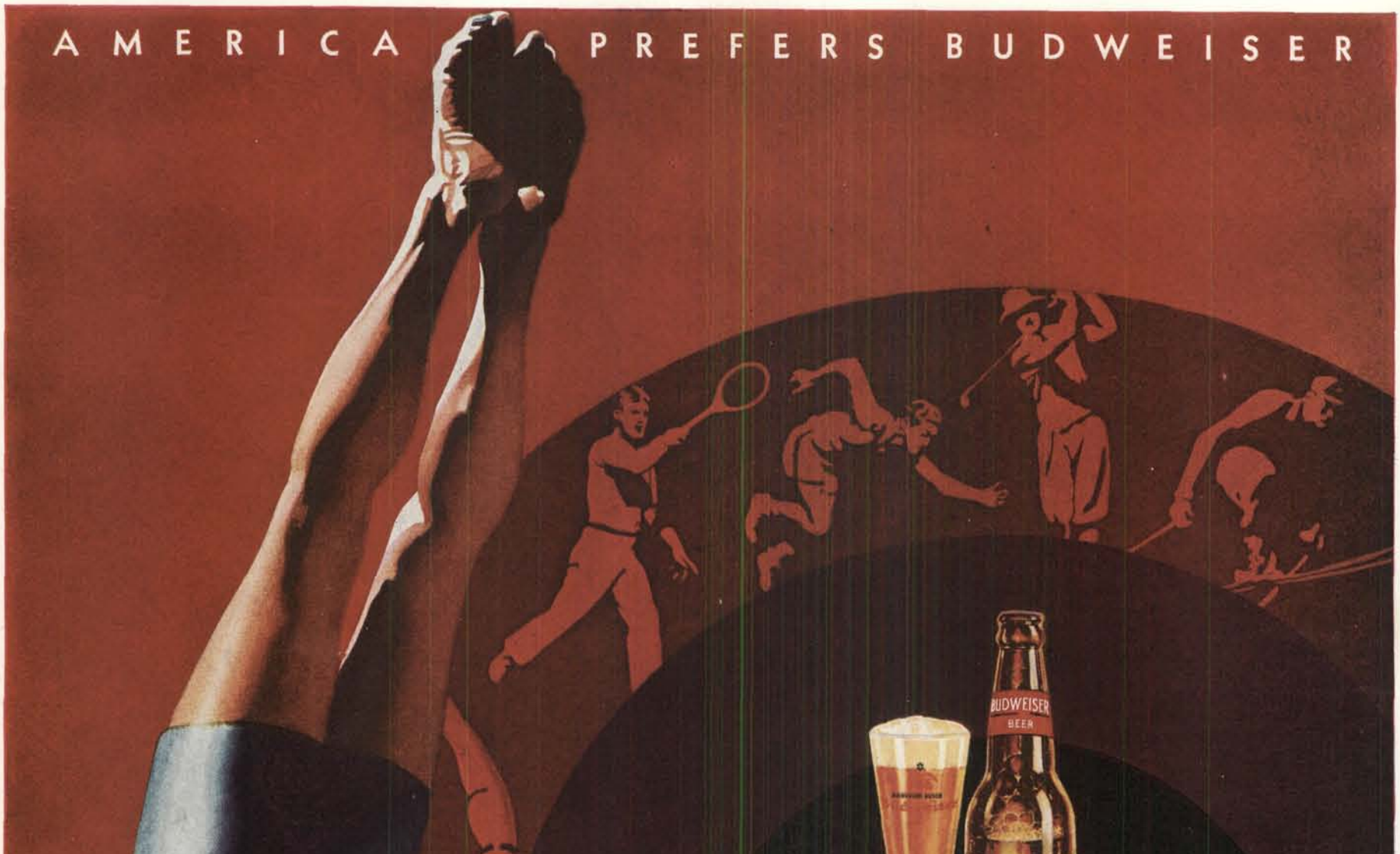
AMERICA PREFERS BUDWEISER



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of those who guard their health

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Chicago beauty says of Listerine Tooth Paste:

"I like the sheen and lustre it gives my teeth"

Models are careful about what products they use. They have to be; on their good looks their livelihood depends. Once they approve a product, particularly a tooth paste, you may be sure it is first rate.

Like so many other professional beauties, Miss Catherine Weary, former Chicago society girl, is enthusiastic over Listerine Tooth Paste.

"A real beauty aid," says Miss Weary, "and so refreshing to the mouth. I like the quick, thorough way it attacks discolorations and cleans teeth. I like the wonderful sheen and lustre it seems to give my teeth. It is such a comfort, too, to know that it cannot injure delicate enamel."

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. More than three million people have discovered the advantages of this modern dentifrice. In two sizes: Regular large, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

OLD Bushwhacker raises the best sorghum beer and the hardiest red hogs in the whole state of Missouri; and when Bushwhacker turns out a blatherskite she turns out the darnedest blatherskite you ever saw. That's Jake Judd.

When Jake filed for county collector the organization pulled itself together and fought to head him off, but shucks, what chance had the organization against a man who could call hogs a distance of three miles uphill and down? In "The Pride of Bushwhacker" Frederick Hazlitt Brennan shows you the birth of a demagogue.

IT OCCURRED to the solons of Utah that it was silly to support the state's unemployed when they might be out earning a living by panning gold. So they started classes in gold mining for anyone who cared to attend. Presently there was a gold rush. The old prospectors were driven into the deep canyons by a crowd of ardent amateurs, riding in cars and carrying textbooks. In the words of Will Rasp, "It ain't fittin'." Walter Davenport takes you to see the "Chicken-Salad Gold Rush."

WHEN a fat man, with a hook nose and a stiff hat, offered Larry Corbin twice as much for his taxicab as the cab was worth, Larry wanted to close with him at once. But he couldn't. A quarter interest in the business belonged to Connie Murdock and Connie refused to sell. "He's willing to pay too much," she explained. And thereby hangs the explanation of a very pretty mystery— told by William MacHarg "In a Taxi."

EVERY time that Florence McGee appears in The Children's Hour she runs the risk of being assassinated by the audience *en masse*. And that proves she's a very good actress. Her story is told by Kyle Crichton in "Little Borgia."

LENNIE SIMS' pretty bride was not a reader. The one book she knew anything about was Yellow Summer. Lennie had written that. Babe had read it. Hardly anyone else had. But, for Babe, it was the one book in the world. And that accounts for the Simses' triumph in Hollywood. Frank Condon gayly tells the story.

GEORGE WORTS writes the Short Short Story. Quentin Reynolds presents George Kojac. Frank Condon, Albert Richard Wetjen, T. R. Ybarra, Kathleen Norris, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster, and others add to the excitement. Don't say we didn't warn you.

This Week

August 24, 1935

Cover by Lawson Wood

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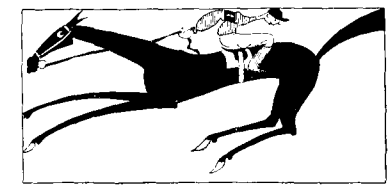
Any Week

A MAN of peace is Mr. R. C. Saufley of Tempe, Arizona. So rarely does he protest that such occasions are regarded as major events. "We Arizonians," writes he, "who years ago saw Earl Sande ride for Doc Pardee have often wondered why and how Earl took that awful spill on Spurt at Saratoga in 1924. Now we know. If the statement of Quentin Reynolds on Handy Sande be true—'and Sande's knees were pressing his flanks'—it becomes apparent. Any time a rider's knees press a horse's flanks he should be thrown. But in what position was Sande riding, anyway? For his knees to press the flanks he must either have been riding the horse's tail or was turned around, riding backward. We down here think Sande too good a horseman for either such position, especially during a race. If you don't believe me read Webster on *Flank*."



AND Mr. Leon Hewitt of Henderson, North Carolina, thinks there're several things the President might do to consolidate his somewhat formidable current position. "Why not," demands Mr. Hewitt, "set aside a sum to entertain the unemployables? Why not airplane rides and trips in those new streamlined trains? It wouldn't be very expensive and those of the East could go out to see the San Diego fair while the Westerners could come East and look at the Statue of Liberty, meander around Washington and so forth. It would keep their minds occupied and could be kept up until November, 1936, with very definite political benefits. In the meantime I enjoy every line of Collier's every week, including every word of the advertisements."

JUST as we were about to look into the matter, Mr. James T. Coleman of Emeryville, California, got our attention by referring to the notice we recently gave the Wyoming gentleman who, after carrying water downhill from a spring for forty-nine years finally thought of piping it. "Down in Cholame Valley," writes Mr. Coleman, "lives just such another gentleman and his wife. They have a fine spring about three hundred feet up the hill. About thirty years ago he got enough pipe to run from the spring to the house. But he has never had time to lay the pipe and they still carry the water—pardon me: *She* still carries the water."

MR. BEN GREIST BOWEN of San Francisco, California, asks whether we didn't think that "Frank Roosevelt, President of these United States, is a very smart man indeed, seeing as how he is taking it easy in his air-conditioned offices in Washington while the utility interests, the Supreme Court and all the rich newspaper publishers who won't share the wealth as long as they have any of it left are piling up the votes for him."

WE'RE working on a mystery. Mr. Lewis R. Doll of Indianapolis submits it. Mr. Doll was informed that "a former Secretary of the Treasury departed from Washington taking with him a set of dies with which he has occupied himself ever since pounding out twenty-five-cent pieces. These quarters, they tell me, cost him only eleven cents each. That no one might check up on them they have no date on them. It sounded like horsefeathers to me, but, by golly, about every third quarter I get has no date. Have you heard anything?"

THE news from Mount Morris, Illinois, reported by Mr. A. L. Kirby, threatens to astonish us. Writes Mr. Kirby: "The anti-Klan school board here is about to fire a lady schoolteacher because it is rumored she smokes. The Klan, voted out last election, are yelling for tolerance and I, poor sap, am now on their side of the fence. And not long ago these be-sheeted gentlemen were calling me a Red because I refused to get enthusiastic when Mrs. Network Dilling lectured here at twenty cents a head. So both sides are on my trail. Keep your ever-watchful eye on me—please."

A PRETTY nasty situation, we'd say. But there are so many of them. Just as a sample, Miss Mary R. Hynica of Spokane, Washington, who has just returned from Idaho, says she spent three days in a county where "a state of rebellion against the Roosevelt Administration impends." The trouble is that the FERA taught the young men to dance "and the four most popular young men have become such swell dancers that they charge the girls ten cents a dance. And what with the scarcity of desirable young men and dimes, the situation is rather tense."

THE big he-gigolos!

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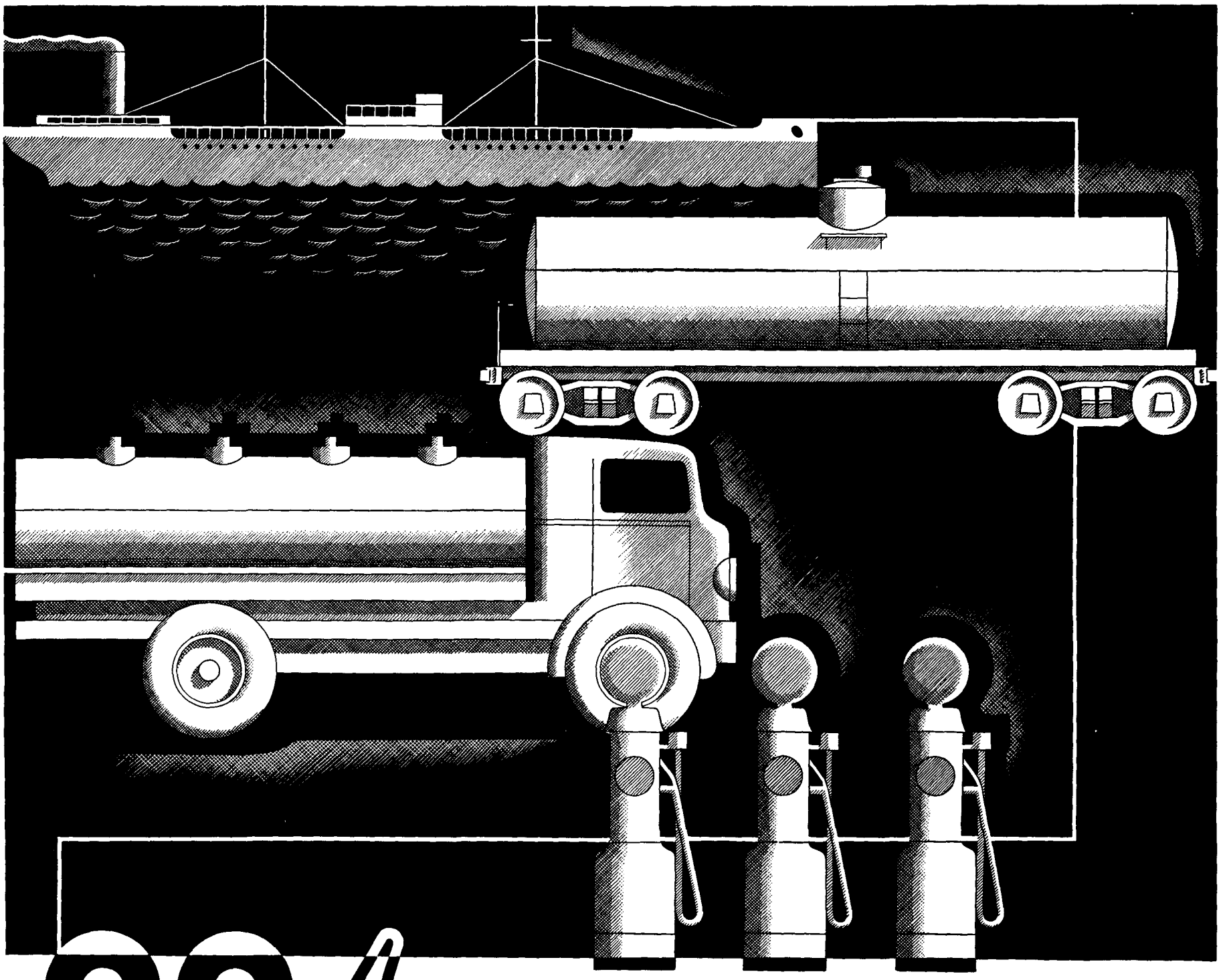

"60% OF OUR SALES ARE MADE BY TELEPHONE"

SAYS R. M. PARKER, JR., VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES, HARTOL PRODUCTS CORP.

SALESMEN of Hartol Products Corporation, one of the leading marketers of petroleum products in the North Atlantic States, telephone customers regularly between personal visits to announce price changes, secure orders and build good will through frequent, friendly contact.

"Prices fluctuate constantly and up-to-date information is absolutely essential," says Mr. Parker, "therefore, each salesman telephones the home office *every day* to secure market information and to report on conditions in his territory.

"Hartol's sales methods have been effective. Our business increased steadily during the depression . . . 1934 being ahead of 1933. *At least 60% of all sales are made by systematic use of Long Distance service.*

"Other departments of our business depend heavily on Long Distance also. Purchasing, Traffic and Production Departments find profitable use for it. Plant managers in the East and at Texas terminals call home office executives for final and decisive action on tankers, movements of cargoes and other urgent matters.

"Inquiries from abroad are handled by Bell System Overseas Service whenever speed and personal discussion seem essential. The telephone is an effective and speedy medium of communication for all domestic and international trade contacts."

Long Distance has served so many businesses so successfully that it will probably more than pay its way for you, especially if you use it on an organized basis. Call the local Telephone Business Office. A representative will gladly discuss details at your convenience.

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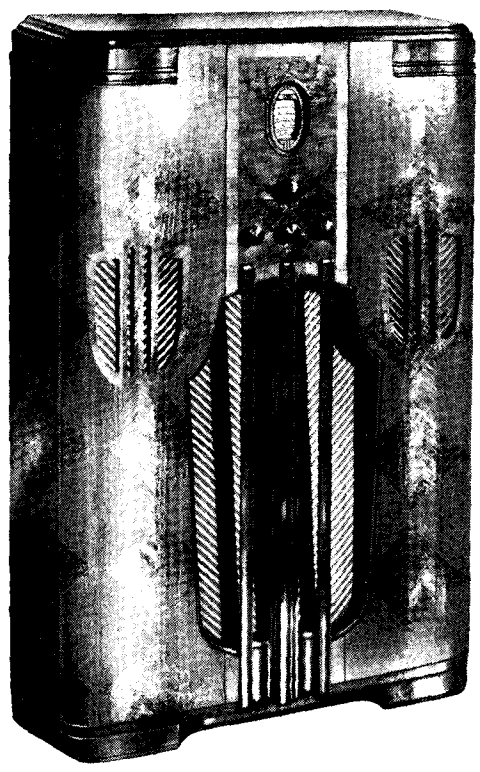
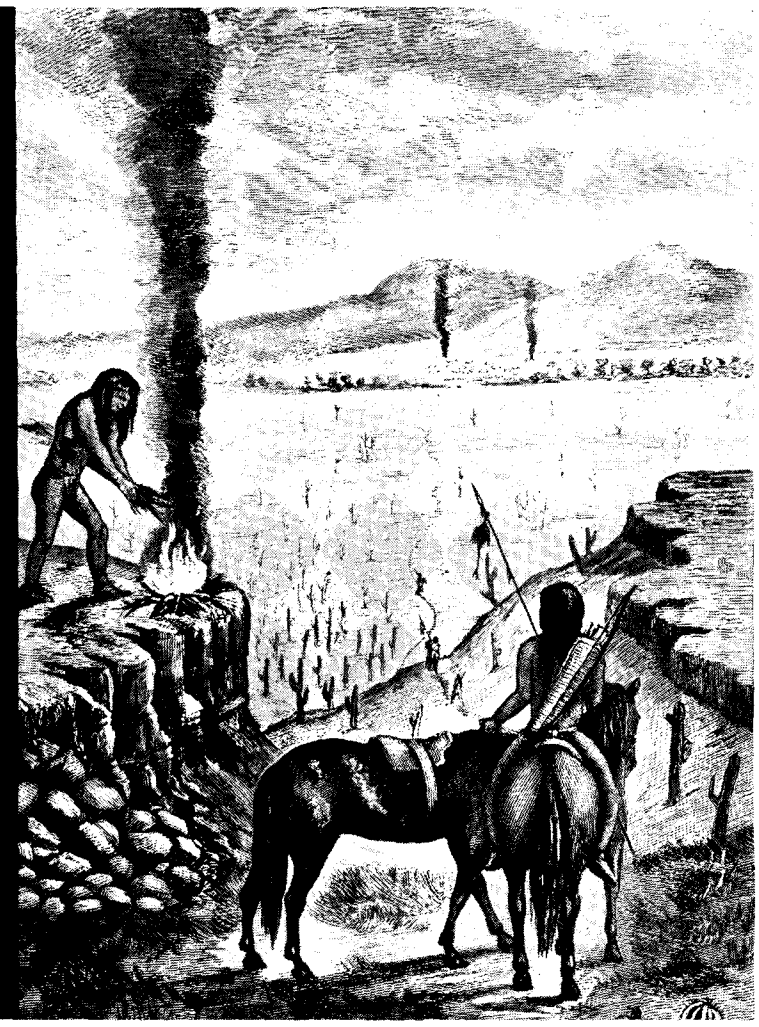


NEW PHILCO 116X . . . $175

WITH PHILCO ALL-WAVE AERIAL . . . $180

THIS new Philco is a true High-Fidelity instrument with vastly extended musical range bringing you the overtones which identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. . . NEW and exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers automatically prevent unpleasant barrel-like boom. . . ALL the clarity of tone produced by the Acoustic Clarifiers, and all the extended musical range of Philco High-Fidelity are preserved and projected up to ear level by the large area and slope of the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board. . . IN addition, every other advance of radio science and invention . . . Shadow Tuning . . . Two-speed Station Selector . . . Program Control . . . Automatic Volume Control. Receives every broadcast service in the air . . . American Stations . . . both daytime and night-time Foreign Stations . . . State Police Calls . . . Municipal Police Calls . . . Local and Foreign Amateur, Ship and Aircraft Stations . . . even the new U. S. Government Weather Forecasts. And its built-in Aerial Selector, used with the Philco All-wave Aerial, automatically maintains maximum power on each wave band. . . In effect, five aerials in one.

Smoke Signals



Smoke signals and beacon fires were used by all primitive peoples. The ancient Greeks lit beacons to spread the news of victory—or to warn of invasion. The American Indian—centuries later and half-way across the world—used the same signals for the same purposes. Smoke signals spoke a universal language—but how inadequate a language compared to radio! [Illustration from the first annual report of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.]

Wisps of smoke by day—a flickering fire by night. Signals which reached only those within range of vision. Today a man steps to a microphone and delivers an address which radio carries around the world!

Today the new 1936 Philco 116X brings news and entertainment from all points of the compass. Short-wave stations overseas* vie with nearby broadcasters for your attention. "This is London calling!" says the great British Empire station at Daventry—its programs reach you more consistently and more clearly than you received stations five hundred miles away a few years ago. Berlin . . . Madrid . . . Paris . . . and other foreign stations are heard surprisingly well.

When you tune in American stations, you find another thrill. Philco High-Fidelity reproduces overtones you never heard from a radio before . . . the overtones which give life and naturalness to the voices of operatic stars . . . overtones which bring world-famous orchestras into your home with the full richness formerly reserved for auditors in the concert hall.

Every other broadcast service in the air! Thrilling police calls . . . airplane pilots talking to ground stations . . . amateurs talking at all hours . . . you hear them all on this new Philco!

Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate the new 116X and tell you how easily you may buy it on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

*IMPORTANT! To span oceans you need a scientifically designed aerial. Install a Philco All-wave Aerial to get everything this powerful 116X is capable of giving.

PHILCO

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Forty-three Models $20 *to* $600

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS . . . SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR CAR

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

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IOLA, KANSAS

The Girl at Lucio's

By Elmer Davis

What happened to Sophie Bransfield, who thought that she didn't want to be bossed—a post-repeal romance

BEFORE he met her, you couldn't have persuaded Reggie Raybuck that he would marry a girl he had first seen at Lucio's, with her foot on the brass rail; it was not in such places that the Raybucks were accustomed to find their brides. But Lucio's, in those days before repeal, was where you could usually find Sophie Bransfield after the office closed at five o'clock; and she was leaning against the bar, talking to Charlie Pringle, when Reggie first caught sight of her through the haze of cigarette smoke. Very smart she looked, very smooth and metropolitan; but something in her eyes set him aglow with a missionary impulse to Take Her Out of All That.

"Excuse me," he said to the man who had brought him in. "There's a chap I used to know in college; I ought to say hello to him."

He was just in time—coming up just as Sophie was ready to walk out, ready to welcome any man who wasn't Charlie Pringle. . . .

She had come in a little after five, tired out by a harassing day in the office. Most days were harassing in the office of the Historical Preservation Society, which ran on a steadily decreasing income; and Sophie, secretary to a director who was trying to keep things going and at the same time think up places where he might find more money, was right under the gun. She needed a drink; but she forgot her own needs when she found Charlie Pringle—tall, languid, darkly handsome—leaning against the bar.

"I didn't see you in the office this afternoon," she said severely. (He worked for the society, too, as supervising architect; though he hadn't much to supervise, any more.) "Have you been here ever since lunch?"

HE GRINNED at her with his old-New-York manner that made her feel, for all her metropolitan smoothness, like a little girl from the open spaces.

"Don't unleash the Kansas conscience, Sophie; my desk was clear this afternoon. What are you having? . . . Two sidecars," he told the bartender.

"But, Charlie! Even when there's nothing for you to do, you ought to stay around the office and look busy! I know it isn't much of a job, and I suppose you don't need it, with an income of your own. But—"

"But it's a job," he supplied. "Better than working for the PWA at twenty-seven a week, which is about the only other thing that's open to a young architect nowadays. True, my dear. What a swell profession I picked."

"Forget it!" she commanded, lifting her glass. "Here's how."

With the drink, she began to feel better. Lucio's was filling up: she glanced down the bar, around the room, nodding to people she knew.

"This is the nicest hour of the day," she sighed. "From nine to five nothing but hurry and worry; but when you can lean up against a bar and forget it, and don't need to begin wondering yet whether what you're going to do in the evening will be so much fun after all—"

"What are you going to do this evening, that may not be fun?"

"I may go to a party," she said vaguely. "It depends." In fact, it depended on whether he would want her to do something else. She wondered if he didn't know that—or didn't care. . . . "Two more sidecars," she told the bartender. "No—Charlie—this one is mine." He grinned at her.

"AFTER three years in New York, you still get a kick out of buying a man a drink. It was for girls like you that speakeasies were invented."

"The poor woman's club," said Sophie cheerfully. "Since I can't afford the Colony or the Cosmopolitan— Bisexual clubs are much nicer, anyway. You buy me a drink, I buy you a drink; and here we are. As usual."

"Not quite as usual," he corrected. "Usually somebody comes along that you know, and then somebody else; and pretty soon you're the center of a mob scene that lasts through dinner and the evening."

(And he wasn't in it; a man who got fifty dollars a week couldn't afford to stay in a party where he might have to buy a round of drinks for a dozen people. Of course there was his private income, but Sophie didn't know that it had shrunk to twenty dollars a year. There was no reason, Charlie Pringle considered, why she should know. No reason at all.)

"Why not?" she said. "Most of the people I know hang out at Lucio's; half of them I first met here. Why, I met you here—before you came to work in the office. Do you remember?" (He remembered perfectly—the slim girl with a shock of tawny hair, and eager blue-gray eyes, who looked as if everything was going to be so much more fun to her than it was to the bored sophisticates he knew.) "All sorts of things have happened to me at Lucio's," she finished pensively.

"I remember that, too," said Charlie Pringle. "There was the night you passed out cold, and I had to take you home—yes, and put you to bed; because it was either me, or somebody else who couldn't be trusted—"

"That only happened once!" she snapped.

"Yes, that only happened once; you hold liquor better now. . . . And there was the time I had to sock a fellow who was trying to pick you up at the bar, and wouldn't take no for an answer—"

"You're very selective in your reminiscences," she said sullenly. "Why not mention the time you were stewed to the gills, and that poisonous she-novelist would have got her hooks into you if I hadn't turned

"But what are you going to do?" she asked. "Get a job, or something?"

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siren and got you away from her and taken you home? Have you forgotten that?"

"Not in the least." (Sophie as a siren had been doubly exciting to a man who had always thought of her, till then, as a little girl from Kansas who needed somebody to take care of her; he had made violent love to her, on the way home—till she snapped out of it, and laughed him out of it by explaining that she had only been rescuing her best friend.) "To hell with reminiscences," said Charlie Pringle. "Two more sidecars."

"If this is the last round," said Sophie, "I'll match you for it."

"You will not. You can't afford to buy seventy-five-cent cocktails on fifty dollars a week."

"Exactly what you get, Charlie Pringle! I know I haven't got a private income, but I won't have you trying to run my life for me!"

"CAN'T I buy you a drink without being accused of trying to run your life? Anyway," said Charlie, "repeal's only a few weeks away; drinks ought to be cheaper, after that."

"I suppose so. . . . I wonder if it will make such a difference," Sophie mused. "Repeal, I mean. Of course Lucio will go right on; he's got his license, like all the rest of the decent speaks. But I can't help wondering if it will be the same when just anybody can walk in here off the street." He grinned faintly. "All right, laugh!" she blazed. "You're the last of the Pringles of Murray Hill; you could belong to all the snooty clubs, if you wanted to. But I came from a wheat farm and a freshwater college. I knew what I was getting away from and what I wanted to find—and I found it at Lucio's. The sort of life I like—friendliness and hilarity with a lot of people you know, all just a little bit lit—"

"A little bit lit? Plastered to the eyebrows by seven o'clock!"

"Well, yes— some of them; and some of them I could do without even when they're sober. Still, it is more or less a select crowd—the crowd that hangs out at Lucio's. My crowd. And when anybody with the price of a drink can walk in—I'm afraid it will take all the romance out of it."

"Romance?" he exploded. "If you're so jaded and unresponsive at twenty-five, that you have to get your romance out of being recognized through a wicket by a doorman— That's what Lucio's has done to you. The sort of life you like!—coming here every afternoon, and spending more money than you can afford, and getting fried with a mob of rummies—"

"I never got fried in my life except that one time, and you know it!"

"I'd almost respect you more if you did. You're not an alcoholic, you just like the life. Just a speakeasy girl, that's all!"

"WELL, what are you?" she demanded, white with fury. "I know it's a tough time for architects, and I know your job doesn't amount to much. Still, it's the job you've got, your only chance just now to do something; and if you had any sense you'd keep your mind on it. Speakeasy girl, am I? Well, what could I be? I've got no illusions about myself; I'm a competent secretary, worth fifty dollars a week so long as anybody will pay me that much; but I'm never going to get anywhere in particular. Whereas you might, if you didn't spend all your spare time leaning up against the bar at Lucio's! Try to run my life, would you? Better learn how to run your own."

He was trying to think of a sufficiently devastating rejoinder when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, a hearty voice fell on his startled ear.

"Charlie Pringle! I haven't seen you around the club lately."

Charlie recognized the voice, and wondered why a man he had never liked anyway should have suddenly missed him at a club from which he had resigned a year ago. And then, when his eyes followed Reggie Raybuck's, he knew why Reggie was so delighted to see him again.

"Hello," he growled inhospitably. "Miss Bransfield, may I introduce—"

To say that Sophie liked Reggie at sight would be too much; but he impressed her. He was stocky and solid, with broad shoulders and a face that widened down to bulging jaws and outthrust chin; the sort of face that you felt he would use instead of his elbows, when he had to fight his way through a subway jam. He looked stable, effectual, sure of what he knew and of what he wanted. Everything that Charlie Pringle wasn't.

"You're not one of the regular crowd at Lucio's, are you?" she asked him. Reggie glanced about, with a dispassionate appraisal that put the regular crowd at Lucio's in its place.

"I never go to speakeasies," he announced. "I do my drinking at my clubs. That is—er— Tonight a client brought me in here. . . . Ah, I see he's leaving. Well, you'll join me in a cocktail, won't you?"

They joined him, and then joined Charlie in another. Gloomily Charlie wondered why he and Sophie should be drinking with this fellow.

"I've got to go," he announced. "Sophie—" After half a dozen drinks she might have forgotten that she had to go on somewhere else. "You said you had an engagement, too," he reminded her; which was a mistake.

"That must have been yesterday," she said icily. "Or maybe you're thinking of some other woman."

So he left her leaning against the bar, her foot on the brass rail beside Reggie Raybuck's.

SHE might not have stayed if she hadn't wanted to show Charlie Pringle that he couldn't run her life for her; she certainly wouldn't have left Lucio's with Reggie, after another drink or two, if she had dreamed that he wanted to Take Her Out of All That. When he spoke of going to dinner she assented, and added automatically—"

"We'll stay here, won't we? Lucio serves the best dinner of any speakeasy I know." Reggie looked a little wistful.

"You dance, don't you?" She said she loved to dance. "I'd thought," he said, "that we might go to some place with an orchestra and a floor."

"All right," she agreed. For she was beginning to feel a little blurry; it would do her no harm to dine at a restaurant where, pending repeal, she couldn't get any more to drink, and could dance off the effect of what she had had already. She wondered if Reggie realized that . . . Well, if he did, at least he was tactful enough to give another reason, a plausible reason, for getting away from Lucio's; whereas Charlie would have told her flatly that she'd had enough. She hated Charlie Pringle. . . .

They dined at the Balmore Cascades; and she had so good a time that she forgot all about the party she might have gone to, and danced with him till midnight. He was an excellent dancer; and if he talked mostly about himself, so did everybody else that Sophie knew. He was a lawyer, it appeared, and a successful one. Not that his success meant anything to her; but he talked of large affairs, and she could see that his work gave him a breadth of view that a man didn't get on a job like Charlie's.

Also, it seemed he lived in Flatbush. When she heard that she began to laugh; then, in hurried apology:

"Flatbush is probably a swell place," she conceded. "I've never been there. It just happens to be one of the places people make jokes about."

"So is Kansas," he reminded her, "yet I've heard that it has its good points. As for Flatbush— Well, we Raybucks have lived there for nearly two hundred years."

It was obvious that he could imagine no higher recommendation.

But that was all right, Sophie decided afterward, as she thought over the evening. She admired a man who thought well of himself, and of the work he was doing. Even if Reggie had a blind-alley job like Charlie's, he would keep his mind on it; he wouldn't spend all his spare time (and some that shouldn't have been spare) leaning against the bar at Lucio's.

Which set her to wondering, somewhat to her surprise, what she thought of a girl who was satisfied with a blind-alley secretarial job, and spent all her

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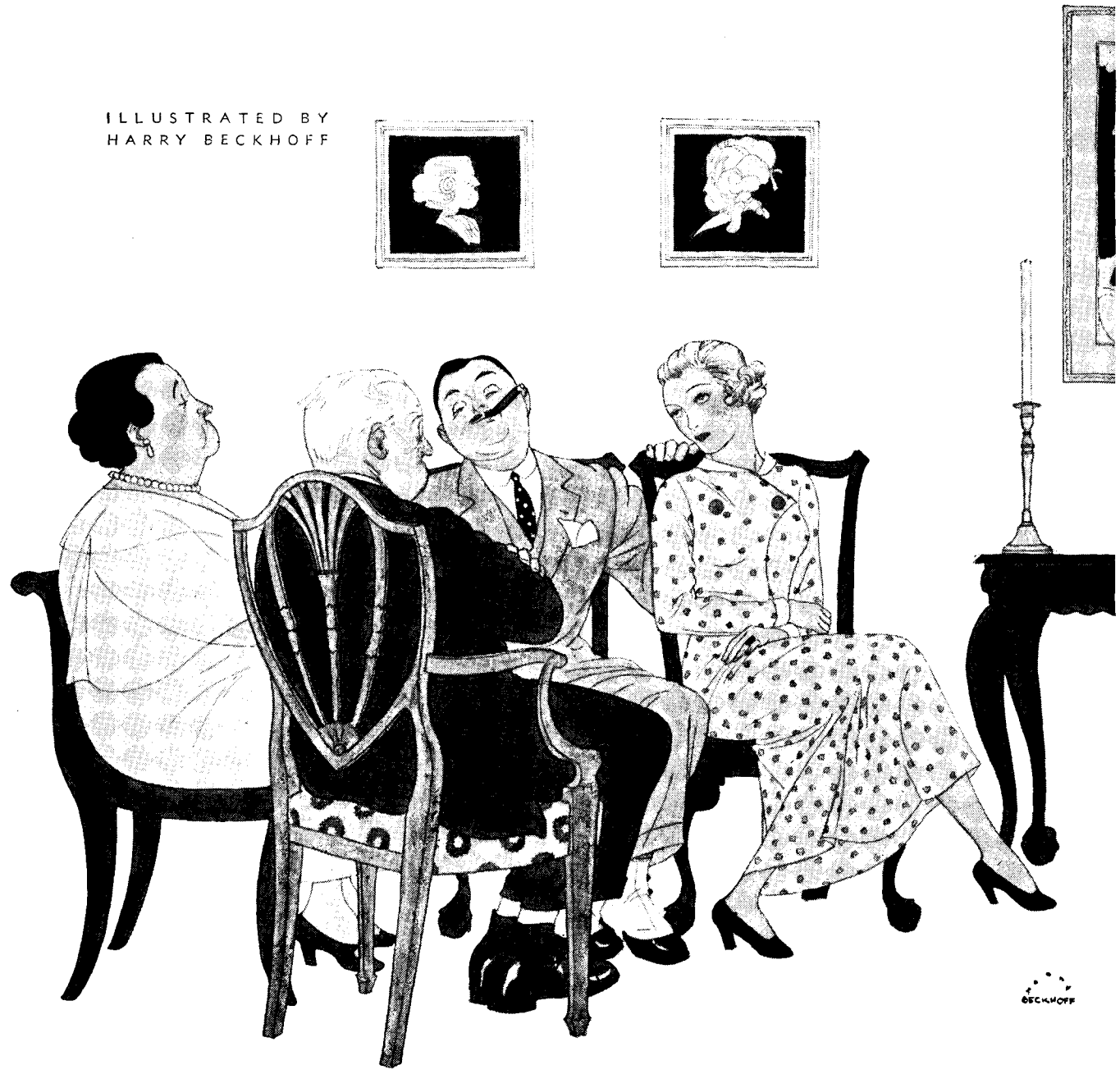

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spare time leaning against Lucio's bar. For the first time in three years she found herself dissatisfied with just living from day to day; simmering with the Kansan conviction that she ought to be getting somewhere. And she never seemed to get anywhere but Lucio's. Just a speakeasy girl. . . . That wasn't true, and Charlie Pringle knew it wasn't true; he must have been fried when he said it. All the same, she doubted if she could ever enjoy the life at Lucio's quite so much again. Charlie had spoiled it for her; and she decided she wouldn't speak to him when she saw him at the office in the morning.

But she had no chance; he wasn't there. For a moment she had a dreadful apprehension; if he'd gone on somewhere and got drunk last night— His job wasn't much, and he didn't need his salary; but he needed some kind of job to preserve his self-respect. . . . And then the director told her—

"I've sent Mr. Pringle down to Maryland to look over those old houses we spoke of yesterday. I'm afraid they'll need a good deal of restoration. If we can ever get the money to restore them," he sighed. "Just now, it's as much as we can do to meet the pay roll."

Maryland was a good place for Charlie Pringle, thought Sophie vindictively; only not far enough away.

But nothing seemed quite the same after that. She dropped in at Lucio's every day; but the crowd there, like every speakeasy crowd, was beginning to wonder if everything wouldn't be different after repeal; she had a feeling that all this was temporary, evanescent —all this that had been her life for three years. It was the same crowd, the same atmosphere; but something essential was missing. . . . Not Charlie Pringle; positively not. But none of the other men she knew around Lucio's seemed to interest her; she would have had a lonesome time, but for Reggie Raybuck.

He called her up a few days after Charlie left and asked her to dinner.

"Fine!" she said. And then, automatically—"Meet me at Lucio's?"

"Let's make it the Balmore," he proposed. "We'll dance."

She rather liked that. The average man, trying to build himself up with a girl who wasn't yet as much interested in him as he was in her, would have done —at first—anything she wanted. But Reggie knew his own mind. At dinner that evening he told her candidly:

"I don't like speakeasies. They create an unhealthy atmosphere."

"I suppose they do," she admitted. "Thick with cigarette smoke, and no ventilation to speak of—"

"That isn't all," said Reggie. "It's a feverish, undignified sort of life. Thank heaven, after next week we'll have a chance to acquire the habit of civilized drinking."

She meant to respond with a spirited defense of Lucio's, but somehow she didn't. Already she was finding it hard to talk back to Reggie.

ABSENTLY glancing over the pay roll the next week, Sophie noticed an oversight and hurried into the director's office.

"You've left off Mr. Pringle!" she accused him.

"We have to leave off somebody," he said wearily. "I've written to Pringle and explained that we've got to cut down operating costs; we can't afford to keep a staff architect to restore buildings, when we can't find the money for the restoration. Somebody has to be dropped; and it isn't as if he needed a salary, with his private income."

"He may not need a salary but he needs a job," said Sophie desperately. "To give him something to do, something to hold on to. If you've got to cut the pay roll, I could get along with less—"

"Nonsense!" said the director. Which she supposed it probably was.

But for days she asked everybody she met if they knew of any openings for a young architect. Nobody did; but she kept on, hoping that she might have good news for him when he came back, till she got a note from him—in Washington.

Dear Sophie:

There doesn't seem to be much demand for my services in New York so I thought I'd try my luck here; there's always the PWA. Give my remembrances to Lucio. CHARLIE.

She was furious. She knew the sort of thing he could get from the PWA—a draftsman's job at twenty-seven a week. And he'd take that rather than come back to New York and keep on trying, when he had an income that he could live on. No spirit. No ambition. She was ashamed of herself, for all the time she had wasted on Charlie Pringle.

But she gave his remembrances to Lucio, who observed gloomily that he was glad somebody remembered him. It was the first time Sophie had been in his place since repeal, and the crowd was only half its former size; new bars had sprung up everywhere, more bars than even the drinking public of Manhattan could support, and Lucio's old customers were experimenting with places that had the double charm of novelty and of air that was fit to breathe. Repeal had made even more difference than Sophie had expected; young people who had grown up on synthetic gin were reading books about wine and trying to learn the technique of civilized drinking. Sophie was trying to learn it with Reggie Raybuck.

THEY dined at restaurants that seemed immense and bare and glaring, after the dim-lit, smoke-filled intimacy of the speakeasies; they drank Bordeaux and Burgundy that seemed to Sophie far less palatable than the wines she had had when she dined at Lucio's. But she was ashamed to betray her ignorance by confessing that she didn't like these genuine French wines as well as that bootleg stuff; and since Reggie knew as little about wine as she did, neither of them ever dreamed that the French wines they got in those first weeks of repeal were the sort of stuff that nobody would buy in France, inferior in everything but price to the vintages Lucio used to import from Quebec. Sophie only realized that nothing in her life gave her much satisfaction any more—except Reggie Raybuck.

Now that she knew him, he appealed to something in her that the crowd at Lucio's had never touched. He reminded her of men she had known back home—serious young men at a co-educational college, who had a good time but didn't let it interfere with their firm intention to get somewhere. Also he had a background, a frame; he lived with his parents, and she gathered that Flatbush was largely populated by his uncles and aunts and cousins. Her friends at Lucio's were mostly like herself — unattached young people who had come to New York to get away from their relatives, and live alone in one-room apartments. Once she had prized that freedom and detachment; now it seemed arid, rootless, sterile. . . . And then she got a note from Reggie's mother, inviting her to Sunday dinner. With the family.

"You're coming, of course?" Reggie asked her that evening.

"I don't know. . . . I know what this means," she said. "You've told them about me —I mean—it's perfectly obvious what you want, Reggie, even though you haven't got around to telling me about it yet. But I don't know—"

It seemed to Reggie, then, that it was time for somebody to tell her what she wanted; so he took her in his arms and told her.

"Love you?" she said. "I don't know." (But she clung to him.) "I like you better than anybody else, but — I don't want to give up my freedom."

(Continued on page 32)

She could feel all the full-fed, silent Raybucks thinking that if Reggie had only found the right kind of girl this question would have been settled long ago

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Weeping Wilma of Old Shanghai

Another edifying and romantic adventure of our two naval heroes, Messrs. Dunnevan and Linn—one you won't see mentioned in official dispatches

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

GOD loves United States sailors if their hearts are pure. This thought soothed and sustained Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan as they stood on the Customs Jetty and looked at old Shanghai. It was indeed a dark hour.

"We only got till midnight to see this town," said Seaman Linn bitterly, "and two dollars and thirty-fi' cents to see it on."

"Yerse, Benny. The skipper had ought to of give us a break and let us out at least a whole day."

Seaman Linn nodded. His large Adam's apple was a leaden plummet in his throat, his bright blue eyes could find no comfort in Shanghai's oddly occidental skyline. Seaman Linn's nose had been blistered and browned by all the winds of the China Sea and now he smelled the East. This was a foreign port, a very foreign port.

"Our hearts are pure and God loves United States sailors, Tim," he asserted bravely. "Does it smell this bad all over town?"

"Yerse, Benny. And in the Old City it smells worser."

In the dusk behind them, the Whangpoo River gurgled faintly, its throat choked with sewage. Ships of many nations rode the Whangpoo's leprous back and native sampans crawled over it like vermin. Before Tim and Benny stretched the Bund, a grimmer, grayer Chicago seen from the lake front. And around them ricksha coolies beseeched, "You lide, Boss? Velly clean cushion!" while beggars whined: "Give, tuan, peelease. 'Merican tuan give a little cash?"

Fireman Dunnevan felt called upon to take the initiative. He had been in Shanghai once before. It was Seaman Linn's first China cruise.

"You can get good beer at the Boston Café near the Astor Hotel, Benny," he said, "and we got enough to eat on besides."

Seaman Linn scowled, noting that his friend had prodigally handed a dime to a scabby-headed urchin in the crowd.

"No brains to *that*," he said severely. "We gotta promote something and get us some dough. I wanta really see this town!"

On the verge of buying an imitation *jade picture frame from a peddler*, Fireman Dunnevan resisted and shoved the fellow away.

"We can't promote nothing here, Benny. It's a *limey* town. Them Sikh coppers'll throw your pants in jail if you so much as make a motion at 'em. Even with your hand wide open."

AN INVOLUNTARY shudder sapped Seaman Linn's confidence. He and Tim had just finished a week's confinement to ship—the aftermath of a fight with the French Asiatic squadron at Chefoo.

"Well, let's get going, Tim," he said sadly. "It may smell better when we stir some air."

Fireman Dunnevan, breathing heavily, had an inspiration.

"Let's you and me try to find Weeping Wilma! Maybe we could get back some of my forty bucks that she cried me out of!"

This suggestion caused Seaman Linn to glance at Shanghai's teeming thousands and then to regard his best buddy with scorn.

"No brains, Tim, no brains. After two years you'd be *apt* to find that gal in Shanghai! Huh. I bet she's in Paris by now."

Fireman Dunnevan sighed reminiscently. He had thought the lady known as Weeping Wilma to be a lovely little Erish colleen, stranded in a wicked and foreign city. She had needed forty dollars for passage back to Erland where her poor old grandmother—

"Gangway, you chinks, gangway!"

But Fireman Dunnevan had still another thought.

"I know where we can see some Chinks get their heads cut off. And it *won't cost us nothing*."

"Heads cut off? Where?"

"Over in the Old City. They're bandits, see, Benny? And when I was here in the Borie last time I seen five get their heads cut off. It'll only be about twenty cents apiece for rickyshas and—"

Seaman Linn reflected, shook his head.

"Not now. Not on empty stomachs, Tim. Maybe after we eat, if nothing better turns up. Come on."

They moved off in battle formation through the gabbling, odoriferous throng. Seaman Linn, the light and speedy cruiser, was on patrol with Fireman Dunnevan, carrying the main battery of heavy guns in reserve.

"Hey, you guys!"

Halting, Seaman Linn peered among the sidewalk crowd on the Bund. Fireman Dunnevan shuffled close.

"Oh . . . hi, Webster."

Seaman Linn's greeting had little enthusiasm. Yeoman Webster was the skipper's writer. All yeomen are very superior fellows, the intelligentsia of enlisted men, and Yeoman Webster was considered especially obnoxious by stouter, simpler lads in the U. S. S. Trimble.

Yeoman Webster, swankily attired in cits, got out of a ricksha at the curb.

"Did the cap'n release you?" was his first question, accompanied by a suspicious smirk.

"Yerse!" said Fireman Dunnevan challengingly.

"Pipe down, Tim."

"Listen—if you guys see Ensign Trower any place, one of you stick with him and the other has got to report it to the ship right away!"

SEAMAN LINN bristled. Ensign Trower was the destroyer Trimble's new communications officer and high in favor with Linn & Dunnevan, Inc. A first-year ensign, Mr. Trower had shown himself to be admirably gullible. He had kept Tim and Benny out of a bad jam in Manila.

"Who are you, to be going around poking your nose into an officer's private business?" said Seaman Linn to Yeoman Webster.

"Yerse, Webster. Mister Trower is a fine lad. Do you say differ'nt?"

Yeoman Webster shook his head worriedly.

"The BuNav has got no business sending first-year ensigns to China duty!" he blurted. "Ensign Trower was to report to the ship this morning and he hasn't been heard from!"

Fireman Dunnevan was outraged.

"That's a lie, Webster. Mr. Trower is a fine, clean lad and he wouldn't—"

"Pipe down, Tim—"

"Never mind. You mugs aren't apt to see Ensign Trower."

"Maybe we seen him already, wisehead."

"Oh, you did? Where?"

"What's that to you?"

Yeoman Webster turned back earnestly.

"Lieutenant Commander Herrick has everybody out looking for him, that's why! If you know where he is you better—oh, that dumb BuNav! Sending a kid like Ensign Trower to China!"

Seaman Linn caught Fireman Dunnevan's arm and frowned him into passive attention. He smiled disarmingly at Yeoman Webster.

"I and Tim are Mr. Trower's best friends in the ship, Webster," he said. "We was jest stalling because we wanted to make sure you wasn't jest spouting wardroom gossip."

"I never gossip about wardroom affairs," quoth Yeoman Webster nobly. "You tell Ensign Trower the cap'n is sore but he'll forgive him if he reports right off. The cap'n knows Mr. Trower had a bust-up with his girl in Manila—well, you tell him!"

Seaman Linn clutched the yeoman's lapel.

"Is there another gal mixed up in it?"

"I can't discuss an officer's private affairs with enlisted men. But if you're friends of Ensign Trower's you better *get him back to the ship!*"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan stared after Yeoman Webster.

"I can still catch him, Benny."

"NAW. He's telling the truth this time. Mr. Trower had the day's duty and he didn't report. He's in a jam. You know what that means?"

"Yerse! We gotta help him like he helped us."

"Yeah. Nobeless oblyge, Tim!"

"Nobeless what?"

"Never mind *that*. Where's an officer that's grieving over a bust-up with his gal apt to be at in this town?"

"Maybe the Cathay Hotel bar. Maybe the Little Club or the American Club or one of them places in the French Concession."

Seaman Linn spat philosophically through his teeth.

"These officers, Tim! They don't know how to handle women—especially first-year ensigns. I bet Mr. Trower was jest like a baby led to the slaughter."

Fireman Dunnevan nodded.

"Yerse, Benny, but we shouldn't ought to blame the lad. This is a terrible wicked town. Last time I was here I blowed a hunderd and eighty-six bucks not counting the dough Weeping Wilma—"

"Pipe down. I got to think."

They moved along the Bund toward the Cathay Hotel, while Seaman Linn wrinkled his brow in thought. Fireman Dunnevan trudged a pace to the rear, his faithful brown eyes sympathetic but calm. Benny would find Mr. Trower. Benny had the brains. . . .

As it happened, no great intellectual powers were required of Seaman Linn. A young man, moving in a daze, bumped into them in front of the Shanghai Club. It was Ensign Trower.

"We was looking for you, sir!"

"Yerse!"

Ensign Trower, it appeared, was looking for no one. He said, "Oh . . . Linn and Dunnevan," in hollow, hopeless tones and stood before them for lack of any impulse to move on. Tim and Benny inspected him furtively.

"Beg pardon, sir, but Yeoman Webster reported to us that Cap'n Herrick wants to see you right away."

"Yerse!"

This news seemed to mean nothing to Ensign Trower. His handsome pink

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and white face—he had not yet lost the milk-fed Annapolis coloring—wore the dark mask of tragedy. Ensign Trower had suffered and he had brooded. He was cold sober, much too sober.

"Uh . . . I . . . uh . . . these letters. . . ."

He put forth a feeble hand and it held two envelopes.

"You want 'em delivered, sir? We can do that so you won't have to take the time—"

"Delivered? Yes . . . I . . . uh . . . why, yes. Would you do that for me?"

"Yerse! And if you want somebody clouted—"

"Pipe down, Tim. Sure, we will, sir. Is that all?"

ENSIGN TROWER groaned faintly, as if upon those two letters all the ends of the world were come, and his eyelids were a trifle weary. He handed the letters to Seaman Linn. Also a bank-note.

"We don't want no money, sir—"

"Pipe down, Tim. I guess I and Tim had better take a taxi, hunh, sir?"

"Yes . . . yes . . . hurry. I must have replies . . . wait for you at the ship!"

"Thank you, sir!"

With an anguished sigh, Ensign Trower lunged away into the gloom. The night was young and all Shanghai beckoned with a leer, but not to Ensign Trower.

"He's in orful shape, Benny. I bet the poor lad's heart is broken."

Seaman Linn nodded.

"That's the way them first-year ensigns act, Tim. A gal does 'em dirt and they go all to pieces. Poor kid. He ain't a day over twenty-two."

"Yerse. Poor Erish lad. Us Erish is often too sentimental, Benny."

"You're telling me?"

"I'll take one letter and you take the other. That'll make it quicker."

"Wait. Lemme think."

Seaman Linn inspected the letters. One was addressed to the Countess Olga Oblensky, No. 317-A Kiangwan Road, and the other was directed: "Miss Virginia Reith, Suite 22, Cathay Hotel."

"Golly! A Russky countess, Benny!"

"Yeah. I bet she's the dame that got Mr. Trower in trouble! This other gal sounds like the one he fell out with in Manila."

FIREMAN DUNNEVAN gulped and breathed heavily through his nose. The deductive powers of Seaman Linn often awed him.

"What we gonna do now, Benny?"

A snort from Seaman Linn.

"Mr. Trower is a U. S. officer and a good guy besides. We ain't gonna let no Russky make a sap outa him!"

Fireman Dunnevan balled his fists.

"Let's go out to her place first and wreck the joint, Benny!"

"Nope. Force *and* brains, Tim. This dame's high-toned. We got to use finessay!"

"What's finessay?"

"Never mind *that*. Come on. We'll see the countess first."

"*See* her? A countess, Benny?"

"Why not? We're U. S. sailors representing a U. S. officer, Tim. Remember that and keep shut and let *me* do all the talking."

Messrs. Dunnevan and Linn arrived at the Kiangwan Road address via taxicab. They saw a large apartment house of American construction. The building had a rather shabby air about it.

"A real countess wouldn't live here, Benny."

(Continued on page 40)

Weeping Wilma began to disgorge money from a stocking. At long last, the sum came to ninety-one dollars

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All Lit Up and Going Places

By John T. Flynn

New wires on a million farms—that's this year's program of the Rural Electrification Administration. It means more than bright lights for Bossy. It means a new lease on life for Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, new efficiency for the farm and new business for everyone. Meet the new wired help

CARTOONS BY HAROLD TALBURT

JUICE for the lamps of a million farms—to start with—and, at the same stroke, jobs for city folks in thousands of factories. That, in a nutshell, is the objective of the Rural Electrification program to which Uncle Sam is just turning.

One phenomenon of the last five years has been the number of expeditions which have gone out to search for buried treasure—the gold which pirates of old sunk or lost in distant seas and islands. It would be a grand idea if we could fit out an expedition and go out in search of—and find—a new industry for this country. Indeed, many such expeditions have been hammering away at this quest, quietly, secretly, patiently in laboratories all over the land. But pending the success of these hunters, we could do a very nice job for ourselves by exploring and exploiting the possibilities of three old industries—houses, railroads and electricity. Houses for the poor, rebuilding our railroads, electrifying our farms.

Sweet indeed are the uses of electricity. We are supposed to have been rescued from the depression of the 'nineties by discovery of gold in Alaska. But it was electricity—the development of the new electrical industry, the electrification of the old horse-car lines and the electrification of city homes (along with the arrival of the early skyscrapers)—which really lifted us out of that depression. The spread of the vast private utility industry had much to do with the immense activity of the late 'twenties. And now we can use electricity again. It's good for toasting bread, milking the cow, lighting the barn, washing the clothes, sweeping the floor. Maybe we can get out of the doldrums by electricity.

For lighting the farm is not just a farmer's problem. The bulb that shines in the farmer's living-room is made in a city factory. The electric milker that relieves faithful Bossy of her milk makes wages for the man in the city electrical equipment plant with which he can buy the milk that Bossy gives. How far, indeed, that little incandescent lamp throws its beams! The light on the American farm will shine into the work rooms of countless American industries in every state in the Union.

Farm Fallacy Number One

Let me tell briefly the story of an actual experiment which will illustrate what this may do. But first a word to the skeptic who raises a horse-laugh at the idea of selling electric washers and vacuum cleaners to the busted farmer. The popular notion is that all farmers are broke; that they sit around, when they are resting up from raising hell and not raising corn and cotton, looking sad-eyed at the mortgage, wondering who will get to them first, the sheriff with the process or the AAA with the process tax. All farmers don't live in tumble-down cabins and eat corn pone and salt pork. And now for a yarn about some farmers up in Minnesota.

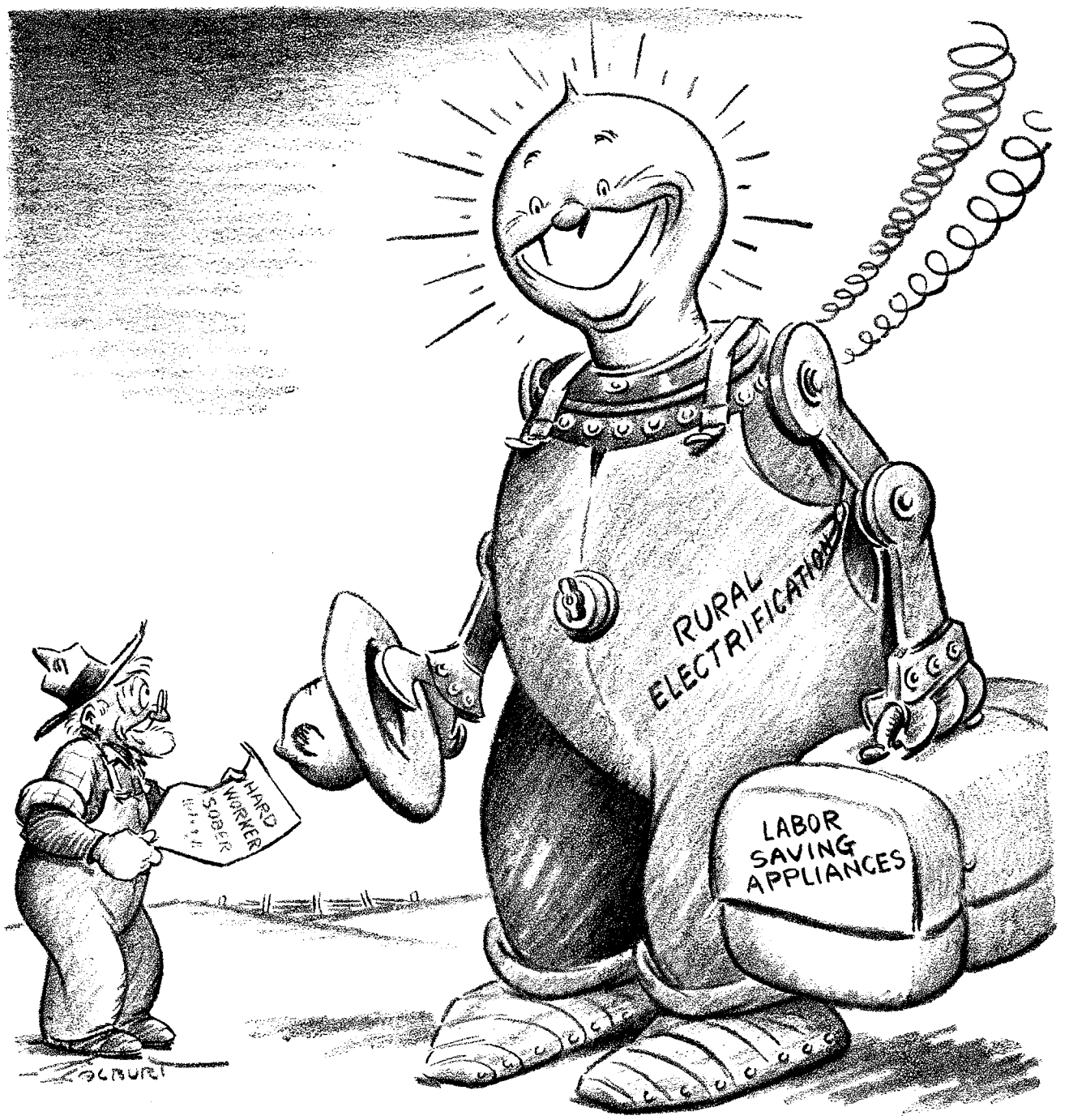
About ten years ago there were mighty few farms with electricity—about 16,000 out of over 6,000,000. A group of men in the University of Minnesota and the utility company near by decided to look into the matter. They organized a little plan to extend power wires into a small farm area known as Red Wing. The line was only 6.2 miles long and there were only nineteen possible users on the line. The promoters got only ten customers. Here was a farm community only a few years ago without any of the conveniences of electricity which are commonplace in the town home. They weren't poor farmers. The investment in these farms ranged from $16,000 to $84,000. Most were over $40,000. No doubt these farmers were able to pay for electricity, if they could get it. But they didn't have it.

No one needs to be told what these magic wires meant to the women in these homes and the men in their work. But here is what it meant to the man in town. I have been supplied with a complete list of all the equipment these farmers bought. First they laid out an average of $341.98 each for wiring their homes. That was $3,419.80.

Next they proceeded to buy equipment. They spent $21,000 on this. The money was spent in 79 manufacturing plants all over the United States. One farmer bought 23 different items—electric range, washing machine, cream separator, dairy barn equipment, water softener, small grain elevator, hay hoist, corn sheller, sewing machine motor and a number of other motors and other things. He must have renewed them since. And notice there is no refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, toaster, electric ironer—all of which he may have bought since. The smallest of these farmers bought nine pieces of equipment, almost none of them household. The latter probably came later.

But in almost all of these lists was an item which surprised me—bathroom equipment. I wondered why farmers waited for electricity to put in bathrooms—prosperous farmers, too. There really doesn't seem to be much of a tie-up between the plumber and electricity on the farm. But there is and we will come to that later.

This little incident—just ten farmers getting electricity into their territory—reveals the amazing potentialities of



The new farm hand is ready to work—and he comes highly recommended

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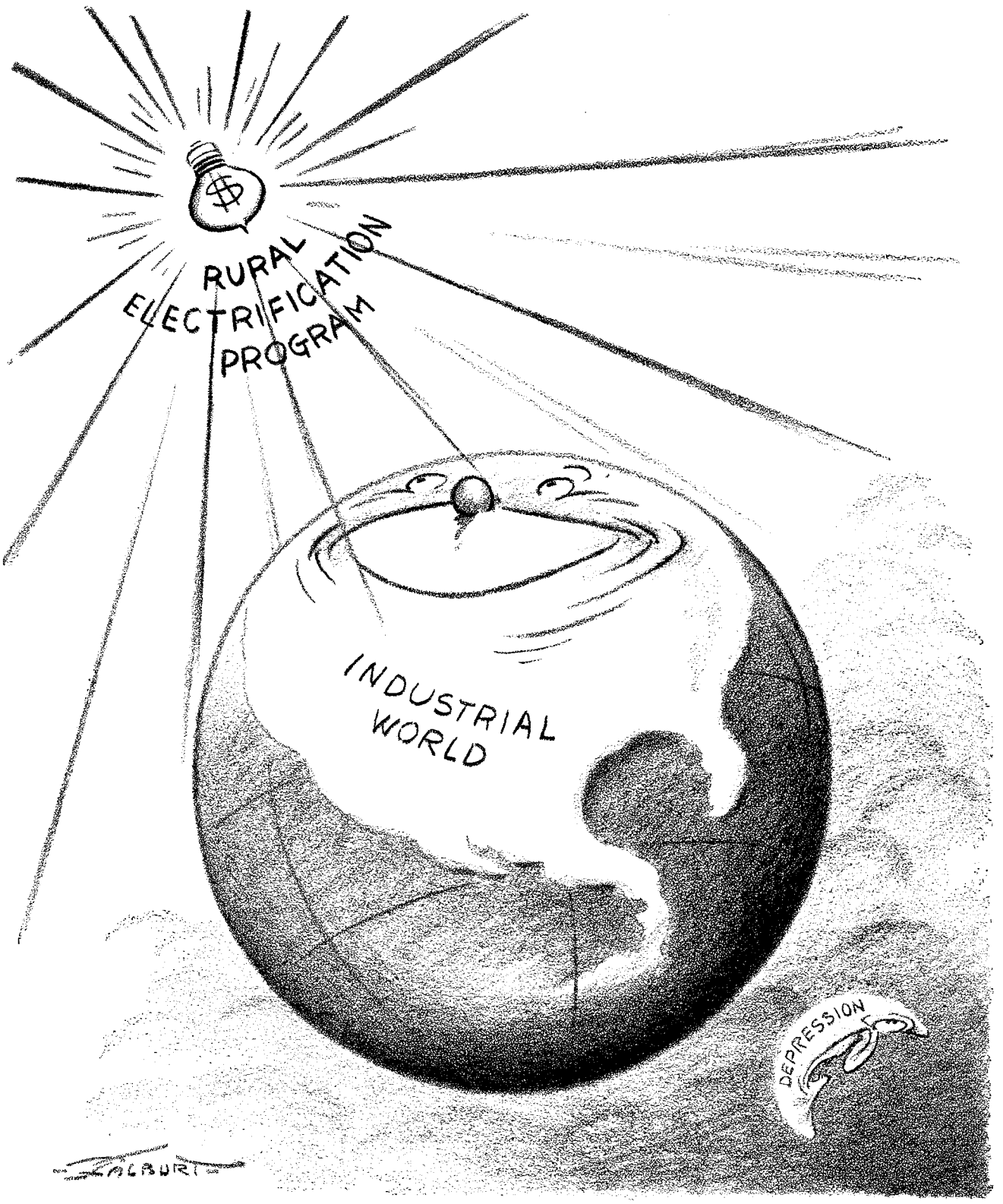

Farm electrification has fine possibilities as a depression-chaser

farm electrification as a means of stimulating non-farm industry. In fact this interesting experiment did have a powerful effect. The number of farms getting current now is 734,000 compared with 160,000 when the Red Wing experiment was launched.

A Prospect Who Needs No Selling

The United States government has now embarked upon a more elaborate experiment. It hopes to bring in the near future, light to a million farms. Beyond that, no one knows what the possibilities may be. To do this it has set up the REA—The Rural Electrification Administration—with $100,000,000 in its jeans to carry on the job. That job consists, first, of selling to farmers everywhere the advantages of electrification and then selling the electric light and power industry the advantages of supplying the juice.

There won't be very much arguing necessary to sell this to the American farm wife. There is one noble movement in America which won't have to bother much with the farmer's wife for a while. That is the Committee on the Use of Leisure Time. In town there are great mass movements to secure for our husky he-workers the blessings of the thirty-hour week. That's all right with me. But the farmer's wife thinks she is boondoggling when she can cut her stint down to twice that. The difference between her and the much lamented wage-slave in town is that he works 40 hours and she works 64; he gets wages and she doesn't. They wear these farm women out pretty fast. They have to do everything the hard way, which is why so many of them, in middle life, weary of the journey and sink to their only real rest under the spreading elm in the village churchyard.

The ubiquitous statistician, who has been gauging and measuring and charting everything in the world, has been sitting around watching the farm woman work and making tables of what she does. He found her averaging 64 hours and twelve minutes a week. She puts in 26 hours preparing the meals, 10½ hours sweeping, making beds, shining the pots, 5½ hours over the washtub and ironing board and about 6 hours patching the farmer's jeans and mending his socks. This is the average. Those with larger families worked 70 hours. And if she is blessed with a youngster under one year old she works 77 hours.

It would be less if she did only home work. But she is forced to help with the farm jobs. About one fifth of her time is used up in these. She helps with the live stock, does field work, tends the farm garden, takes a hand at the milking, acts as chambermaid to the poultry, churns the butter. Eighty-nine out of a hundred manage the hens. Sixty-six out of a hundred make butter, but they don't get the butter money.

But the great bulk of this work is cooking, house-cleaning, laundry. And you won't have any difficulty convincing a farm wife that a vacuum cleaner, an electric washer, an electric ironer and iron, an electric churn and an electric light—instead of the kerosene lamp—are things to be desired. Last winter I motored through a southern farm country. As I looked at the farmhouses—hardly prosperous—I wondered what relation such homes could possibly bear to electrification. I asked about that at the REA in Washington. I was shown some photographs of electrical equipment in farm homes in sections of the South to which electricity has been piped—very humble homes, into which the electric range and the refrigerator have found their way. Farmers are willing to make sacrifices to own these things to lift a little the burden of ceaseless work which weighs down the farm woman.

The Farmer Figures It Out

Can the farmer afford these things? After all, he is supposed to be busted. Where is the money coming from? Mr. G. C. Neff, of the Wisconsin Light and Power Company, is a leader in the industry in the field of rural electrification. When I asked him this question he said:

"Perhaps you can recall the early days of the automobile. There were people then who would tell you that one thing at least was sure—the farmer wouldn't buy cars. He'd stick to his horse and buggy. Why buy gasoline when he could raise feed right on his place? In fact you could prove it by counting the cost.

"Here in Wisconsin a study has been made of the cost of keeping a car. Add up the first cost of the car less its turn-in value after seven years, which is the average time the farmer holds on to his car, the cost of license, gasoline, oil, insurance, tires, etc., and you will find it costs a farmer $252 a year to own and operate a car. Now if you think a farmer is just a poor bumpkin hoeing potatoes and picking apples, you will think he can afford no such outlay as this. Yet as far back as 1920 in a census of 1,979,000 farms—less than a third of all farms—the census men found 2,146,353 passenger cars on those farms. Ten years later in another census with 3,650,000 farms covered, they found 4,134,675 passenger autos. That was 1.13 cars in every garage. Not quite two—but pretty good. Here in Wisconsin we estimate the farmers spend $44,544,528 a year on their cars.

"Why does the farmer spend $250 a year to operate a car? Because he believes the value of the service he gets out of it is worth the cost. And for the same reason he will pay an electric bill when he is convinced that he needs electricity and that the value of the service is worth the cost.

A Matter of Hard Cash

"If we can put passenger cars on 3,650,000 farms, why can't we put electric wiring in at least a large number of those farms?

"Of course it isn't just a matter of convenience and better living. In fact farm electrification doesn't mean just putting lights in the farmhouse. It doesn't mean merely vacuum cleaners, washing machines, electric toasters. Farm electrification will never be possible until power can be used not merely in the farm as a home but on the farm as an industry. The uses are endless. Some of them mean convenience, less hard work. Many of them mean money saved. We must tell the farmer about these savings. He may be surprised to learn that electric ventilation is not only better than natural draft, but actually cheaper. We can show him that drinking bowls for the cows increase butterfat and mean money in pocket; that an inch of water pumped on the land for a dollar or two an acre means bigger and better yield. Once upon a

(Continued on page 38)

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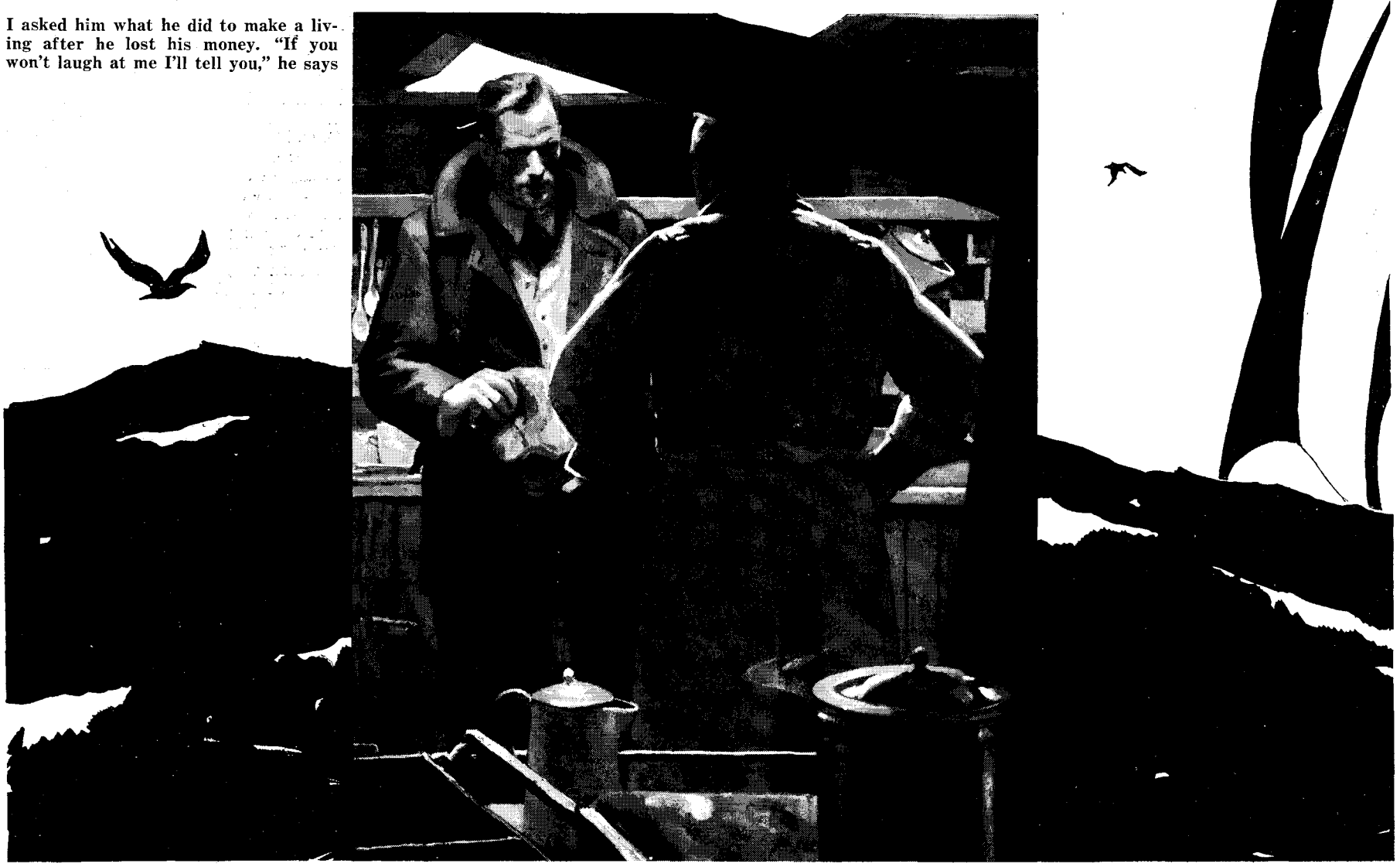
Apple Dumplings

Another memorable Gloucester fisherman story, by a man who knows Gloucestermen—their fortitude, their strength, their hazardous work—as few do

By James B. Connolly

I asked him what he did to make a living after he lost his money. "If you won't laugh at me I'll tell you," he says



SOME people show how they feel about a thing one way, some another. There was Hector Penny and the young fellow Clarence—Clarrie for short.

Hector Penny's regular dory mate broke his leg going aboard the vessel, and Hector, having to have someone in a hurry to take his place, gets hold of Melvin Thacher, an offshore fisherman that's ready to haul up for the winter.

Give Hector time and he might've made a good dory mate out of Mel, but Mel doesn't give him time. We're back in port after Mel's second trip with us, and Hector and Mel and myself are headed up the wharf for home, when Mel begins to talk, saying he guesses he's had his holdful of winter offshore fishing.

"What's wrong with it?" asks Hector.

"You know damn' well what's wrong," says Mel. "We ain't two days on the fishin' grounds when our dory is capsized and we're hangin' on the plug strap for four hours in a heavy sea afore we're picked off. The week ain't out when we go astray in a no'theast snowstorm and we're astray six hours afore the vessel finds us. And on the passage home in that thick o' fog a blasted ocean liner, or whatever class of big brute she was, misses cuttin' us in two by a dory len'th. Ain't that the bare truth, Jud?"

I admit it's the truth but I also ask him if he expected to go winter bank fishing and not have something happen once in a while.

"Once in a while? Once in a while! I oughtn't to gone in the first place, but Hector talks me into it."

To which Hector says that maybe he did, but Mel must remember he had to find a dory mate somewhere the last minute before sailing. "It had to be somebody—anybody—in a hurry," says Hector.

"Anybody? Huh!" says Mel. "Some day I'll be capsized and stay capsized, or go astray and stay astray, and the wife says the same."

"Ho! So you're one o' those who tell their wives everything," says Hector. "Ain't your wife got trouble enough worryin' about a dory load o' children ashore without bein' worried by what's happenin' to you out to sea?"

"No harm if more wives worried a little more about their husbands," says Mel. "My wife worries me plenty. Where's the insurance money comin' in if I'm lost, she wants to know."

"She does? And what d'you tell her?"

"'Where's the insurance company will insure an offshore fisherman?' I said."

"That was talkin' to her," says Hector. "What'd she say to that?"

"That's what she means, she says, when she asks me—where's the insurance company?"

"A man's foolish to argue with 'em," said Hector. "They'll forelay and walk into your wind even while you think you got 'em safe under your lee. Any more talk, was there?"

"Plenty. She winds up by telling me I'd better have a look around my next time home—that's this time—if I ain't lost before I get home, and find a shore job for myself."

"Once a man lets his wife take him in charge—"

"Here's my street," says Mel.

"Fair wind," says Hector, "and if you get that shore job, be sure you send me word in time."

MEL says he will, but he doesn't. The vessel is all ready to put out to sea, and all hands are standing by except Mel. Our Skipper is a driver, and he's now stamping six steps up to the wharf and six steps back, like he stamps the vessel's quarter on the fishing grounds when he's vexed about something. Hector is stamping alongside of him, and both of 'em are having plenty to say about Mel.

"Damn men who are late comin' aboard a vessel and she waitin' to go to sea and the first of the ebb tide runnin' and a fresh no'wester blowin' for a fast run offshore," says the Skipper. "When I set a time to sail that's the time I sail. Nine o'clock in the mornin' I said I'd sail and it's quarter past that now." Just then, Mel's ten-year-old boy comes strolling along to say that his father wasn't going out that trip.

"Huh!" says Hector. "So your father got a shore job?"

"No shore job," says Mel's boy. "He's got a chance to go steam trawlin'."

"That's the next thing to a shore job," says Hector. "And damn all wimmen, I say, who're always layin' courses for their men to sail by. What a mess I'm in now—no dory mate!"

"I hate to leave so good a man as you ashore, Hector," says the Skipper, "but if you don't find a dory mate in the next five minutes I'm sailing without you."

There's a young fellow standing on the end of the wharf and staring out on the harbor in an absent-minded sort of a way. The Skipper spots him. "What's he looking at that's so interestin'?" said the Skipper. "Hi there!" he hollers.

The young fellow looks around. He comes walking up the wharf to the Skipper.

"You look like you were wondering about something," said the Skipper.

"I was."

"What was it?"

"I was wondering whether a man would be better off to jump into the harbor or go on the welfare."

"Huh!" growls Hector. "You'll find the water o' Gloucester harbor damn' cold this time o' year."

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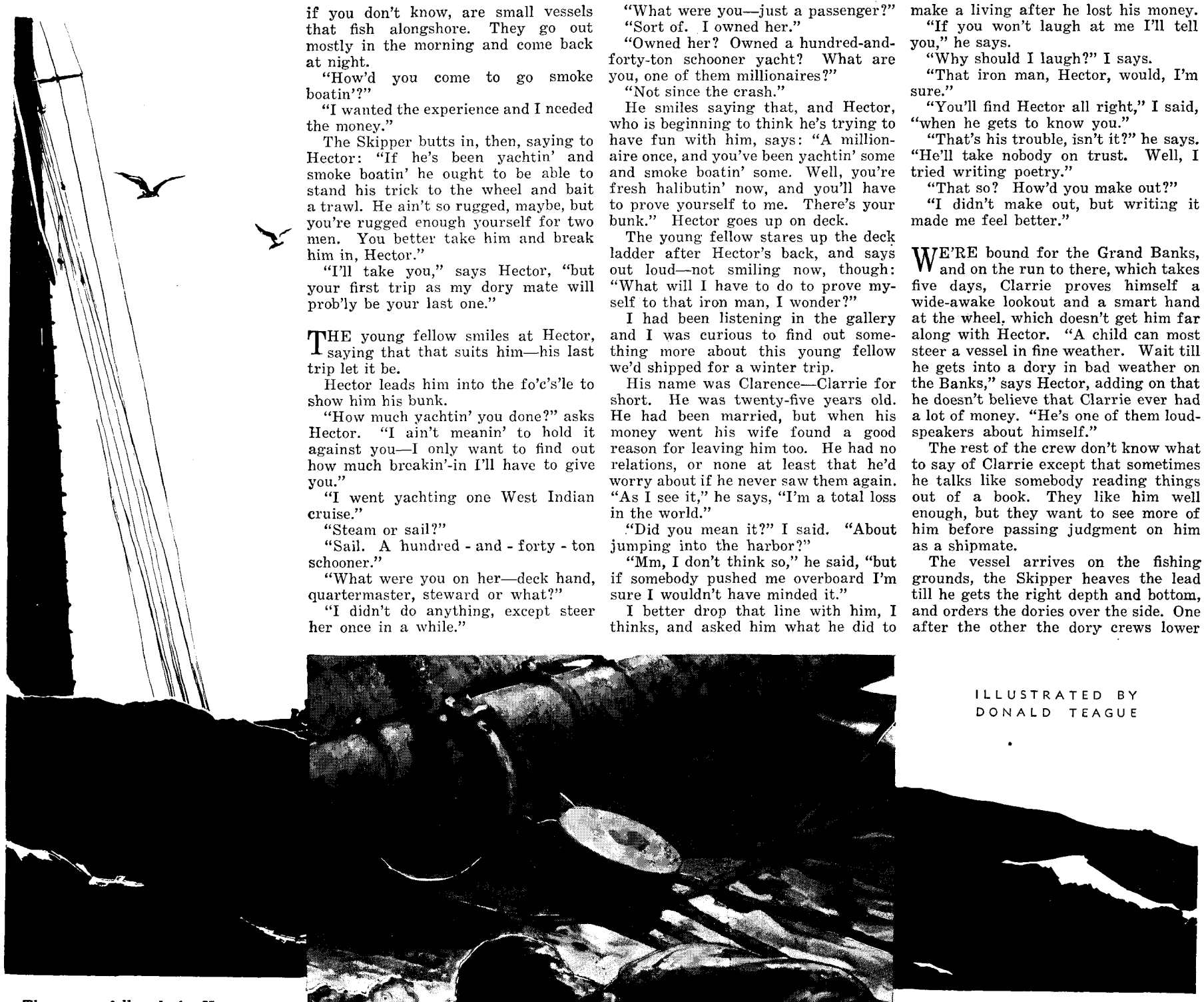

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

if you don't know, are small vessels that fish alongshore. They go out mostly in the morning and come back at night.

"How'd you come to go smoke boatin'?"

"I wanted the experience and I needed the money."

The Skipper butts in, then, saying to Hector: "If he's been yachtin' and smoke boatin' he ought to be able to stand his trick to the wheel and bait a trawl. He ain't so rugged, maybe, but you're rugged enough yourself for two men. You better take him and break him in, Hector."

"I'll take you," says Hector, "but your first trip as my dory mate will prob'ly be your last one."

THE young fellow smiles at Hector, saying that that suits him—his last trip let it be.

Hector leads him into the fo'c's'le to show him his bunk.

"How much yachtin' you done?" asks Hector. "I ain't meanin' to hold it against you—I only want to find out how much breakin'-in I'll have to give you."

"I went yachting one West Indian cruise."

"Steam or sail?"

"Sail. A hundred - and - forty - ton schooner."

"What were you on her—deck hand, quartermaster, steward or what?"

"I didn't do anything, except steer her once in a while."

"What were you—just a passenger?"

"Sort of. I owned her."

"Owned her? Owned a hundred-and-forty-ton schooner yacht? What are you, one of them millionaires?"

"Not since the crash."

He smiles saying that, and Hector, who is beginning to think he's trying to have fun with him, says: "A millionaire once, and you've been yachtin' some and smoke boatin' some. Well, you're fresh halibutin' now, and you'll have to prove yourself to me. There's your bunk." Hector goes up on deck.

The young fellow stares up the deck ladder after Hector's back, and says out loud—not smiling now, though: "What will I have to do to prove myself to that iron man, I wonder?"

I had been listening in the gallery and I was curious to find out something more about this young fellow we'd shipped for a winter trip.

His name was Clarence—Clarrie for short. He was twenty-five years old. He had been married, but when his money went his wife found a good reason for leaving him too. He had no relations, or none at least that he'd worry about if he never saw them again. "As I see it," he says, "I'm a total loss in the world."

"Did you mean it?" I said. "About jumping into the harbor?"

"Mm, I don't think so," he said, "but if somebody pushed me overboard I'm sure I wouldn't have minded it."

I better drop that line with him, I thinks, and asked him what he did to make a living after he lost his money.

"If you won't laugh at me I'll tell you," he says.

"Why should I laugh?" I says.

"That iron man, Hector, would, I'm sure."

"You'll find Hector all right," I said, "when he gets to know you."

"That's his trouble, isn't it?" he says. "He'll take nobody on trust. Well, I tried writing poetry."

"That so? How'd you make out?"

"I didn't make out, but writing it made me feel better."

WE'RE bound for the Grand Banks, and on the run to there, which takes five days, Clarrie proves himself a wide-awake lookout and a smart hand at the wheel, which doesn't get him far along with Hector. "A child can most steer a vessel in fine weather. Wait till he gets into a dory in bad weather on the Banks," says Hector, adding on that he doesn't believe that Clarrie ever had a lot of money. "He's one of them loud-speakers about himself."

The rest of the crew don't know what to say of Clarrie except that sometimes he talks like somebody reading things out of a book. They like him well enough, but they want to see more of him before passing judgment on him as a shipmate.

The vessel arrives on the fishing grounds, the Skipper heaves the lead till he gets the right depth and bottom, and orders the dories over the side. One after the other the dory crews lower away, and drop in themselves, and away the dories go then, with the Skipper shouting instructions to them as they race past the vessel's quarter in the strong tide.

Hector's dory is the last one to wind-'ard. It's a dory-killer of a day—a high sea running and half a gale of wind blowing. Hector's dory is lowered over the side, and Hector motions Clarrie to get up on the vessel's rail and drop into the dory. Clarrie gets onto the rail. The dory is riding high and riding low, now hove onto the crest of a sea above the vessel's rail and again dropping down into the hollows to somewheres near the vessel's keel. Clarrie is balanced on the vessel's rail watching for a safe chance to drop into the dory.

"How long you goin' to stay there?" hollers Hector, who is holding the dory's stern painter. I'm holding the bow painter. It's the cook's place to be on deck when dories are going over the side and hold the painter of the last couple of dories to leave the vessel. "Drop into the dory," says Hector, "and let's get away, or the other dories'll have their skates of trawls set and be back to the vessel afore we get started."

Without stopping to take another careful look, Clarence drops into the dory, and it's luck and not good management when he isn't bounced over the dory's gunnel and into the sea when he

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The young fellow looks Hector over, and says: "You don't believe in letting anybody put anything over on you, do you?"

He turns from Hector to size up the vessel, squinting at her bow on, stern on, and up at her rigging.

"Well, what d' y' think of her?" asks the Skipper.

"A handsome model, and a big sail plan. She must be a fast one."

"She's fast," says the Skipper. "And able. Give her a strong, fair breeze o' wind and she'll give any of those pot-bellied steam trawlers half a day's start from any part of the Grand Banks and then beat 'em home."

"Damn all steam trawlers!" says Hector.

"She looks it," says the young fellow. "I never saw sweeter lines in a schooner." Which pleases the Skipper, of course. He measures the young fellow up and nudges Hector. "How about him, Hector?—he's a pretty fair size for fresh halibutin'."

"He ain't rugged enough," says Hector. Then to the young fellow: "Been to sea any?"

"I've been yachting some."

"Yachtin'? I ast you if you'd been to sea. Ever done any fishin'?"

"I put in three weeks smoke boating this last summer."

"Smoke boatin'!" says Hector. "I ast you if you'd been fishin'." Smoke boats,

The great sea sweeps him to loo'ard and over the lee rail. Clarrie is wide awake, for all his singing

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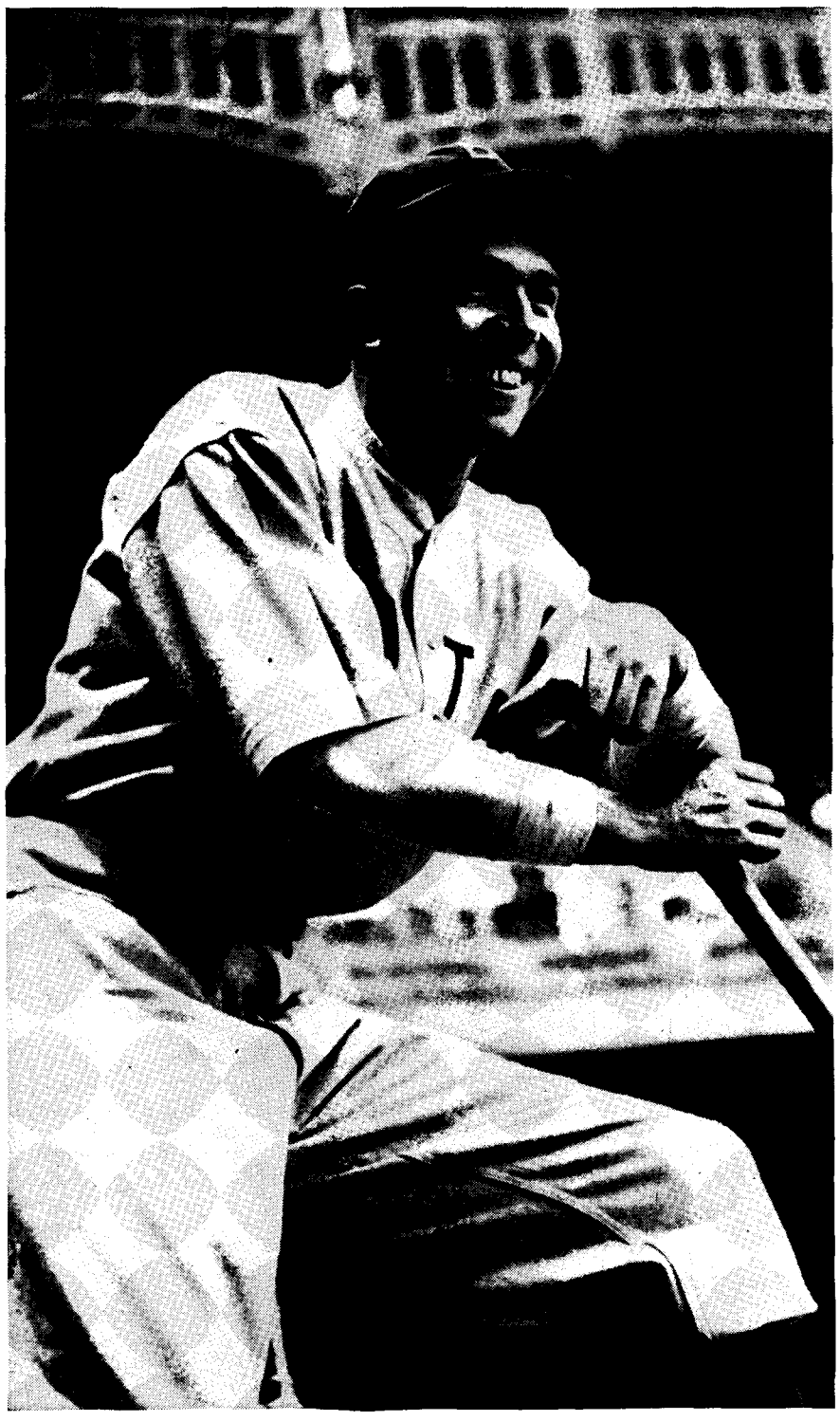
Grandstand Grandee

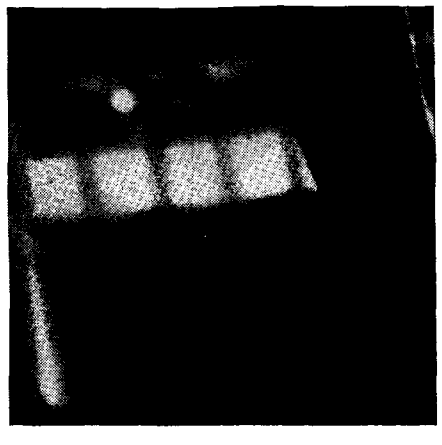
By Bill Cunningham

Melo Almada, Mexico's ambassador extraordinary to baseball, is a model son and a model brother. He also bats around .300 and steals bases practically at will. Not bad for a rookie



PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Melo Almada, of the Boston Red Sox, is the first Mexican to make the majors and stay, and is in addition the most promising rookie in the game



THE Almadas were grandees in the state of Sonora, the powerful patriarch, Don José Maria Almada, being immeasurably richer in cattle and silver than any other tycoon in northwestern Mexico. His haciendas and ranches and his great silver mines in the district of the Alamos covered a geographical sweep larger than the Kingdom of Belgium.

The most famous legend concerning old Don Jose Maria Almada is the one about the time one of his several beautiful daughters was about to be married and the wedding guests were assembled in the old gentleman's town house. This house was in the city of the Alamos and the church wherein the ceremony was to be celebrated was at some distance on the other side of the village street. It was raining in torrents as the wedding hour approached. There was no pavement in the road and the mud was plentiful and viscous. The ladies had their best skirts on; the groomsmen's boots were polished like mirrors.

How to get to the church without ruining the finery was the major problem of the moment, but suddenly the mighty padrone roared a full-throated order and the small army of peons attending the guests moved toward the stronghold in the cellar. In those days transportation was still primitive. The silver was mined and stored in the vaults of the old man's abode until it could be transported by pack mule to the mints of Durango or Guadalajara. The roads were robber-infested and only at periods safe. Sometimes the bar silver accumulated by the hundreds of tons before word came that the roads were clear. At this particular time the huge cellar was packed from sill to beam with silver bars awaiting an escort of soldiery to shepherd them through.

With the old man standing on the veranda superintending the job between intermittent jolts of tequila, the peons laid a pavement, from the house to the church across the way, composed of bars of solid silver. On it, the wedding party tripped across to the services. Perhaps no bride in all history ever marched to her vows across so priceless a pavement!

The old man died. The mines were sold, the haciendas and ranches were split up among his progeny, but the name of Almada remained a proud one in Sonora and, in fact, throughout all Mexico. The old man's grandsons were growing up with a brilliant young Mexican named Obregón, who was destined to serve as president of that restless republic and eventually to die at the hands of assassins. Those grandsons were his closest personal and political friends. There was Fausto Topete, for instance, who served as governor of Sonora during the Obregón regime. There was Fausto's brother, Richard, who was Obregón's right-hand man through all the days of his power and until the hour of his death.

There was General Pedro Almada, a distinguished soldier, who had served his nation in many brilliant military capacities and who, at the moment, is director general of the military school in Mexico City. And then there was Baldomero Almada, whom revolution, unrest and anxiety concerning wife and little ones switched from an appointment as governor of Lower California in 1915 to the more peaceful post of Mexican consul in the city of Los Angeles.

The Find of the Season

It is of Baldomero's boy that I smite this bloomin' lyre, Baldomero's second son, Melo by name, Sonora born—his native heath being the village of Huatabampo—Los Angeles reared, great grandson in direct line of old Don José Maria who built the silver wedding walk.

Melo Almada, handsome six-foot son of Baldomero, is—guess what?—a baseball player!

But only calling him "a baseball player" is like merely calling Niagara Falls a whole lot of water. Not only is he a baseball player now serving his first real identure in the majors, but he is considered, upon the strength of the season's returns to date, the outstanding rookie—the richest find—of the 1935 season!

The thumbnail sketch of his genealogy was deliberately prefixed because not only is he the first real Mexican ever to crash the majors and stick, but because also it's doubtful if any player in the history of the national pastime ever brought the game a prouder or more picturesque personal background.

Melo almost wasn't a Mexican. Born February 7, 1914, he was less than a year old when his family removed to Los Angeles. Thus the lad, although born a Mexican, grew up an American and is really a product, athletic and scholastic, of the Los Angeles public schools. Although proud of his Mexican lineage and completely loyal to it, he doesn't even look like a Mexican, being taller, broader and considerably fairer than most of the citizens of our sister republic.

Eddie Collins, vice-president and general manager of the Boston Red Sox, the spendingest club in current baseball, picked Almada up on the coast in 1933. Eddie took him as a sort of afterthought. Eddie had penetrated the Far

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Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

Mary slipped away into a merciful oblivion as Jeffery went with her down the narrow stairs and out onto the lawn

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING in a small California town, the members of the Burleigh family—Mary, Peter, Barty, Chrissie and Lindsay—are impoverished by the disappearance of some bonds that were bequeathed them by their mother. Securing a job in a bakery, Mary, now the head of the household, strives desperately to make both ends meet. Then, yielding to the pleas of young Calvin Tait, nephew of a local banker, she marries him—secretly!

Calvin works in a Southern California bank. He and Mary see little of each other. Engaged to one of Mary's friends, Jeffery Maclean, a New Yorker, arrives. He is instantly drawn to Mary; and presently Mary realizes that he and not Calvin is the man she really loves.

Calling on Mary one evening, Jeffery makes a confession, tells her that he has broken his engagement, and wants to marry her. Mary makes no effort to dissimulate; she admits that she loves him—and she tells him of her marriage. Whereupon, Jeffery sails for China.

Mary hides nothing from Calvin. She tells him the whole story. Calvin is astounded. But, secure in the belief that he can win his wife's love, he does not even suggest the possibility of securing a divorce. Instead, he persuades his uncle to make him an officer in the local bank, purchases a charming home (with the financial assistance of the bank), and announces his marriage.

As Mary leaves her little family and enters her new home, she receives a letter from Jeffery. Thrilling to its every line, she reads it. And she knows that, regardless of what the future may hold, she will always love Jeffery Maclean. . . .

The days drift by. Calvin takes Mary into his confidence. The bank, he tells her, is in financial difficulties; it may close its doors within a few days. "If it does fail," he says, "we will lose this house." As he outlines the situation, the telephone rings. He answers it, returns to Mary. "Uncle John," he exclaims, "is dead! I'm afraid he has committed suicide. I must go over there at once."

IX

ON a May day of high winds and blown fruit blossoms three women sat in the kitchen of the Burleigh house in Buena Vistita Avenue, and talked. Joan Burleigh, sixty years old, small and withered and snowy-white of hair, was idle; a flaxen-headed child of two was playing on the floor, and occasionally came to place a block or a toy animal in the old woman's lap. When she did, Aunt Joan guarded it carefully, holding it ready in her bloodless little hand for the baby's next demand.

Lindsay Burleigh, slender and dainty, was at the table cleaning strawberries. The tips of her fingers were stained from the fruit; a pink and green heap of berry stems lay beside her bowl. Across the table from her, with her work spread out on the checkered cloth, Mary Tait was sewing. Darned socks, a man's mended undergarments, the enveloping aprons she wore in the kitchen, were finished and piled neatly to one side of her; buttons, tapes, rips, holes, she dealt faithfully with one after another, and while they worked she and Lindsay talked the inexhaustible talk of sisters whose interests and affections are the same.

Mary was thinner than she had ever been in her life; her blue eyes seemed deeper than they once had seemed, because the fine, strong modeling of her face stood in clearer relief. Her skin was clear and pure, her mouth had been modeled by the changes of the years into stronger lines; it was a sweet mouth, the expression that lingered upon it was almost always that of the adviser, the forgiver, the woman who has learned to smile at the difficulties of life.

"Hear that wind!" Lindsay said, cocking her head to hear it better herself, her busy fingers pausing for a moment.

"A relief after the hot weather. Look at Betsey," Mary said. "She was as limp as a rag all week. Now you can't hold her!"

THE baby went to her mother's knee and said interestedly:

"Baby good girl?"

"Yes, Betsey's a wonderful girl," Mary conceded, stooping to kiss the bright floss of the child's hair. "I was feeling horribly done up, too," she added. "Somehow that still, glazy kind of heat just takes the life out of me. But I feel wonderful today!"

"Earthquake weather," Miss Burleigh said conversationally.

"Think so, Aunt Joan?"

"Oh, yes, we're going to have another earthquake. No doubt of it! You can always hear it," the old woman said.

"Feel it, you mean, Aunt Joan?"

"No; I mean hear it. There's a kind of stillness—like a wind that isn't moving—like—well, as if something had you in its grip and wasn't going to let go," Miss Burleigh explained with some difficulty.

"Horrible feeling, I should think."

"Oh, the most dreadful in the world, Mary. I think that if there's to be another earthquake I'll just go join Lily and Harry. I've my paddysoy all ready, you see."

She patted the thick, quilted folds of the enveloping old wrapper she was wearing. The garment was more than sixty years old now, but Aunt Joan, so dilatory when any useful sort of work was afoot, never had failed in the careful patching and replacing and mending that still held it together.

"I'll go to Lily and Harry," she repeated. "I confess I don't like earthquakes! There doesn't seem to be any *need* of 'em!"

The baby went busily for two special blocks, stood leaning on her great-aunt's knee, rocking her little body to and fro on balanced little feet, babbling her own talk. Mary stretched a silk stocking on her thin, fine hand.

"That hardly seems worth mending, Mary," Lin said.

"Oh, I can wear it 'round the house mornings."

"Mary, are you worried? You've seemed so quiet today."

Mary's blue eyes came unsmilingly up from the stocking to meet her sister's look.

"Worried?"

"Yes; about Cal and money and the new baby coming and everything?"

"I think I'm out of the habit of worrying," Mary said. "I don't seem to. I'd like to know where he is, of course. I feel horribly sorry for him."

"It seems to me he ought to be the one to feel sorry for you!"

"Well, men are queer," Mary said

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The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

WEARY of Hollywood's turmoil and the strain of life as a motion-picture player, Lily Tennant goes to Reno. With Kit Christopher, an old friend, she gives a dinner party. Timmy Akin, whom she has known for years, brings an extra guest: Tom Sebastian, who owns the Barrier Ranch.

Following the dinner, the party moves to the Goldfield Club. There Lily observes a huge man eying Sebastian coldly. His name, she learns, is Star Humboldt. From stray remarks dropped at the dinner, she has learned that trouble is brewing in Nevada's cattle world; a cowboy, one Pete Rice, has been murdered, and everyone seems apprehensive. She wonders who Humboldt is, and why he hates Tom Sebastian.

Sebastian interests her. To her amazement, she finds him brilliant and amusing. And she is delighted when, obviously fascinated by her, he invites the entire party to accompany him to his ranch. Piling into Sebastian's car, everyone goes along, and the ranch is quickly reached, although it is more than a hundred miles from the city.

It is night. No lights are showing in the Barrier ranch-house. An employee comes out and whispers to Sebastian. Sebastian turns. "One of my men," he says, "has been killed by some raiders." He leads the way into the house. A yell comes from the darkness, followed by a burst of rifle-fire. Buffalo Galt—a member of the party, who, Lily has divined, is not one of Sebastian's friends—steps on the porch. "Ben—Duke!" he bellows. "Stop that! Stop being fools! Right now!" And instantly the firing ceases.

II

THERE was confusion outside, the scuff of boots charging across the porch and the bitter rise of men's voices. A gun in the yard smashed its echoes at the night with a spaced and calculated wickedness and stopped after the fifth shot. But all that harsh anger had no effect on the room's stillness. The group had retreated from the door, leaving Buffalo Galt and Sebastian near it, confronting each other. It was strange, Lily thought, to see so much malign scorn on a man's face as was on Galt's; it was rather dreadful to watch Sebastian's cheeks freeze out all expression. His solid lips crushed together, his eyes turned from gray to black—or so it appeared to her then.

He intoned his careful words: "That makes things pretty clear, Buffalo."

Buffalo Galt flung back his reckless retort: "I never beat around the bush."

"You were pretty sure about those men out there."

"Who else would be trying to shoot up Barrier?"

"You had no trouble stopping them."

"They know better than not to mind me," said Buffalo Galt.

Lily saw Sebastian's glance eat its way through this blond, rough-and-tumble figure; she actually saw the wild temper coiling and threshing behind Sebastian's reserve. Yet his talk remained barren. "You're certain of yourself."

"I wanted you to see these men eat out of my hand. I'm a power in this part of the state, friend Tom."

The door was thrust open and a very tall young man hurried in. He was incredibly red-headed; his eyes, jade-green against a brick-bronze skin, flashed wickedly.

"What are we waiting for?" he challenged Sebastian.

"There's always another day, Matt," said Sebastian, soft as the wind.

"Like hell there's another day!" ground out the redhead. "Tip Hagan's lyin' dead on the porch! Come on!"

Sebastian spoke evenly. "Barrier is seventy years old. It can bide its time. It has before." And Lily saw how swiftly Sebastian's words disciplined the tempestuous redhead. Sebastian turned to the crowd, inflexibly courteous. "This is Matt Strang, Barrier's foreman."

Matt Strang scarcely acknowledged the introduction; his eyes clung to Buffalo Galt and were violent. Sebastian's iron calm again bore down on his man.

"Buffalo is not staying with us tonight. He wants to ride over to Tumpah. Saddle a horse for him, Matt."

Matt Strang said: "I won't guarantee his safe arrival in Tumpah."

"I will," countered Sebastian, at once cold.

The foreman wheeled discontentedly out of the doorway. Buffalo Galt showed a thin smile. "Thanks for the transportation, Tom."

Sebastian said: "Don't touch Barrier again at any point, at any time."

Buffalo Galt shrugged his husky shoulders. "I'll be back some day."

"Not in my time."

Galt's half-handsome face mocked the other man. "How long will your time run?" He turned toward Lily. "I hope to see you again." After that the ironic amusement returned to him and he walked through the doorway, without hurry, and vanished from their sight.

Sebastian closed the door, speaking to the group. "I'm sorry if you have been upset."

"Imagine that—in America in this year of grace," breathed Timmy Akin. Lily turned and found the shine of an atavistic pleasure in this harmless little man's eyes. Shock still chilled her.

"Was this the Nevada you wanted me to see?"

"I regret the scene," apologized Sebastian.

Judge Sillavan's bright eyes swept the disturbed group. He smiled with a perceptible skepticism. "What's the matter with this realistic generation? I expect more from you than fright."

IT JOLTED them out of silence. Kit Christopher laughed uncertainly. They all moved toward the cheerful blaze of a fireplace and Lily for the first time observed the sprawling old-fashioned room with its hand-hewn furniture. A stairway went up to a balcony circling three walls, on which the doors of a dozen other rooms opened. It was like a western inn, one with the touch of somebody's hand to keep it from being impersonal. Above the fireplace was a framed map in which certain sections had been colored.

"That's Barrier," explained Sebastian.

"How big?"

He said carefully: "Two hundred and fifty thousand owned acres, I suppose. With probably another hundred thousand acres of government graze." He seemed conscious of the general disbelief. "It has been seventy years in the making, you understand. That's not much land when you consider the size of this country." He watched Lily. "We were speaking of fame. Well, Barrier's famous in its own way. The cost of such fame has been about forty-five dead men since 1870. My own father, Henry Sebastian, is one of those. And my grandfather, Dan. And the man lying on the porch out there now."

"But what on earth!" murmured Kit Christopher. "Why?"

"Because," answered Judge Sillavan, openly enjoying the scene, "this is a choice spot and men fight for land now as they did in the time of Moses."

Somebody walked along the balcony and came down the stairs; and then Lily saw a girl reach the living-room and advance with a straightness of carriage that suggested a weight balanced on her small, gloss-black head. Sebastian's voice lost all its hard resonance and became instantly gentle. "Charm, this is Lily Tennant, from Hollywood. Charm Michelet, Lily."

Charm Michelet inclined her head. "It is nice to have you on Barrier," she said. Lily smiled her answer, and from a corner of her vision caught the flash of interest in Kit Christopher's glance. Sebastian continued the introductions, leaving Lily to study the girl with a queerly aroused attention. She was not more than twenty-two, that was plain. But her serene self-possession was something to marvel at silently. Slim and quiet as she appeared before them, Lily got the reflection of a hidden vigor of emotion. She was a dark girl, with a glowing, faintly olive skin—the survival of some distant Spanish blood, Lily guessed. She wore a dress as good as to be found in any Los Angeles shop; and at her belt hung a cluster of house keys which her fingers now and then brushed. Her eyes rose toward Sebastian and remained a moment on his face, reading his will. Afterward she said to the woman: "If you will come."

LILY and Kit followed her up the stairs and went along the balcony to a corner room. Charm Michelet snapped on the lights. There were a big bed and a few pieces of furniture, a bathroom and a fireplace.

Charm said: "May I lend you night-

"It's your ranch," Matt said. "But Tip Hagan was a friend of all of us. Regardless of what you say, we may decide to do something about this"

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gowns—or anything else you wish?"

"And a comb and some cold cream—if it isn't too much bother," suggested Lily, once more admiring the girl's graceful carriage. Charm went to the open door and called below with a quiet touch of command: "Gath—bring some wood for this fire." She turned and smiled back at the two women and walked along the balcony. Somewhere a child cried with a quick, startled irregularity.

Kit Christopher stood in the center of the room with her chin high, with her expressive mouth turned amused and skeptical. "So," she murmured, "what have we here? Her name is Michelet and Sebastian is obviously very fond of her. And there's a baby—"

"Don't, Kit."

Kit spoke with a degree of sharpness. "Don't, by any chance, let yourself go on that man."

"Don't be silly!"

"You could, you know," insisted Kit. "Very easily. He happens to be the sort over which women usually do make fools of themselves. He's a rough, hard and dominating man. You'd ride down his road or you couldn't ride at all. He'd make you thoroughly miserable—and for a while you'd think it was love. Until the novelty wore off. Don't I know? That's the way it was with Bob Nesbitt. He had all the old-fashioned ideas about women and home and children."

"So now you prefer the deferential ones like Timmy Akin?"

Kit shrugged her beautiful shoulders. Her certainty abandoned her and left her less firm, less pleased. "It's weird. We want more power in our men than Timmy possesses. But if we get a man with power, we're nothing but mere wives and that isn't to be endured. It's so mixed up. I guess if we wish to be in the picture business, and be independent, we've got to take the weaker sort of men and be unhappy about it."

"I don't like that bitter, unmoral mood of yours at all, Kit."

Kit was dimly smiling. "You can go very far in pictures—if you don't make the mistake of letting a man interfere."

AN ELDERLY fellow in boots and overalls walked in with an armload of wood. He went to the fireplace, not looking at the women, and arranged his load on the hearth; he lighted a match, kneeling piously while the flame took hold. Kit said:

"I seem to hear a baby. Whose is it?"

The man drawled: "Charm's."

"Really? How old?"

"About three, I guess," said he, and rose. He stared at the doorway. "Ain't that right, Charm?" he asked, and then went on. Charm Michelet came softly in. She laid the extra nightclothes on the bed and walked to the dresser with the few toilet articles Lily had asked for. There was embarrassment here for Lily, but Kit Christopher's talk was smoothly natural.

"A boy?"

"A boy," answered Charm Michelet, returning to the door. She swung there, facing the other women with an unbreakable dignity that struck Lily Tennant hard; it was something so much deeper than acquired manners, so much more real. "Is that all?" Charm asked, and Lily understood then that this girl was outfacing Kit; that she was at the moment superior to the worldly Kit. Kit only said, "You're very kind," and afterward Charm enigmatically closed the door behind her.

"I think," said Lily, quite frankly, "you got the worst of that."

But Kit walked around the room with an aroused interest. "There's something very odd about all this. I shall have to ask Timmy in the morning."

Lily got ready for bed. Steps shuffled along the balcony; Judge Sillavan's slow, sleepy talk struck through a partition. A moment's silence came and was presently broken by the sound of a great many men moving around the room below. Kit Christopher stopped roving. "Does it strike you Tom Sebastian was trying to conceal something from us tonight?"

"The dead man lay at our very feet," Lily said, and felt cold.

Kit crossed to the door and drew it slightly open, looking through. She whispered: "Come here if you want to see something."

Lily went over and put her head beside Kit's to catch the scene below. Sebastian stood with his back to the fireplace, hands deep in his pockets. The red-headed Matt Strang was at his side. In front of these two the Barrier hands were silently ranked. There were thirty or more of them, with the firelight reaching out to brush saturnine color across their faces. One thing struck Lily powerfully: Barrier was more than a ranch—it was a military establishment, with the feeling of iron discipline quite clear to her. She drew back and gently pushed the door shut.

"I think we may be eavesdropping."

Kit looked at her, lips half parted. "Actually, it's feudal. Reno's a hundred and forty miles away—and we've dropped back about four centuries. Imagine!"

Sebastian pulled his arms back of him and stared at the tough cheeks of his men. The heat of the recent fight still simmered sullenly in their eyes; the rage that comes from spilled blood was there.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

Matt Strang moved away until he could turn and face Sebastian. "Rex Meeder was riding north of the Moonstones. DePard and his bunch ran into him and chased him home. They stayed out there. Tip Hagan just happened to come from the house. They caught him as he stood in the doorway—a clean shot through his ticker. We threw a little lead back at 'em. Then you came up." Matt's raw-red cheeks were bitterly furious. He was a canny, cool man but he was also a natural fighter and this delay rubbed him the wrong way. "It ain't like you, Tom, to pull your punches. Tip Hagan's dead and, by God, he deserves more than pious regret!"

Strang's temper was the temper of the crew. He could see his foreman's fiery talk sway these hard, unforgiving men. He had picked each one of them for strength and toughness, because he knew he would one day need them. He said, quietly: "So, then?"

"They've gone back to Tumpah. That's where we should go."

"No," decided Tom Sebastian. "We won't follow."

Matt Strang drew a heavy breath. "It's your ranch. But Tip Hagan was a friend of all of us. Regardless of what you say, we may do something about this killing. As friends of Tip."

SEBASTIAN went leaner and taller. His words struck out with a physical effect. "No more talk like that. Barrier's got plenty of enemies waiting for us to make a bad break. The DePards didn't do this on their own hook. They were told to do it by somebody who wants us to go wild and hit back. But we'll hit back in our own time and fashion—and I'll tell you when that is to be. Get that clear in your minds. Do as I say or quit the ranch."

Matt Strang shifted his weight irritably. "That's puttin' it strong, Tom."

Sebastian stared severely at him. "When I made you foreman, I put the

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The Sign of the Bull

By Thomas McMorrow

Astrologer Tarat encounters a couple in distress. A drama with a weird final curtain — and one sympathetic star

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

ON a pretty Saturday morning in the year 1929, Grant Euwatse, refrigerator salesman, was at his desk in the living-room of his six-rooms-and-one-bath semi-detached in the beautiful city of Yonkers.

Before him were the household bills for the preceding month. He heaved a loud and rhetorical sigh.

"Vinnie," he said in an exhausted tone, "are you a mind reader, or what? I made five hundred dollars last month, salary and commissions; and that's just what you spent, here in the house. How do you always know?"

"Oh, no, really, I didn't!" called his wife Lavinia in eager protest. She slipped the nipple of the bottle into the baby's mouth and came and sat beside her husband. She clasped her slender hands, tilted her shining red head, and looked at him with eyes as blue as Junior's and as free of guile. "I was awfully careful last month, Grant, because I know how you worry about money. Outside of the ten dollars for your horoscope from Tarat—"

"My horoscope! What's this? Good grief, am I supporting that fortune teller on the radio, too?"

"Tarat's not a fortune teller, Grant; he's the great astrologer. He tells you how your mind works. Wait till I get your horoscope and read it to you; it's wonderful what he can tell."

"Now, Vinnie, will you collect yourself and listen to me? Look at those bills; after I begged you to save money. Vinnie, I'll tell you how your mind works, and I won't charge you ten dollars either. You have a fixed idea, Vinnie, that the cure for everything is to spend money. "When anything's the matter, you think to yourself, 'What should I buy?' Get this: spending money is no cure for needing money!

"I'll tell you what it is, Vinnie: I'll have a nervous breakdown. Work, work, work, trying to keep up with your spending. I have high blood pressure now, I'm pretty sure."

"Oh, Grant."

"No, Vinnie," he said, putting her arms from his neck. "I've talked to you and talked, but it's no go. You're going to put me in my grave."

"Grant, I get my ten-thousand-dollar legacy next month, and you can have it."

"Buy me a wreath," he said gloomily, starting for the door. He halted by the crib, drew his thick fingers lightly over Junior's plump and lustily pumping cheek, and lumbered from the house.

The day was Saturday; the New York offices of the great corporation for which he worked were closed, and he had anticipated a holiday. It was not to be; other husbands, lucky dogs, could rest and play; but not one with a wife like Vinnie. Grant Euwatse could go to work; business as usual for him.

"Vinnie," he said in an exhausted tone, "are you a mind reader? I made five hundred dollars last month, and that's just what you spent"

HE FOR the greasy grind. He would hustle over to the Stock Exchange board room of Meiklejohn & James, on Broadway. Palembo, the big New York builder who lived in Yonkers and who needed a hundred refrigerators for his new apartment house, would be there. Palembo might resent an intrusion on his Saturday morning diversion of playing the market, but Grant would intrude.

Striding toward the board room now, Grant looked uncommonly unlike a man for whom the grave yawned, a man on whose still breast a weeping and repentant wife might shortly lay a funerary wreath.

He was twenty-five, deep-chested, thick-necked, of full face and expanded nostrils, with dark hair and full dark eyes. He was naturally phlegmatic, inclined to move only on due consideration; and here he was stepping out at one hundred and twenty per minute like a soldier. He wasn't liking the pace, but needs must when the wife drives.

Beautiful Yonkers, whose inhabitants are Jupiter's favorites and the fortunate pets of Venus, smiled at him from new rows of semi-detacheds and from gentlemen's residences as smart as paint, and could not beguile him. Melancholy, if not premature arteriosclerosis, was marking him for its own. What a Vinnie!

THE board room of Meiklejohn & James was brisk and gay as Grant entered it.

The ticker jingled along like sleighbells; the handsome and sprightly customers' men telephoned in chorus; the branch manager thrust his glistening head from his coop and shouted, "Buyers all around the floor! Big move in the rails!"

"Choo-choo!" tooted the customers in the chairs. "Get aboard while they're in the station!"

A customer got up to peer over shoulders at the news ticker; when he saw what he liked he would shout it. Grant slipped into the vacated chair, for Mr. Palembo was sitting next.

The builder, a full-blown bubble on the tide to fortune, reclined on the back of his double-rolled neck, gazed with languid approval at the figures and symbols marching on the translux, and breathed rhythmically, in through his fuming cigar and out through his fleshy nose.

"Happidust Investors," he mumbled, seeing a familiar face. "Gave it to you, didn't I? Give it to you now again. Jump on for the ride. Morgan's in it."

"Happidust, eh, Mr. Palembo?" said Grant, feigning interest; he knew nothing of the market, and believed it was a snare. "What's the symbol, Mr. Palembo?"

"HAP."

"HAP," repeated Grant, watching the translux. "Mr. Palembo, are you ready to talk on that refrigerator contract yet?"

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Grant, with expressionless face, watched the shadow-writing spelling out the end of an era

"Oh," grunted Mr. Palembo, placing the familiar face. "You're Euwatse of the Frigelec people, ain't you? Got your figure. Too high; not the best box either. Call me up next week; tell you who won the contract."

Mr. Palembo closed his eyes.

Grant watched the illuminated figures on the translux. He had hoped to win that big contract; but he wasn't going to get it.

"HAP!" he exclaimed. "A thousand shares at—"

"At what?" Mr. Palembo came alert.

"Fifty."

"Fifty? No! Hey, Mortimer—what was that last Happidust?"

"Fifty, Mr. Palembo!"

"Fifty," said Mr. Palembo, sitting up, smiling broadly. "Did I call the turn on that one, Euwatse? Did I know something? I got three thousand shares at forty-five. Maybe I'm dumb. Say—about your box: can you sell it for ninety dollars?"

"Just about," said Grant, swallowing.

"You sold a hundred boxes, Euwatse! Come in Monday and sign up. Fifty for Happidust, eh? I know I'm dumb, but fifteen thousand berries in two days could be worse. Rather have it than a poke in the eye. Ever play the market, Euwatse? Hey, Mortimer—give my friend, Mr. Euwatse, one of them little books."

Mortimer tossed into Grant's lap a booklet, The A B C of Market Trading. "Put up any money," he said facetiously. "Double it! Nobody loses!"

It was delightful, clubby; everybody was getting rich and nobody was losing a cent. Grant, who had just picked up a commission of seven hundred and fifty dollars, joined in the glad babble, cheering the market on.

As he walked homeward, however, his head cooled, and his mood became cold and almost cynical. Some of these wild gamblers were going to lose their money; it stood to reason, though he hadn't heard lately of any losers. Before a man bet a cent on the market, even of easy money that he had picked up like a *gift*, he should study very carefully The A B C of Market Trading, and know just exactly what he was about.

It was probably all a gyp. He'd sit down under the lamp in his favorite chair and give the A B C a cold and cynical going-over to see if there was really any science to it.

"Vinnie!"

"Yes, Grant?"

"Where's my chair?"

"I sent it to be fixed, sweetheart. It's only eight dollars, lover."

"Well, I vow! Vinnie, I'm going to have your head examined. I might as well be talking to myself. By golly, I know what I'll do: I'll take you down to that fellow Tarat that you're so sold on, and let him talk to you. Maybe you'll listen to him. . . ."

BUT a month went by before Grant and Vinnie stood outside the blue door with the crouching sphinx in yellow, on the forty-ninth floor of the York State Building.

Grant had meanwhile become a successful board-room trader, going at it with science; for, he discovered, board-room trading was highly scientific.

The A B C was only a starter. To know exactly what to do, Grant had to study and follow charts; these showed what the market had done, day by day, for years back; and, therefore, what it would do.

Grant drew at the office an advance of five hundred dollars, against the seven-fifty to come to him when Mr. Palembo paid for the refrigerators. He rode this five-hundred-dollar loan on Happidust Investors, which was going like all get-out. He won and bought more, pyramiding; Happidust's chart told him to do so, and so did Mr. Palembo, who knew a man who knew.

"I feel almost like a fool, Tarat, coming here to talk to you about this," grumbled Grant, sitting with Vinnie in the shadowed library of the astrologer. "Because there are not two sides to the argument; there is only one! But I've talked myself hoarse, and I don't get anywhere. Now, she takes a great deal of stock in you, and listens to you on the radio, and perhaps if you told her she'd believe it, that willful waste makes woeful want, and all that sort of thing, and that the way she throws my money away is the road to ruin. Mrs. Euwatse—you'll pardon me, Vinnie—has no more sense about money than a cat."

Tarat bowed a grave acknowledgment to the propitiatory Vinnie. The black eyes in his pallid face returned to Grant, who was reclining in his chair in an attitude suggestive of the full-blown Mr. Palembo.

"Understand me, Tarat, I'm not kicking on what she spends the money for. It's always on something for me, or the baby, or the house. My kick is that I simply haven't got the money to spend."

"She has run you in debt, Mr. Euwatse?"

"It's not her fault if she hasn't! I don't owe any money—except some stocks I'm carrying on margin, and the mortgage on the house—but that's only because I'm out there fighting for a dollar all the time. Hah—I need to be."

"How long are you married, Mr. Euwatse?"

"Let's see. When is our anniversary, Vinnie?"

"Grant! Three years next Tuesday, Tarat."

"An auspicious day for Mr. Euwatse, if you were married on a Friday. And, Mr. Euwatse, have you been continuously since in the same position?"

"If you mean have I been continuously busted—yes; once a month. I was making a hundred and forty a month when Vinnie married me—office work—and now I'm knocking out four to six hundred a month, out selling—and I'm still busted."

Tarat glanced at Grant's horoscope on the desk before him, showing the birthdate May 12, 1904.

"Quite an improvement in only three years, Mr. Euwatse."

"You mean I'm getting more money? I had to! It was root hog or die. But I can't keep a cent of it."

"Have you read the delineation of your horoscope, Mr. Euwatse?"

"Vinnie wanted to read it to me, but I had to rush off and see a customer. I'll tell you fairly, Tarat, the way I keep working, I'm afraid they'll seize me and deport me to China."

"IT IS exceedingly interesting to observe," said Tarat, scanning the twelve-parted wheel drawn on the paper before him, "that your problem falls within the second house of the horoscope, which is the house of Money; and you are a native of the Bull, which is the second sign and the mundane ruler of the second house."

"Uh huh," ejaculated Grant, not exceedingly interested.

"The ruler of your sign, Mr. Euwatse, is Venus; on May 12, 1904, Venus was in the sign of the Bull, her own, and therefore particularly strong and benefic, being well aspected.

"It is interesting, too, to observe that Venus is also the ruler of the seventh sign; and the seventh house of the horoscope is the house of Marriage. Your problem, far from being unexpected, could confidently be predicted; it is there in your horoscope. Be of good courage, Mr. Euwatse; your Venus has been greatly benefic."

"Well," gasped Grant, sitting up. "Are you saying, Tarat, that a woman should blow her husband's money and keep him scratching? You could run for President on that, and the women would sweep you in."

"No, Grant," said Vinnie, equally scandalized. "Tarat wouldn't say that! I'm going to save, Grant; really, I am. Even if I don't have to—you're going

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PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

A MAN of most deceptive appearance is Cordell Hull, the gray, slender Secretary of State. One might almost put him under the head of frauds, snares and delusions. A Southerner of the very oldest school, he exudes a courtesy that borders on actual humility. The low, soft voice carries a pleading note, a hint of tears, and the spaniel eyes fairly beg for kind treatment. Looking at him, the uninformed would say, "What a shame that so sweet and gentle a nature should be exposed to the rude contacts of life."

Study the Secretary's record, however, and it will be found that this wistful, deprecatory gentleman is superbly capable of taking on all comers in any form of combat from sword play to rough-and-tumble. The meek, ascetic face has never blazed with the battle light, yet the White House area is piled high with the bleached bones of shaggy men who made the fatal blunder of thinking that quiet Mr. Hull could not give it or take it, and needed only a cuff or two to make him curl up and quit.

There were those dark days, for instance, when Dr. Raymond Moley bestrode the State Department like a colossus, the Hull visage peeping out only at intervals from behind the Moley legs. Kind-hearted onlookers exhaled a happy sigh when the Secretary sailed for London to attend the Economic and Monetary Conference, hopeful that absence would give his bruised spirit a chance to heal. Alas, even before Mr. Hull had landed in England, Dr. Moley set out in hot pursuit, wearing the yellow jacket and peacock feather of high command.

In no uncertain terms, the Secretary of State was told to sit down and save his breath. His instructions, it seems, had been countermanded, and currency stabilization and world trade were no longer subjects for discussion. Nevertheless, the gaunt Tennesseean rose to his feet and, what is more, kept on his feet, declaring his simple faith in sane, sincere international concert as the one hope for a demoralized and distressed universe. A victor in defeat, he returned fairly sway-backed under his load of laurels, and within the month the name of Dr. Raymond Moley was listed at the Bureau of Missing Persons.

A New Kind of Diplomacy

After Europe came Mr. Hull's journey to Montevideo, for the Seventh International Conference of American States. Again he sailed with high hopes, but by the time of his arrival in Uruguay certain influences had whittled his powers until his role was that of a wooden Indian. As indomitable as uncomplaining, he began paying a round of calls on the representatives of other nations, trudging from hotel to hotel as though he were back in Tennessee going down to the post office for mail.

Diplomatic Latin America was first stunned by the man's utter simplicity, and then won by his appealing sincerity. Before the end he was the outstanding figure of the conference, and not a voice was raised against his resolution that affirmed the interdependence of the modern world and the stupidity of warfare, whether armed or economic. Leaving for home, he was followed by a chorus of wholehearted praise that sent the Little Americans scurrying to their holes.

Still wearing his air of apology for being alive, the Secretary now proceeded to swing the Trade Agreements Section into swift action. This is the body that has the job of sitting around a table with the experts of other nations, and working out reciprocal dickers that will enable the United States to recapture foreign markets for the sale of industrial and agricultural surpluses.

In rapid succession came trade agreements with Cuba, Brazil and Belgium, nations selected because they had been our best customers in the past, and also because their exports to us were the least competitive. As an example, we gave Cuba concessions on sugar, rum and tobacco, and in return Cuba cut down her duties on our manufactured goods and agricultural products. In Brazil, we guaranteed continued free entry of coffee, and lowered our tariffs on nuts, castor beans, raw deerskins and manganese ore. Reciprocating, Brazil gave us cuts of from twenty to sixty-seven per cent on our manufactures and farm stuff. Everybody helped and nobody hurt!

Suddenly, however, the quiet was shattered by a resounding bay from the throat of George N. Peek, Special Adviser to the President on Foreign Trade and a two-fisted, hard-hitting man.

Loud shouted Mr. Peek. Louder shouted Father Coughlin, the Hearst shock troops and Senator Long. It was a battle of magnitude, but in early June the smoke cleared away and, much to everybody's surprise, it was discovered that there was no longer any such position as Special Adviser to the President on Foreign Trade. A strong man and a good fighter, Mr. George N. Peek, but like Dr. Moley and many others, he had made the mistake of thinking Cordell Hull a setup. The Secretary himself, however, was discovered at his desk as usual, calmly continuing the business of making reciprocal trade agreements.

Following up the treaties negotiated with Cuba, Brazil and Belgium, similar arrangements have been made with Haiti and Sweden. Reverting to the Belgian agreement for a moment, because it has been severely attacked, we gave Belgium concessions on plate glass, cement, bulk iron and steel items, noncompetitive fabrics, high-priced, handmade lace, billiard cloth and asbestos shingles, all holding small hurt to our domestic producers. In return the Belgians lowered duties on our fresh and dried fruits, canned goods, milled rice, honey, lumber, lard, tobacco, automobiles and automobile parts and linseed-oil cake.

Good Morals and Better Business

For Sweden we cut our tariffs on noncompetitive iron and steel items, wrapping paper, paper boards, clothespins, matches, anvils for the jewelry trade, scythes and sickles, unmanufactured granite, paving blocks and various other like products. For her part, Sweden guaranteed to keep our automobiles on her free list for three years, and lowered duties on our fresh and dried fruits, canned goods, breakfast foods, corn starch, cottonseed cake, motion pictures, copper and agricultural machinery.

And still the work goes on, slowly but very surely and very scientifically. At the present writing, negotiations are being carried on with Spain, Switzerland and Canada. There, by the way, is a good customer to regain, for in 1929 the Canadians bought $948,000,000 worth of our goods. In 1933 the figure had fallen to $211,000,000. So it is with other countries. Before 1930, our total foreign trade amounted to ten billions a year. In 1933 it was about three billions, a shrinkage that may help to explain closed factories, unemployment and crop curtailment.

The Hull policy, however, is not horse trading in any sense of the word. While it is the effort to extend concessions primarily to our best customers and principal sources of supply, these concessions are immediately "generalized" to all countries that do not discriminate against American commerce in any manner. It is an encouragement to all nations to break away from their vicious systems of special privilege and discrimination and return to the high, firm ground of equal treatment for all.

The recent Russian agreement is an admirable illustration of this policy. When the Soviet government pledged itself to quit discriminatory practices against American products, we gave Russia the benefit of "generalizations."

Justice and fairness are Hull watchwords. He views them not only as good morals but as still better business. The fight on him and his policies continues, of course, and will continue, but the attack has lost much of its fire. Instead of rushing forward with joyous shouts, the Economic Nationalists, the Isolationists and the Self-Sufficients now circle him warily, and at his slightest movement, even when he raises his hand to adjust his tie, they dive for the nearest bombproof shelter.

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Chrysler

"I HAD HEARD ABOUT THE FAMOUS *Riding Comfort*"

★ *Mrs. N. A. Cartwright, of California, tells an interesting story about the Airflow Chrysler . . .* ★

A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER . . . and 71 years of age . . . Mrs. N. A. Cartwright has a keen interest in the good new things of life.

Having ridden from Los Angeles to Detroit in an Airflow Chrysler, she lost no time in calling the Chrysler factory on the phone to pour out her enthusiasm for the car.

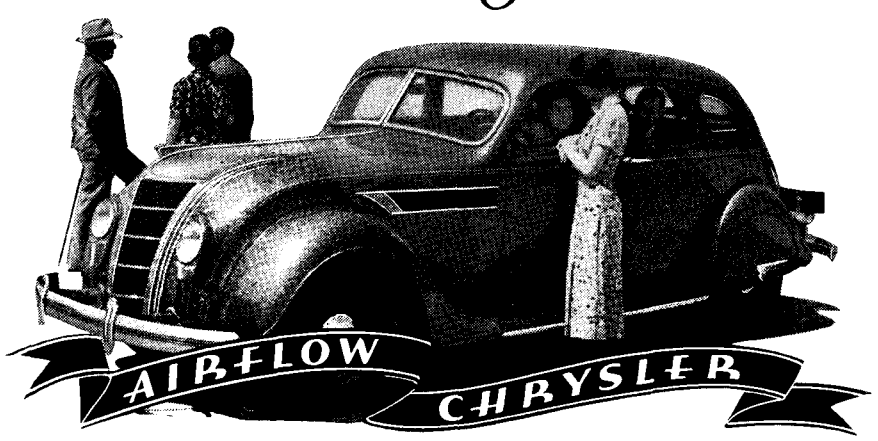
"I had heard about the famous riding comfort," she said, "so I determined to see if I could do a little sewing on the way.

"I found I could thread my needle and sew with perfect ease as we traveled along at 60 miles an hour and better. In the course of the trip, I started and completed a patchwork cushion which I presented to my granddaughter when we arrived.

"Everyone was amazed that I could have done such a thing at my age on this sort of trip. I told them it was no effort at all in a car like the Airflow Chrysler. I was really less tired after this 2,900 mile trip than I have been after just a few hours driving in other cars."

★ ★ ★

★ "I found I could thread my needle and sew with ease as we traveled along at 60."



We appreciate Mrs. Cartwright's unsolicited and genuinely enthusiastic comments. We think that this very human story tells more than we possibly could about the kind of comfort we have built into Chrysler cars.

Perhaps you haven't yet tried the Floating Ride in a Chrysler. Perhaps you have been missing something, which like Mrs. Cartwright, you would thoroughly enjoy.

Why not ride in a Chrysler and find out? In the luxurious Airflow or Airflow Imperial with automatic overdrive. Or in the Chrysler Airstream Six or Eight which embody many of the features introduced *in Airflow* . . . at the astonishingly low price of $745 and up, list at factory. Any Chrysler dealer will gladly arrange a ride.

★ CHRYSLER AIRSTREAM SIX, $745 to $870. DE LUXE AIRSTREAM EIGHT, $930 to $1235. AIRFLOW CHRYSLER EIGHT, $1245. AIRFLOW IMPERIAL, $1475. CUSTOM AIRFLOWS, $2245 to $5145. All prices list at factory, Detroit. Special equipment extra. Low monthly payments.

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Good Eating

By Ruth Chandler Moore

Diet rules that will put a glow in your skin, a sparkle in your eye and a spring in your step. And they won't add a trick to your table talk

Rush and excitement are bad for your nerves, and nervousness is the enemy of good appetites

BREAKFAST: Fruit, coffee and, if you're lucky, a bite of toast. Noon: around the corner for a ham-on-rye or, if you're rich and busy, the office boy brings it in and you eat it off a corner of the desk.

Three-thirty: a heavy gloom closes down over the office, and at five, with a general feeling that the wolf is catching up with you behind and the bogeyman is waiting for you in front, you make for home and a meal as big and as fancy as your size and purse permit. You call the result jitters, insomnia, or ulcers of the stomach, lack of exercise, an inherited tendency to weight or a naturally poor complexion—and you fall for the next trick diet that comes your way.

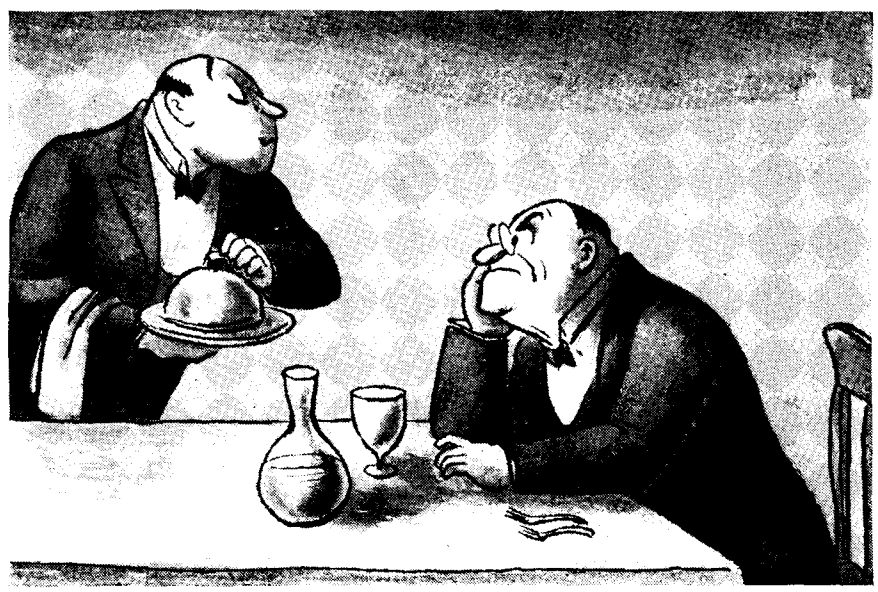
But it won't really help. You know what would happen to a motor if you ran out of gas and limped back to the garage every day on the battery. Well, that's what the business world does to your nerves and digestion—only worse. They not only do the whole day's work on less than a quarter of the day's food quota, but they plunk down the other three quarters when their insides are at the end of their tether. People who live at home usually choose their food more wisely, partly because the meals are planned ahead and partly because the time element isn't so pressing. But the restaurant eaters are generally heading for trouble.

Hot milk with a spot of rum is a drink that will calm and refresh

Don't blame the restaurants, though. Nor say it's because you have to watch the right-hand side of the menu card. The big chain restaurants pay more attention to dietetics than many exclusive clubs and dining-rooms, and a well-balanced "special" with the whole vitamin alphabet in it is there three times a day at bottom cost. But, of course, you have to order it to get it.

And don't blame your poundage, either. If you're broader than you wish you were, working all day on your nerve is no way to cut down on weight, and if you stick to it you soon won't be worth looking at anyway. You can get as nice a little case of complexion trouble from semi-starvation as you can from living on cake and candy.

Incidentally, since reducing has reared its ugly head, just remember one thing about it: Practically every ready-made diet is deficient in some element that is essential to your health, looks or pep, and a true reducing diet for a normal person which a physician or clinic can tell you about is so undramatic that it's no fun to repeat to your friends. The fruit juice diets are deficient in calcium, a lack you'll pay for in dentist bills and easily broken bones. The banana and milk mania is all right in theory but is deficient in roughage. The salad diets give you plenty of roughage but they do not supply you with the full essentials of proteins and fats. Of course, this doesn't mean that the exciting and expensive diet a reputable doctor has prescribed for your neighbor—because he knows all about her internal chemistry—isn't all right for her. It only means that it may be, and probably will be, all wrong for you. And it wasn't the diet list she paid him so much for, either. It was the scientific determining of her particular body needs.



When you're moody or overtired, your dinner isn't going to do you any good

So, if you eat most of your meals from menu cards, and especially if you have to watch the exchequer while you do so, you'd better learn the normal diet fundamentals. Otherwise, undermined health, nerves, looks or earning power will cost you more in the end than if you'd been living on foie gras and caviar.

The simple outline for healthy, energy-giving eating habits is this—and you'll notice that a lot of things enter into it beside the calories and what-nots we're so tired of counting. First, take on your day's fuel with some regard for the hours you run your machine hardest. Second, eat a well-proportioned diet. And last, eat restfully and congenially when it's possible, and when it isn't, eat cautiously. These diet rules won't get into the headlines and hotel menus, as the Hollywood diet did. They aren't exciting enough to make conversation. But if you follow them in detail until they become second nature—which they will in no time because they are really first-nature—you'll have the main elements of the most *de luxe* "cure." Only it will be a free cure and one that stays with you, putting a glow in the skin, a sparkle in the eye and a spring in the step. Unless you have some constitutional ailment, it's as simple as that.

For the first rule, you notice it doesn't mean necessarily to eat any more each day. Just to distribute it more fairly.

Women seem to have an instinct for food that's bad for their looks

Take more breakfast, more lunch and less dinner. When you've work to do in the world, you are only looking for wrinkles, headaches and maybe expensive mistakes into the bargain, if you choose the hours of nine to five in which to starve. You'll find that if you honestly allow time to eat it, you can eat —and enjoy—some cereal, with or without fruit or eggs, or hot buttered muffins as well as your usual orange juice and coffee. One word of warning, though—don't try to go in for bigger and better breakfasts all at once or the shock will, literally, be too much for your system, but ease yourself into it.

If years of habit are too strong for you and you can't with any pleasure eat more at first, try the continental habit of drinking a cup of coffee as soon as possible after waking. By the time you're dressed and ready, it will have zipped up your appetite for breakfast. Then refuel with a two-course lunch and end the day with a two-course dinner. These would naturally depend upon your tastes and the seasons, say a nourishing soup and dessert for lunch and a plate dinner with salad or fruit at night.

The reason why a simple reallotment of food will do so much for your looks, health and general well-being is that they are all three bound up with your digestion through your circulation. There are two main circulation routes,

(Continued on page 46)

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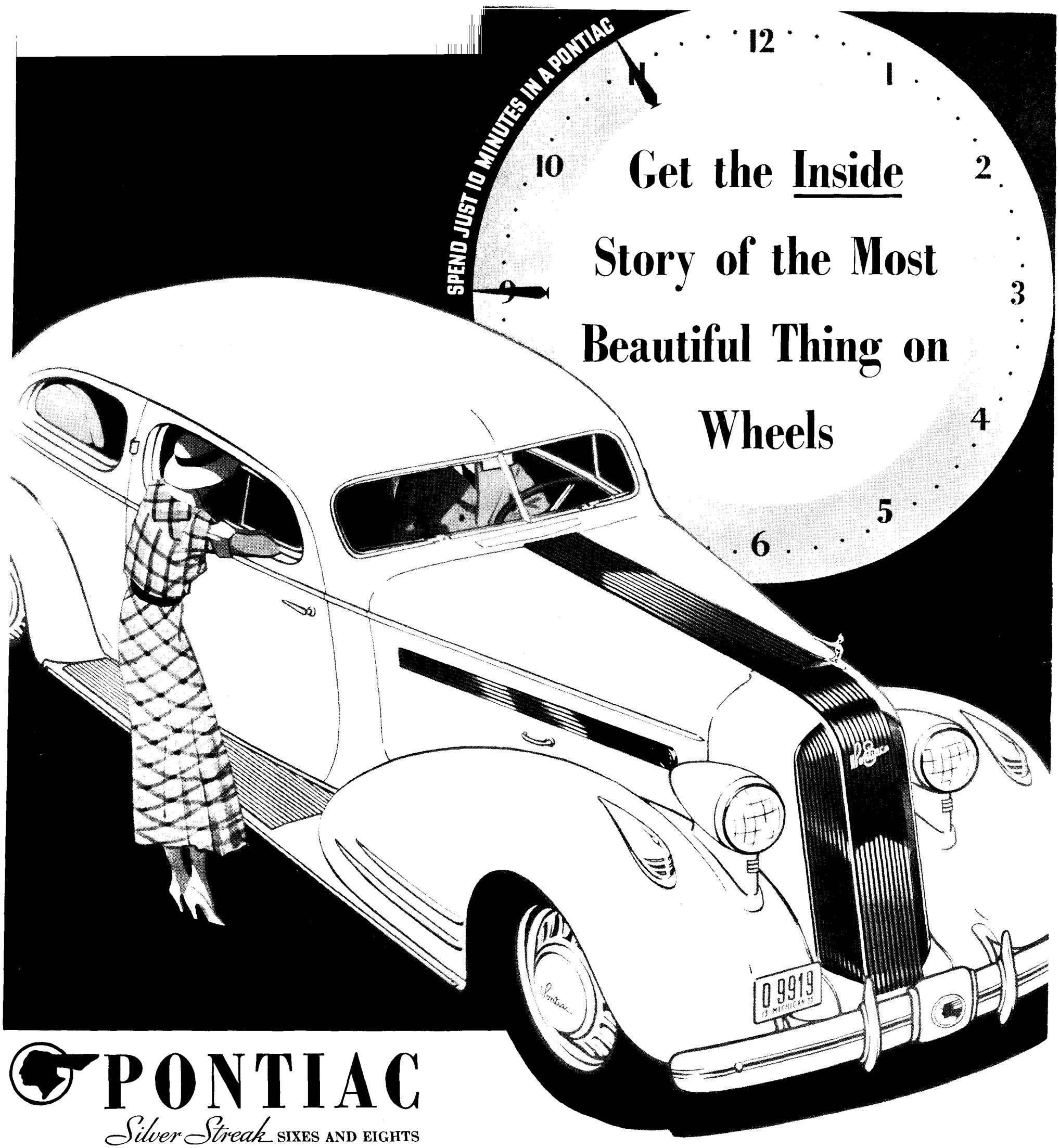
SPEND JUST 10 MINUTES IN A PONTIAC

Get the Inside Story of the Most Beautiful Thing on Wheels



PONTIAC

Silver Streak SIXES AND EIGHTS

Listen to this invitation from your Pontiac dealer—

"Spend just 10 minutes behind the Silver Streak. Enjoy performance so smooth that you'll credit the car with *twice* as many cylinders . . . so quiet that you hear only the wind sliding off the speedlined body . . . so lively that you can lead in traffic any time you like. Revel in the marvelous sense of security brought about by Pontiac's ample, balanced weight, "Turret-Top" bodies and triple-sealed hydraulic brakes. Hear your passengers sing the praises of the wonderful lullaby ride. *Prove for yourself that the most beautiful thing on wheels is even better than it looks.*"

Listen to this invitation, and by all means *accept* it. It's the quick and easy way to check America's growing conviction that you can't do better than a Pontiac.

• • •

List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Available on easy G.M.A.C. Time Payments. A General Motors Value.

$615

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Rogues' Gallery

By MacKinlay Kantor

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

NOW once again Meyer crucified the Christ. He established the Crucifixion in moist sand on the banks of Red Fox Creek, thirty-one miles from Chicago.

If he had been aware that this was to be his final work of art, the pathetic culmination of a long life in which dreams and sculpture and whisky were inextricably confused, he could not have brought more tenderness and skill to the creation than he did bring.

He wrought well, did Meyer—with a rusty bucket and a sack of salt to harden the mixture, and makeshift sticks and paddles for delivering anguish and beauty out of a sand bank. He worked from dawn on into the late afternoon.

Meyer was building the attendant cherubs—life-size visages complete with wings and wonder—when the blue car stopped by the deserted sand-pit road, and the four young men got out with their golf bags.

There may have been blood upon their hands, but Meyer could not see it. He saw only that they were hard-faced and nervous, that they wore open shirts and sweaters and flannel slacks like those worn by golfers on the near-by course. The zippers whistled in their bright leather bags, and out came ugly short-barreled guns, and out came money.

Money did not interest Meyer. He worked on, as silently as an earthworm.

"It was Borelli cleaned that first cage," said Augie Shertz.

"Like hell," whined Borelli. "It was Pete."

Pete nodded. "I got it in this bag. A good twenty grand."

They lifted out the masses of fluttering banknotes: some were wrapped, some were crumpled, some were twenties and some were hundreds. "You're the top!" Shertz snarled at Borelli. "Damn you, why'd you squirt at that old dame?"

"She started to run out the door."

"Never make a chair date when you don't have to. Some day you're gonna fry, dago!"

"Come on, come on," Pete implored; "ain't it the same rap for everybody? Casey had already pushed over the teller and that old bank cop."

Shertz was estimating with shrewd, opaque gaze. "Looks like sixty or seventy grand. But we shouldn't have left the silver in that first car—"

"The heat'll be on," Borelli prophesied. "On us, too. Even changing cars three times, and changing to golf clothes."

"We'll bust apart, at the golf links," Shertz told them. "Go back to town, each guy by himself. What are you squawking about, dago? Nobody dropped a handkerchief off of his face. We wore gloves; it's airtight."

Then it was that Casey Wilchinski, who was lookout at the entrance of the old sand pit, drew his automatic and said things out of the corner of his mouth. The other men turned with ready guns, and they discovered Meyer. Also they discovered Da Vinci's Crucifixion—modeled life-size in the sunlit sand, with half-shaped cherubs lifting up their faces under the skillful turn of skillful fingers.

The men put their blue-steel muzzles to Meyer's head.

"Gonna lay quiet and then turn us in to the cops, wasn't you? Keep digging in the sand, and then sing."

"You haff trampled mein statue," cried Meyer.

"Let him have it, then sling him in the weeds," Casey suggested.

Borelli said, "Wait! We got a split to make. It'll take time. Wait till we go. . . ."

"In Rome I studied," Meyer informed them. "In Paris, in Milan, in many places—"

"Yeh," Shertz kicked a foot from the recumbent statue, and the sand flew. "Maybe you never studied in Asbury Park, you old heel! If you'd had sense to make this sand statue somewhere else than off here in the weeds, you would have lived longer."

MEYER explained: "The sand, it vas so clean, so bright . . . I make my great statue of Crucifixion! But nobody comes to see. I do not care." His thin shoulders quivered beneath the frayed, stained shirt.

"He's nuts," said Pete. "Look at that sign he's got stuck up: 'On this coat put nickel for a poor artist.' And there ain't nobody around here to put nickels on it, except snakes and things—"

Augie Shertz slid his gun back inside his waistband. "Sure, he's nuts. But just the same, he ain't gonna sing. We'll split the dough, and then—"

They split. It took a long while, but they watched with care, and not a car turned off the humming highway a half-mile beyond. Meyer crouched in his beloved sand, and watched, and worked. He was afraid of these men, but, more than that, he was angry because they had broken the foot of his statue, and had talked with no respect. He touched up the foot, and remolded his choir of heavenly admirers. He hoped that these cruel young men would be punished for trampling the thing over which he had toiled, and which he knew to be beautiful.

Casey, who was lookout, said things out of the corner of his mouth

After the money had been counted and divided (for none would trust the others to carry it to Chicago), the four young men abandoned their stolen car, tramped through the lonely weeds and woodland to mingle with the hordes of city-bound golfers who had spent a pleasant afternoon at the Red Fox Public Golf course.

They killed Meyer before they left. They did it quickly, but he had been able to complete his task.

IT WAS about one o'clock the next morning when three squads of detectives swooped down on the celebrants at the Chez Vienna restaurant, and gathered in Casey Wilchinski, Augie Shertz and Pete Skolnit. They would have gathered in Dago Nick Borelli as well, but Borelli went haywire and reached for his gun, when somebody shoved a glistening badge under his nose. He had three slugs in him before he hit the floor.

The survivors howled and stammered as they were hauled into the squad cars. "Not a thing," they chanted. "You ain't got a thing on us! We'll be out in an hour."

"There was a bank stick-up on Milwaukee Avenue yesterday noon," said gray-haired old Sergeant Kahn. "Three people killed."

They screamed amid the sirens, "You can't hang that on us! You won't get a dime's worth on us. We're alibied!"

"There was an old tramp killed, yesterday afternoon," said Sergeant Kahn. "Some hikers found him, knocked on the head, away out by Red Fox Creek in the country. He was a queer old devil, kind of crazy. His name was Winky Meyer. And under the bridge by where Meyer was killed, there was paper ribbons and currency wrappers from the Milwaukee Avenue Householders' Savings Bank."

He told them, quietly, "Listen to this, rats! Old Winky Meyer made Crucifixions for a good many years. He was pretty good at it—even artists used to say so. And he made cherubs, always—four of them. . . . And this time, when the detectives saw his cherubs, they didn't look like any angels in heaven. They looked like you, Augie—and you, Casey and Pete—and like Borelli. They were your faces, and the old man had sculptured them in the sand before he died."

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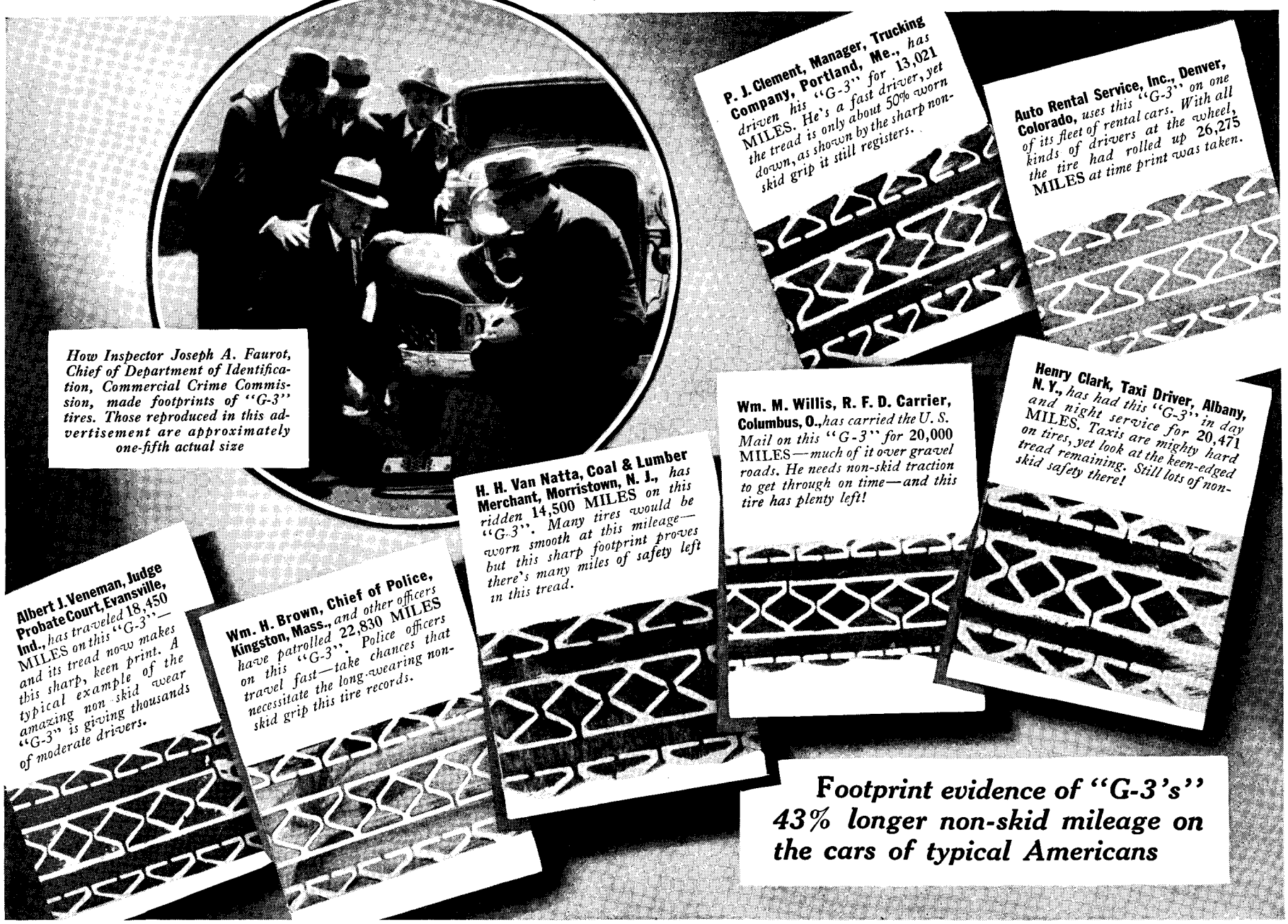
A FAMOUS TIRE WRITES ITS OWN STORY


How Inspector Joseph A. Faurot, Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission, made footprints of "G-3" tires. Those reproduced in this advertisement are approximately one-fifth actual size
P. J. Clement, Manager, Trucking Company, Portland, Me., has driven his "G-3" for 13,021 MILES. He's a fast driver, yet the tread is only about 50% worn down, as shown by the sharp non-skid grip it still registers.
Auto Rental Service, Inc., Denver, Colorado, uses this "G-3" on one of its fleet of rental cars. With all kinds of drivers at the wheel, the tire had rolled up 26,275 MILES at time print was taken.
Henry Clark, Taxi Driver, Albany, N. Y., has had this "G-3" in day and night service for 20,471 MILES. Taxis are mighty hard on tires, yet look at the keen-edged tread remaining. Still lots of non-skid safety there!
Wm. M. Willis, R. F. D. Carrier, Columbus, O., has carried the U. S. Mail on this "G-3" for 20,000 MILES—much of it over gravel roads. He needs non-skid traction to get through on time—and this tire has plenty left!
H. H. Van Natta, Coal & Lumber Merchant, Morristown, N. J., has ridden 14,500 MILES on this "G-3". Many tires would be worn smooth at this mileage—but this sharp footprint proves there's many miles of safety left in this tread.
Wm. H. Brown, Chief of Police, Kingston, Mass., and other officers have patrolled 22,830 MILES on this "G-3". Police officers travel fast—take chances that necessitate the long-wearing non-skid grip this tire records.
Albert J. Veneman, Judge Probate Court, Evansville, Ind., has traveled 18,450 MILES on this "G-3"—and its tread now makes this sharp, keen print. A typical example of the amazing non-skid wear "G-3" is giving thousands of moderate drivers.
Footprint evidence of "G-3's" 43% longer non-skid mileage on the cars of typical Americans

NOTE: *The footprints reproduced here are selected to represent* typical *rather than exceptional experience. Goodyear dealer files contain many records of vastly greater mileage. We seek to show performance under a wide range of driving conditions—and naturally all these tires are good for thousands of added miles of service.*

If you want to know how much stamina a tire has—how well it withstands the cutting, grating, grinding wear of grit and gravel roads—how it "takes" jack-rabbit starts and brake-burning stops on rock-hard pavements

—*look at the tread and you'll get the cold-turkey evidence!*

That's what that famous sleuth and fingerprint expert Joseph A. Faurot did on his nation-wide check-up on "G-3" All-Weathers—*he "footprinted" them.*

He gathered records, such as you see here—direct testimony, written by the tires themselves—that prove "G-3's" broader, flatter, heavier tread is giving the public 43% longer non-skid mileage—or better!

Something else proves itself here—something that gives double meaning to those extra miles of non-skid life of "G-3" All-Weathers—and that is the reason for "THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY."

Right there—before your eyes—is the proof of *grip in the center of the tread*—and 8,400 impartial tests show that Goodyears will stop your car quicker than any tire tested against them.

Have your tires footprinted by Goodyear dealer

How safe are your tires? Ask your Goodyear dealer to take "footprints" and show you—and while you're there, let him show you footprints of "G-3" All-Weathers taken right in your neighborhood—local evidence of greater non-skid safety, longer wear and lower cost per mile that you can easily verify.

Let him show you also how Goodyear's patented Supertwist Cord in every ply insures maximum blowout protection—

—then ask yourself: "Why buy any tire that offers less safety, less mileage, when Goodyears cost no more?"

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

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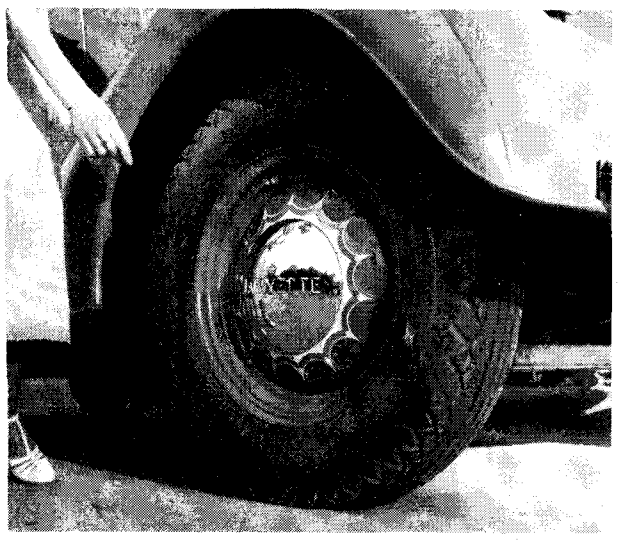
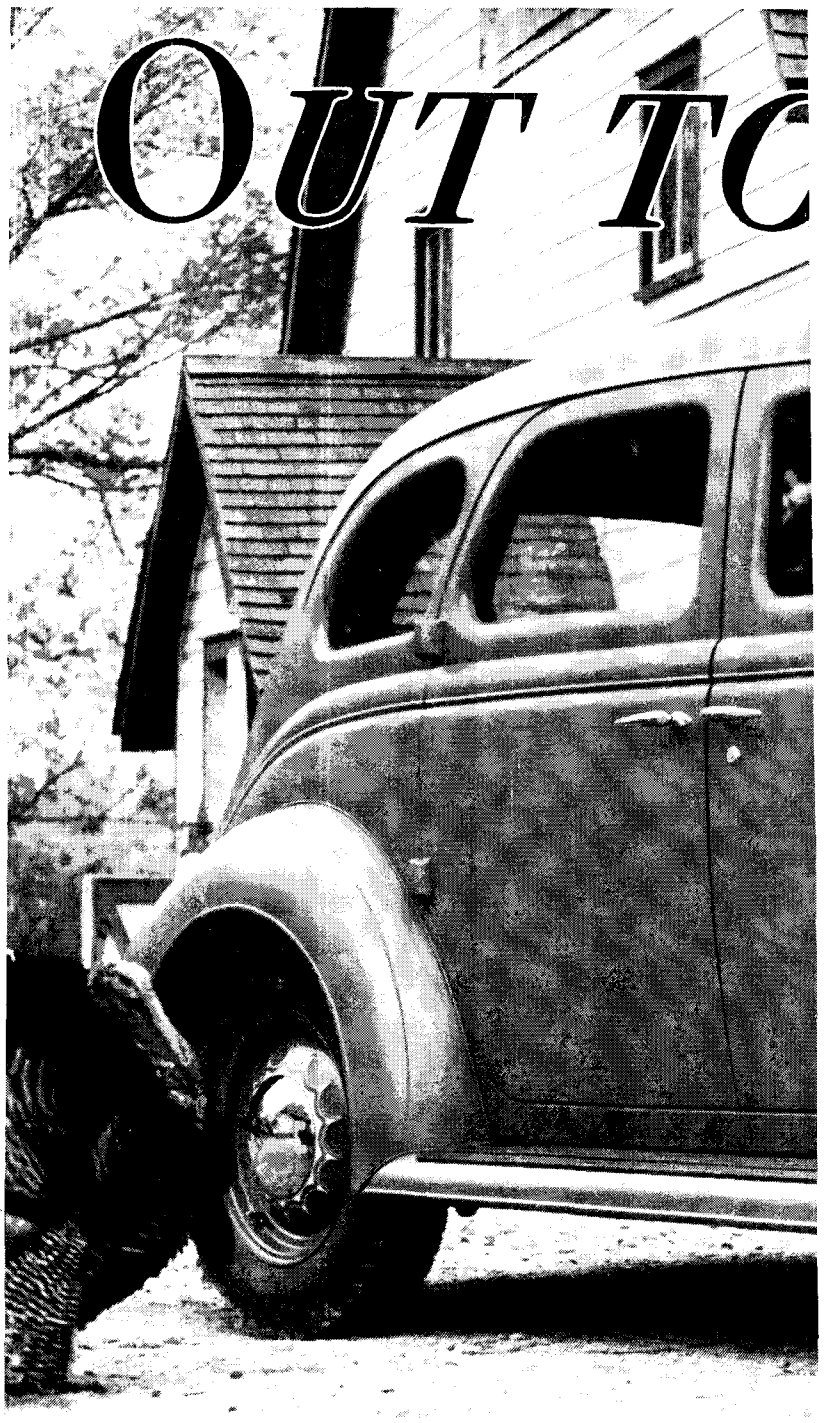
MORE HEAD ROOM THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER $2,000 You'll like the extra head-room you get in LaFayette. It means greater safety, too... And it's cooler in hot weather!

WORLD'S ONLY COMPLETE SEAMLESS ONE-PIECE STEEL BODY Only LaFayette and Nash have a complete, seamless all-steel top, floor and body with girder-steel frame



OVERSIZED HYDRAULIC BRAKES BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A TRUCK! Hydraulic brakes actually as large as those on one of America's fastest-selling 1½ ton trucks

SIX PASSENGERS! WIDER FRONT SEATS THAN HIGH-PRICED CARS Three passengers—big people, even six-footers, ride in back or front seat with room to spare!



ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH OF 4-DOOR SEDAN

Look *what's* HAPPENED *in the since you bought your*

To win new customers *quickly,* NASH—without regard to present profits—has made LAFAYETTE the biggest, roomiest, safest car ever offered at anywhere near the price!

YOU can't afford to buy your car out of habit this year. Or on somebody's say-so. Something important has happened in the lowest-price field. Something that will change all of your previous ideas about what you can get in a low-priced car.

To win new customers quickly, Nash—one of the four financially strongest manufacturers in the industry—has made the 1936 LaFayette a great big 6 passenger car with ALL the vital engineering features of high-priced cars, yet as easy on gas and oil as smaller cars!

This may all sound too good to be true. But it IS true . . . so true that you can SEE it with your own eyes, in any Nash-LaFayette showroom, through the sensational, new X-Ray system!

X-Ray makes everyone an auto expert

It is no longer necessary to take for granted the parts of a car you can't *see.* Through the LaFayette X-Ray system, the amazing, *unseen* differences in cars of the same price are brought to light clearly and simply, so that anyone can understand them!

You will see without fear or favor the vital engineering features that high-priced cars always include . . . the things that low-priced cars leave out. And you will see that LaFayette alone in the low-priced field gives you 6 or 8 vital features *that expensive cars never omit!*

A *seven-bearing* crankshaft and rifle-drilled connecting rods that lubricate each cylinder separately with every stroke of the piston! Oversized hydraulic brakes, super-safe, and so big they won't need relining for years! LaFayette's SEAMLESS, one-piece all-steel body compared with bodies you may *think* are all-steel, yet are not steel throughout.

Under the X-Ray system, EVERY vital, hidden feature is brought out for you to see, to compare.

Then—get IN the LaFayette!

You won't need the X-Ray system to show you that LaFayette is a bigger, roomier, SIX-PASSENGER

THE NEW 1936 LAFAYETTE

A • PRODUCT • OF • THE • NASH • MOTO

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WIN AMERICA!

owest-priced field ast car!

mobile.... That it has a MUCH wider front seat your present car's back seat.... That it has more l-room than you'll find in cars costing over $2,000! more leg-room, too!

hy buy a car with less room, less comfort, when yette gives you so *much* more, yet costs little or ıing more than the very smallest cars? Why be ıfied with lower-priced engineering features when ıyette gives you ALL of the VITAL features used in costing hundreds of dollars more?

emember now, there's one big reason why you all this EXTRA value for your money in LaFayette Nash is out to win America on *value alone!* We eve that Americans know automobiles . . . that ın they SEE what's INSIDE LaFayette (and what's ɔther cars) LaFayette will be the winner! The h Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

595 and up f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. New 1936 Nash "400" prices start at $675. Advanced sixes and eights $825 to $1220. All prices subject to change without notice.

S • COMPANY

Amazing X-RAY system lets you see with your own eyes the astonishing difference in cars of the same price!

•

Simply and graphically the X-Ray system reveals the whole truth. You see that some manufacturers leave out of their *low-priced* cars vital features of engineering which are included in their *high-priced* cars. You just get the plain facts . . . facts that you as a car buyer are entitled to know! For instance, you see that LaFayette alone in the low-priced field gives you 6 or 8 engineering features *that most expensive cars never omit.* See the X-Ray system at any Nash-LaFayette showroom. It's fascinating!

•

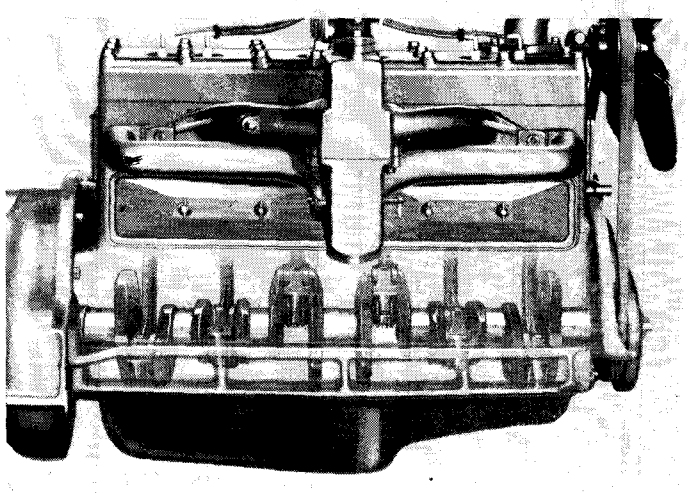
DEALERS

Would you rather *sell* this car or sell *against* it? Get the full story, not only about LaFayette, but about the remarkable, new 1936 Nash "400" and the complete Nash "Out-to-Win-America" Franchise!

THE ONLY LOW-PRICED CAR WITH BOTH REDISTRIBUTION OF WEIGHT AND SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING! Engine moved forward 10 inches. No other car combines mid-section seating, balanced weight and Synchronized Springing on all four wheels

VIBRATIONLESS MOTOR! FINEST POWER PLANT EVER PUT IN A LOW-PRICED CAR

A big, powerful 83 H.P. motor. Only LaFayette and more expensive cars have 7-bearing crankshafts and rifle-drilled connecting rods



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Grandstand Grandee

Continued from page 16

West in search of a good infielder, preferably a good second baseman and possibly a pitcher. Glowing reports of a second-sacker by the name of Freddy Muller had led him into the Northwest for a look at the Seattle Indians.

He'd never heard of the nineteen-year-old kid named Mel Almada who was right-fielding for the Seattle club at the time, but Almada had heard plenty of him and determined to make it mutual if he possibly could. Young Almada, as a matter of fact, was a little low and uncertain at the time. He found himself in professional baseball—he wasn't exactly sure why—except that he idolized his elder brother, Louis. It was to be near Louis that he'd joined this team originally and now Louis wasn't there any more, and Melo didn't know exactly what to do.

Louis was, and is—he's still outfielding for the San Francisco Missions—five years older than Melo, and he'd always been Melo's idol and pattern. They'd gone through the same schools in Los Angeles. Both had been pitchers in baseball for Los Angeles High. Both had made the all-city team for two years. Both played football, making the all-city selections in that sport, too. Both had been track men, although Melo was the better of the twain here, he having held the city and Southern California Interscholastic broad jump record with a prodigious leap of twenty-three feet, four and three-quarter inches. He likewise ran the quarter and anchor-manned the relay team. Both planned to enter the University of Southern California but the baseball scouts were already humming around and long before Melo finished school brother Louis had been signed by the New York Giants as a pitcher, tried in spring training, farmed to Albany, then to Richmond and finally released. Then he had signed on the coast with the Seattle Indians and was an outfielding star with that aggregation when young Melo finished high school and was preparing to enter Southern California as a freshman.

A Streamlined Sensation

To be near his brother, pending matriculation into the Trojan citadel, young Melo went to the spring training camp of the Seattle team at Santa Cruz in 1932, got himself into uniform and began to shag flies just for exercise. Ernie Johnson, now a scout for the Red Sox but then manager of the Seattle team, watched him capturing screamers for a couple of days—and then told him he was crazy if he wasted valuable time on the so-called higher education. He had all the natural motions of a real ball player, said Ernie, and he could get his education later on.

Brother Louie, a trifle disillusioned by the tossing-around he'd received, refused to counsel him one way or the other but he did say he'd like to have the kid stick around with him for company. Melo wrestled with the decision for a number of days. Johnson finally delivered an ultimatum that Melo either sign a contract or get out of the camp, but if he wanted to sign, said Ernie, he could have a very pretty bonus.

The kid signed.

He signed without knowing whether he was a pitcher, a first baseman or an outfielder. He played all positions but didn't know which was his forte. Johnson, however, assigned him to the outfield.

Life in the minors is what they used to call in the army expendable, meaning that it may be abrogated virtually without notice. Manager Johnson was canned after less than a month, and Brother Louie got into a financial argument with the front office and was swapped up the coast to San Francisco.

Melo was disconsolate, but there seemed nothing to do but to stick and keep trying. George Burns, the famous old major leaguer and first baseman, succeeded Johnson in the managership and almost as promptly fell ill. This left the club with a mighty problem—nobody to play first. Melo, who wasn't playing regularly anyhow, volunteered to take a flier at it and, in eighteen games before Burns recovered sufficiently to play, he fielded the position faultlessly and slapped that onion for a better than .300 average.

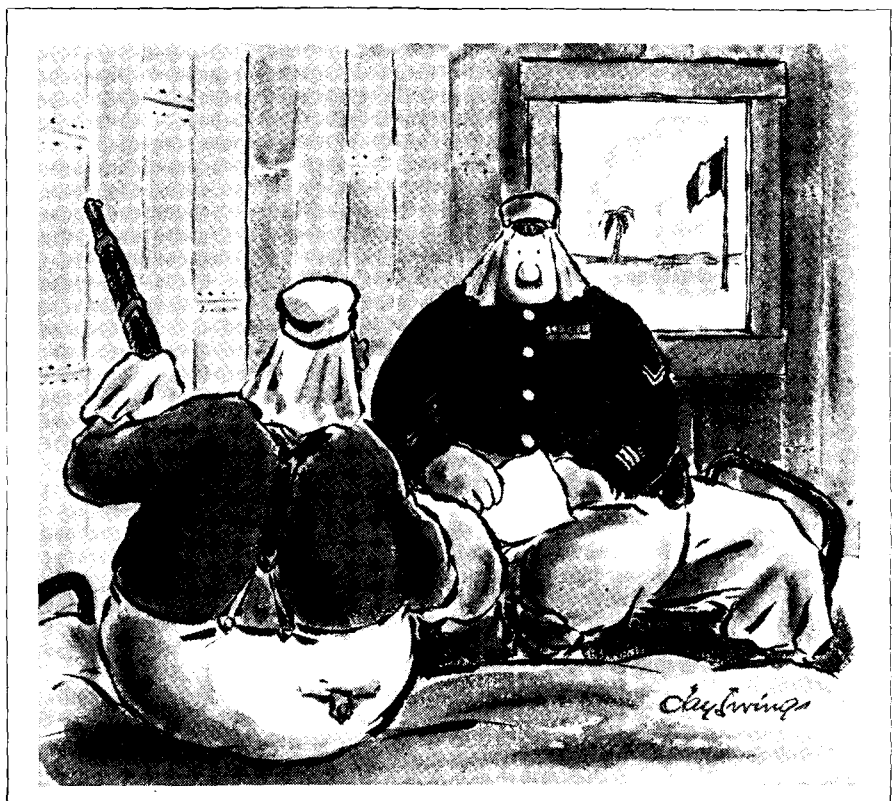
Even with Burns returning, there was no benching a youngster such as that. Burns switched him to right field, where he played every inning until the end of the year, hit for a seasonal average of .311 and fielded better than .900. The die was cast. The younger of the Almadas was very definitely an outfielder. The elder, likewise an outfielder for the Missions that season, laced the missile for a .330 average, incidentally, and has done that well, or better, ever since.

The next season, 1933, saw young Mel still with Seattle and away to a slam-bang start, and finally Eddie Collins came to town looking for his second baseman and possible pitcher. He didn't know about Almada, as I say, but Almada knew about him, and young Señor Almada deliberately turned on the heat. He ran bases that week like a startled gazelle. He fielded like one of those six-armed Javanese idols. He smashed that baseball all over the property. Mr. Collins saw him all right, and when he'd finished the deals for the pitcher and the second baseman he made still another deal—for an outfielder.

Almada reported to Boston in July of that year and played in twenty games through the last month of the season. He played all the fields but mostly in center, stung the missile for a .341 average and looked like a superfine prospect. But the Sox had, or thought they had, a good outfield in Reynolds, Solters and Johnson already and this kid was but nineteen years old. Seasoning was what he needed, the elders decided, so he was farmed to Kansas City in the American Association.

With the Kay Sees of 1934, he was a streamlined sensation. The lad was finding himself fast, was getting his growth and was burgeoning into a baseball star of the brighter constellations. In four months of solid play, he smashed the ball for a .330 average, he led the league in stolen bases with a total of thirty, and he likewise led the league in assists.

It was this spring in the Red Sox training corral at Sarasota, however, that he really slipped into high. There didn't seem to be a batter in camp who could put a fly over him or who could get farther than first if he dumped a ground ball in front of Mel. At bat he was cooler than a flower in a florist's refrigerator and on the bases he was a streak of blue light.



"My wife writes she's leaving me. . . ." JAY IRVING

Further play down there in the Grapefruit League was to prove that those thirty stolen bases with Kansas City were no fluke. This tall and limber-legged Mexicano who'd run anchor man on his school relay team and who even now can peel off a hundred in close to ten seconds was the master of all the better base-stealing tricks. The hook slide, the fadeaway, the straight-in and the stand-up were all part of his ready repertory. He furthermore had the courage to run face on into a throw to block a double play.

In the Clean-up Position

"If I could only stick Almada in there," said Joe Cronin, as he mused over the potential make-up of his team down there under the Florida moon one late March night, "and forget about him, overlooking the mistakes he'll make as a rookie, and forgetting the ball games he'll lose, he'd be the greatest outfielder in baseball in a couple of years, but I doubt if I've got the strength elsewhere to do it."

It was Almada, himself, who solved that problem for Cronin. Once he was in there, there was no getting him out. With a natural flair for baseball, he made no mistakes. He was a positive fireball out there in center. He made stops and catches that seemed humanly impossible. Not since the days of Tris Speaker, until this lad came along, has the crowd seen runners thrown out at first on ground balls hit through or over second base. That left arm of his is a rifle and his eye is unerring. He throws strikes to the plate from away back by the flag pole.

At bat, which is where the rookie usually sags, he was soon leading his team with a .300-plus average and he bids fair now to maintain or even better that figure over the full run of the season.

He was soon so dependable that when the team went into a protracted slump around the first of June, Manager Cronin dropped himself out of the clean-up position in the batting order and placed the young Mexican there. A couple of weeks later in an effort to charge the attack with still more dynamite, Cronin benched Dahlgren, who fields sensationally but who was hitting a mere .222 and switched Almada to first base, where he fielded faultlessly and continued to hit around the .300 mark. Whether he'll eventually be an infielder or an outfielder remains for the developments of the future to say, but from all the evidence in the records to date, he seems equally deft in either role.

His Greatest Dissipation

On bases, the Sox thought they had the star of stars in Bill Werber, who revived the lost art of Ty Cobb to establish the stolen-base record of last year. And Werber is great, but Almada seems greater. He leads not only Werber but the American League in stolen bases as this is written. He frankly admits that he's out for the record but modestly insists that the reason he's ahead of Werber is simply because he's been luckier about getting on. That isn't literally true. He's been hitting where Werber hasn't, but once on, it's a question as to which is the faster.

Melo is a model athlete, a model son, a model brother. Away from the diamond he's quiet and studious, his major dissipation being an occasional ice cream soda. He's a radio nut and a movie fan. He even carries a portable radio with him on baseball trips, plugging it in in his hotel room and listening to the programs.

It looks as if Mexico's first real ambassador to baseball has received his credentials and may go on to immortal heights. Physically, he's barely twenty-one, weighs 170 pounds, bats and throws left-handed and has every measurable requisite. He has a girl in Los Angeles he says he's "still trying to fool" and he's saving his money to go into business some day. He's been back to Mexico but once and that was after the 1933 season when a Mexican newspaper imported the Almada brothers to play as guest outfielders in a great Good Will baseball tournament in Mexico City. They played on opposite teams for nine games and had a magnificent time. Two gorgeous bats of native wood the Mexico citizens presented them are now in the private collection of their friend Joe E. Brown, the motion-picture comedian, who is a baseball fanatic on the side.

The great empire of the grandsire may have been swallowed by time. Political turmoil and the sweep of the tides of circumstance may have changed things around considerably, but the proud name of Almada seems assured of fame for a considerable period yet. It's fame of the sort the old grandsire might not understand, but fifty million baseball fans—and the Almadas of Los Angeles—would assure him that it's something to be proud of.

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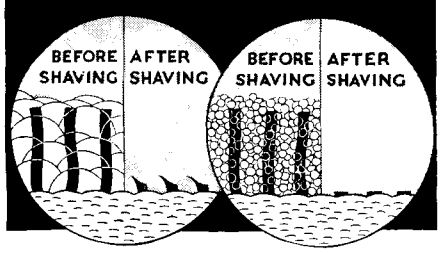

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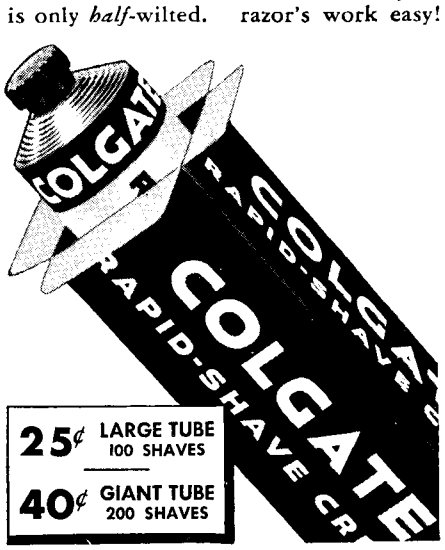

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The Girl at Lucio's

Continued from page 9

"I understand how you used to feel about your freedom," said Reggie paternally. "You had to have it, had to get it off your mind; but now you're ready to settle down. For a girl like you there's no durable satisfaction in that life at Lucio's." (She suspected he was right.) "I want to Take You Out of All That!" he burst out, no longer paternal.

"Well—I'll come to dinner Sunday," she promised. "But don't you tell them we're engaged. Because we're not—yet."

SO SHE went to Flatbush, and met an incredible number of Raybucks, all with those bulging jaws. At two o'clock they ate a huge dinner; and then they sat around all afternoon and digested, till Sophie said she had had a lovely time but must be going, and Reggie said that of course he would take her home.

"Well!" he said cheerfully in the taxi. "They liked you!"

"What have I done to deserve that?" she wondered. "Reggie—" Because she was so fond of him, she suppressed most of what she felt like saying. "You want to—to Take Me Out of All That; but you never warned me that you meant to take me into all this."

"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded blankly.

"Your people—" Again she suppressed herself. "They don't say anything!"

That was inadequate; she had no words for the horror of that Sunday afternoon when she sat in the circle of full-fed, silent Raybucks with bulging jaws—feeling as if she were surrounded by stone images that would presently move, converge, fall on her, crush her to a pulp.

"What is there to say?" he asked in some surprise. "We all know what we think, by this time."

"And I'm supposed to think it, too? Never!" said Sophie. "Never!"

They argued across Manhattan Bridge, all the way up to midtown Manhattan. Then, at a corner, she stopped the taxi.

"I'm not going home," she said. "Lucio's is just down the block; I need a drink, and—and Lucio's. . . ." Then, softening—"I'll buy you a drink, Reggie, if you'll come with me. You can't help your family."

"I won't come with you! I despise speakeasies—and speakeasy girls!"

Her head was up, her color high, as she opened Lucio's door and walked in. (It seemed so queer not to have to ring a bell, and be identified through a wicket.) She didn't suppose she'd find many people here, on a Sunday afternoon—

In fact nobody was there but Lucio himself, gloomily pottering about a dismantled bar. She stood still, staring blankly.

"We're closed, Miss Bransfield." Still she stared; Lucio never closed before midnight. "Closed!" he emphasized. "Fini—folded up. I guess you ain't been in here this last week; I've been telling everybody."

"But, Lucio! Why?" He shrugged tremendously.

"Too many new bars since repeal. . . . But since you used to be a good customer before repeal, I ask you to have one on the house. The last drink at Lucio's."

The words echoed like the tolling of a bell as she drank with him. It was two months before she was engaged to Reggie; but she knew that evening, as she leaned for the last time against Lucio's bar, that the Raybucks were going to get her.

Sophie never liked to look back on those two months; she learned too much about herself.

One evening Reggie was so much more understanding than usual that presently she found herself in his arms.

"But I won't live in Flatbush!" she warned him. "Not that I've anything against Flatbush, but I'd never have a chance to be myself among that mob of relatives. Neither would you, for that matter."

"But I am myself now!" he pointed out with pride; and she felt that this was not the moment to suggest that by the time he had lived a couple of years with her, and away from his relatives, he would probably be something else that even he would like better.

However, he finally agreed that for the first year or two at least they would live in Manhattan.

And then they started apartment hunting. She thought it didn't make much difference where they lived; but he insisted on a good neighborhood without being prepared to pay the prices demanded in good Manhattan neighborhoods. Every time they looked at apartments they came to the verge of a quarrel; and when she went to Flatbush now for Sunday dinner she could feel all the full-fed, silent Raybucks thinking that if Reginald had only found the right kind of girl this question would have been settled long ago—and all other questions, too. . . . Oh, they'd get her, sooner or later. And she didn't seem to have spirit enough to do anything about it, while there was yet time.

ONE afternoon, when the office closed, she met him for a cocktail; but he insisted that they must look at apartments before they had their drink.

"I've found something that I think will suit you," he explained. "In an old house that's being remodeled; good address, and not too expensive."

She closed her eyes in the taxi—it had been a hard day, and would probably be harder before it was over—and didn't open them till they were going down into an areaway, entering a door marked "Renting Agent." An affable young man was eager to show them the apartments; the alterations were not yet quite completed, but the place would be ready for occupancy in July.

"Just as we come back from the honeymoon," said Reggie, beaming. And she found herself meekly accompanying him and the renting agent up the stairs, with a curious feeling that she had been here before. And then, miraculously, she found that the long hunt was over. This suited her, it suited Reggie; even the price was right.

"Of course, that—" said Reggie, pointing at an oblong on the living-room wall that was of a faintly lighter tint.

"That will be fixed," the agent assured him. "These walls have had only the first coat of paint. I believe there was a mirror there, once—"

"A mirror?" Sophie gasped. She stared about her, wildly. "What address is this?" she asked the agent. . . . "Of course, Reggie! Why, this used to be Lucio's! This room was the bar."

"What?" he exploded. "I'd forgotten the address; I was only here once. . . . I won't take it! I hate everything Lucio's meant to you! I'm taking you out of all that; and I won't live in a place where you'll always be thinking about the old days and the old crowd. You and I, and Lucio's—it wouldn't make sense!"

"No," she agreed, "it wouldn't." Then, in a flash of clarity— "The whole thing doesn't make sense, Reggie—you and I, even without Lucio's."

It was so clear to her, now—but it wasn't clear to Reggie. He argued, he stormed (the renting agent had prudently vanished); presently they were shrieking at each other—and then he turned in the doorway, and flung at her a last contemptuous "Speakeasy girl!" before he clattered down the stairs. . . . Yes, indeed, thought Sophie; all sorts of things have happened to me at Lucio's.

She lit a cigarette, tried to straighten out her emotions. . . . Somebody was coming up the stairs; they met in the corridor, outside the apartment—

"I'm seeing ghosts," said Sophie. "It can't be Charlie Pringle! . . . It's really you?" Their hands met, clung together. "What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I'm remodeling this row of houses. . . . Yes, I've got a job," he said, grinning at her incredulity. "Quite a good job, as architects' jobs go."

"But I thought you were in Washington! . . . Why didn't you write to me? Why didn't you call me up, the minute you got back?"

"I didn't write because I was afraid I'd start being sorry for myself. And when I came back I heard you'd—gone native." She was crimson. "But as I came in here," he added, "I saw Reggie Raybuck stamping out in a huff; so I take it you've thought better of that."

"Oh, my dear! I certainly have! But why were you sorry for yourself in Washington?" He shrugged. "Tell me!" she insisted. "I want to know."

"Well—there were days when I didn't have anything to eat. That sort of thing pulls you down. And I was too stubborn to go on relief."

"But why didn't you have anything to eat? With your income—"

He told her, then, about his income—still holding her hands in his.

"Twenty dollars a year?" she gasped. "Why didn't you tell me before, instead of letting me think you were just a—a playboy?"

"I didn't think it concerned you. I mean," he explained, "since there wasn't anything I could do about—about anything—" She laughed chokily.

"Can't you think of anything to do about anything now?"

SO HE kissed her, and kept on kissing her till they heard feet on the stairs.

"Somebody else coming to look at this apartment," he growled, releasing her. "I—I'd rather thought of taking this one myself."

"I'd advise you to," said Sophie. "It's a swell apartment. And it all makes sense—you and I, and Lucio's. . . . Or you and I even without Lucio's. Lucio's was never the same after you went away."

"Lucio's opened a new place. But it isn't the same without you."

"Well—" said Sophie. "If you felt like taking me there and buying me a drink— Or do you still disapprove of speakeasy girls?"

"There's no such thing any more," he told her. "Lucio's got his license. And I should think you and I might get one, say about tomorrow."

So presently her foot was beside his on the brass rail, with Lucio beaming over the bar at them.

"Before I met you," said Sophie as their glasses clicked, "I needed a lot of drinks. But now— You buy me one, I'll buy you one; and here we are."

"As usual," said Charlie Pringle cheerfully.

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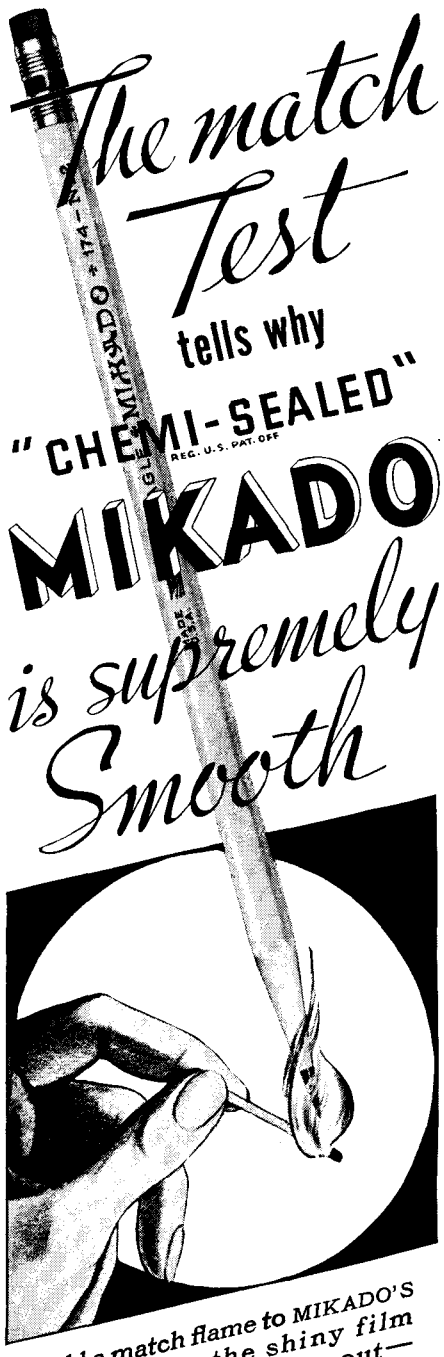

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The Sign of the Bull

Continued from page 21

to win so much money on the market."

"The market?" echoed Tarat.

"And what," asked Grant with a slight smile, "may be your opinion of that?"

"Mr. Euwatse," said Tarat, putting a finger on the horoscope but looking at Grant, penetratingly, "you will garner nothing but grief in the stock market. As a native of the Bull, you are unfitted for speculation. You are inclined to mental and physical inaction. You are strong but stubborn; you do not change your mind easily or quickly. As a confirmation, I have several successful market operators among my clients; none of them is of your type.

"Mrs. Euwatse has spurred you to constant activity; you resent it but endure it, because you love her. And you have benefited greatly. The benefic Venus! But I foresee, and clearly, your failure in the stock market.

"But, Tarat, Grant is making money in the market! He's not gambling; he has charts that show what will happen next. It's just like astrology."

"Now, Vinnie, it's not like astrology at all. The things you say."

"Mr. Euwatse is right," said Tarat, rising. "May I ask the name of the stock in which your interest is greatest?"

When the young people were gone, Tarat lit a cigarette of black tobacco and puffed consideringly. He ground out the cigarette, took his telephone and called a prominent market operator who was among his clients.

"Happidust Investors," he said; and listened.

TARAT'S prediction of disaster to Grant in the stock market, based on observation of Grant in person and confirmed by Grant's horoscope, was not justified during the ensuing three weeks.

The market went up and up, and on its crest rode Happidust Investors. The five-hundred-dollar advance from the office that Grant had put with fear and trembling on Mr. Palembo's pet stock swelled swiftly to five thousand; Grant had pyramided his gains, buying more stock. He was now the owner of seven hundred shares, on a skin-tight margin.

But he spoke to Vinnie with cold and cynical caution.

"That insider told Mr. Palembo that Happidust will go to two hundred; but I'm no hog. Five more points, thirty-five hundred dollars more, and I step out."

"About spending the money." He lay back comfortably, narrowed his eyes and blew pipe smoke. "The first thing we want to do, Vinnie, is pay off the mortagage on this house."

"Oh, yes, lover; I forgot to tell you. The man that has the mortgage called up today and he was a little ugly about his interest."

"Bother him; tell him we're paying the whole mortgage off, with the interest. I didn't want to take the interest money out of the market just now. And then, Vinnie, how about a cruise to Havana or somewhere? Meanwhile I'll consider chucking the job at the office. Perhaps I deceive myself, but I think I have a certain flair for the market, now that I have the hang of it."

"Havana! I'll go to New York with you tomorrow, and pick out some clothes!"

"Don't. Don't, Vinnie! Never count your chickens before they're hatched. When we've sold out and cleaned up, we'll spend the money; not before. I'll bring you some cruise booklets tomorrow night."

Grant brought the cruise literature, showing pretty girls with pretty skirts ablowing, under the ardent gaze of lean and handsome young men. Vinnie met him in the doorway, kissed him and swapped with him, giving him a folded document in a gay red cover.

"Something about the mortgage, lover. A man came with it. Grant, did you see this picture of the Prado? They say those Cubanos are perfectly mad after red-headed girls."

"I'll say it's something about the mortgage. It's a notice of foreclosure. That chap is getting ugly."

"Foreclosure? You mean they want to take the house from us? Grant, we'd better sell that stock and not wait for the other thirty-five hundred dollars. And save the house, anyway."

"This says we have twenty days. We can't sell just now. The market had a very healthy reaction today, and Happidust is down six points. Nearly wipes out our profit. Nothing to worry about; we just have to keep our nerve and not let them shake us out."

He spent the evening over his charts, and in reading the opinions of the newspaper experts. A bear raid for weakly-held stock; the technical position was improved; the country was fundamentally sound; the main trend was still upward. . . .

Sitting up late, he slept late. He was leaving for the 9:15 in the morning when he was met on his porch by a messenger boy with a thick sheaf of telegrams. The boy shuffled the sheaf, dealt one, and departed, whistling.

Grant opened the telegram and echoed the whistle, but made it long and low. A margin call from Meiklejohn & James; peremptory as a pointed pistol. Ten thousand dollars additional margin wanted before ten o'clock that morning.

"They're crazy," rumbled Grant, lowering and belligerent.

"Just when we need the money ourselves. Aren't they selfish? How much have we in the bank account, Grant?"

"Not a dollar. I drew the last of it yesterday. I'd owe them money if they'd stand for an overdraft, but they won't. Hr-r-rmph! They think they have me. These brokers are in cahoots with the operators, trying to wipe the investors out. See who's that on the phone."

"Tarat, Grant!"

"What's he want?"

"He wants to talk to you about the market. He says that the aspects are very malefic, and that Neptune—"

"Oh, rats. Listen, I'll miss my train! Ask him can we come to see him this afternoon. Four o'clock? All right!

"I'll meet you in Tarat's office at four o'clock. But get on your hat, now, and get in the car.

"QUICK, get in! Listen, Vinnie: that ten-thousand-dollar legacy from your aunt's estate you got last week. You deposited it in the bank to your account, you told me."

"Yes, Grant."

"Well, I want to use it. Just for today. The market will snap right back today, and I'll pull your ten thousand out again. Pull my brokerage account out of that board room, too; I'll show them. But we have to put the money up this morning, understand? They can sell us out if we don't."

"Yes, Grant."

"I'll stop off at the board room and give them my check. Then I'll drop you at the bank. You go in and transfer your ten thousand dollars into my account. To meet my check, understand?"

"Yes, Grant."

"Well, what are you to do?"

"I'm to transfer my ten thousand dollars into your account."

"Right. Ask one of the tellers how to draw the check."

Grant completed his program, and caught the 9:15 by a sprint across the platform. He called his home from the Grand Central:

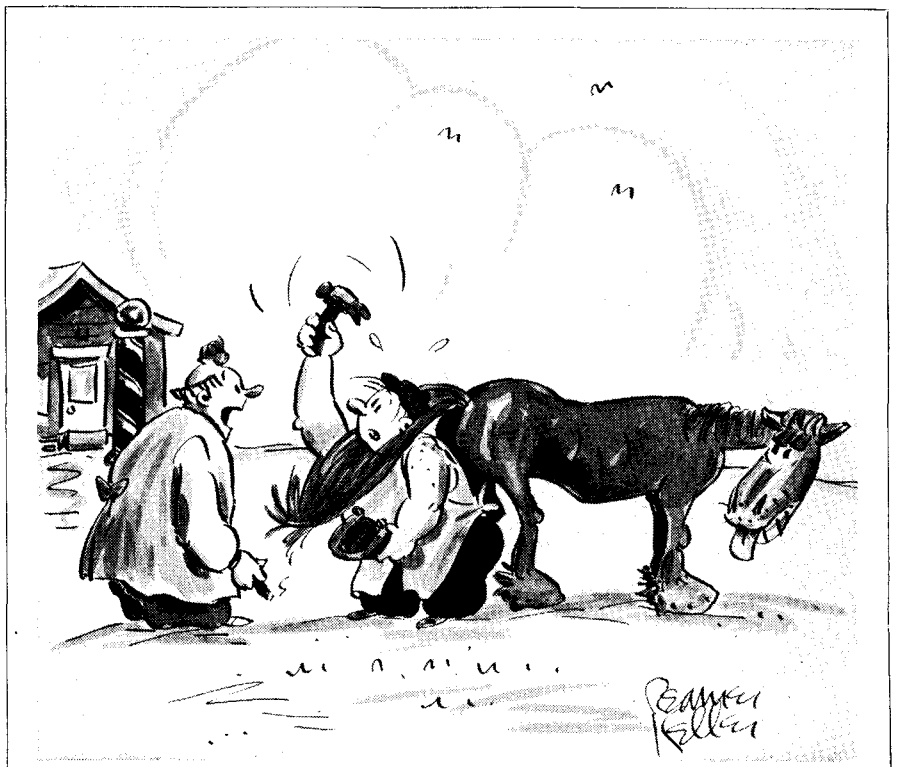
"Hello, Vinnie. Did you put that ten thousand in my account?"

"Yes, Grant!"

"Then our stock is safe. We'll show them! Goodby, sweetheart."

But now that Grant's seven hundred shares of Happidust Investors was safe from the predatory bears in the market,

(Continued on page 36*)*



"When you get through there you'd better come over to my shop—you need a shave"

REAMER KELLER

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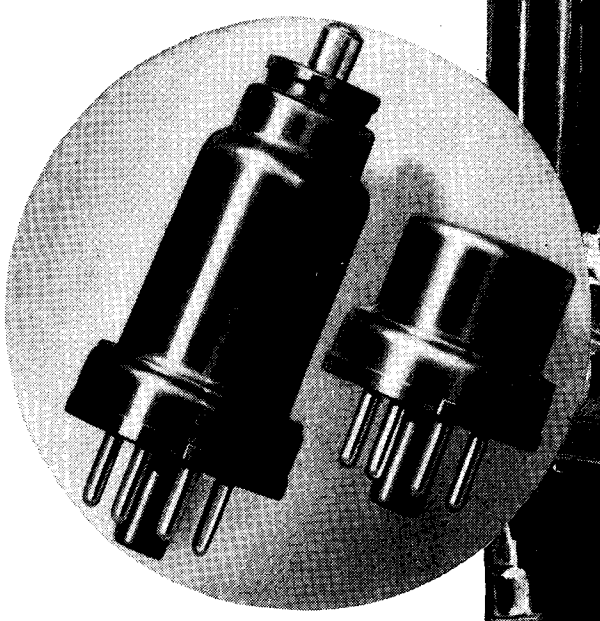
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where light is Heard and sound is Visible!

OUT OF THE "HOUSE OF MAGIC" COMES A RADIO MIRACLE



NEW METAL TUBES . . . small, efficient, long-lived . . . designed to meet modern broadcasting conditions, short-wave and long-wave alike.

MAKING A BEAM OF LIGHT SCREAM! That's one of the many strange and startling things they do in the General Electric "House of Magic." Here, too, they change sounds into flashes of green light . . . to be seen and studied as well as heard! Only through such scientific research can the secrets of sound be uncovered . . . unwanted noises silenced . . . that purity of tone achieved for which the new 1936 General Electric Radio is outstanding.

BORN in the famous General Electric "House of Magic". . . heir to developments startlingly new . . .

The new 1936 General Electric Radio just couldn't help but be different—and better.

New metal tubes replace glass

In this new G-E receiver, glass tubes have been banished to oblivion . . . replaced by tubes of enduring steel.

Smaller, more dependable metal tubes* that do amazing things! Silencing forever the annoying crackle caused by "shielding cans" . . . subduing the microphonic twang that clouds reception.

And their durability assures a long life of loyal service . . . a brilliancy of performance untarnished by the years.

A radio always at "Concert Pitch"

Then there's the new Stabilized Speaker . . . sound-tested in rooms of thundering silence—where a watch-tick is like the crack of a rifle.

A speaker sensitive beyond belief . . . true to every syllable of speech and every note of music.

And this purity of tone is protected by an ingenious device called the Permaliner that maintains the original alignment of the radio . . . keeping the set at "concert pitch" over a long and glorious career.

His watchword: "They shall not pass!"

But the amazing story is not yet finished.

There is still the Sentry-Box to astound you . . . controlling as many as five separate broadcasting bands . . . headquarters of a wizard watchman.

A thousand and one radio waves, traveling at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, storm his outpost—all demanding entrance. But he allows only *one* wave to pass—the wave to which you are dialed.

Because of these and other features, the New 1936 G-E Radio has a richness of tone beyond your fondest expectations . . . a brilliance of performance that remains constant throughout the years.

This radio that came out of the "House of Magic" is now on display at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's. In many attractive models—table sets and consoles . . . priced from $34.50. (Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South, subject to change without notice.)

Eloquent sets—they speak best for themselves. See and hear them . . . make comparisons. We know what your choice will be.

**Metal radio tubes, invented and perfected by General Electric, are made for General Electric by the RCA Mfg. Co. Complete receivers built by General Electric at Bridgeport, Conn.*

Thrilling sets that bridge the oceans for you . . . priced as low as $34.50.

Model A-125 — A 12-tube, 5-band superheterodyne . . . completely equipped with the new metal tubes. Walnut cabinet of neoclassic design.

The new 1936 GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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IN A SERIES OF NO. 3 CLOSE-UPS ON WILLIAMS

With Williams mild IS

MORE THAN JUST A WORD

Chemists will tell you it takes a delicately balanced formula and absolutely top grade materials to make a shaving cream that is really *mild* without sacrificing thickness of lather.

That's why Williams is so easy on even the most sensitive skins —yet gives you the rich, generous, moisture-holding lather so necessary to soften the beard quickly and thoroughly.

"Nothing but the best" in ingredients! No coloring matter! An unusually bland neutral cream that leaves your face soft, supple and fit—after as quick, clean and comfortable a shave as you can get anywhere. Williams is economical, too, because a little of it goes so far.

And remember—After every shave, a dash of sparkling Aqua Velva.

● JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams Shaving Cream

You can't lose this cap

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada

The Sign of the Bull

Continued from page 34

to the extent of having Vinnie's ten thousand dollars behind it, Grant's taurian determination was diluted by doubt.

Market charts, he reflected uneasily, are a little like horoscopes after all; whatever happens fits into the charts perfectly, and is seen as inevitable, after it happens. And the newspaper expert who predicts calamity is unpopular, when he is wrong and also when he is right; the investors think he wished it on them.

Grant called at the office, and left to visit the trade; but he gravitated to a board room.

The place was crowded, standees to the doors; and silent.

"How's she doing?" asked Grant of a tall man who was watching the translux morosely over the heads of lesser men.

"Fell out of bed," rasped the tall watcher.

THE ticker had a harsh and iron rattle, a snarling, jeering clatter. He twisted and shouldered into the body of the room.

The market, swirling through the translux—the magnified and illuminated tape—was in the rapids. Great blocks of stock whirled across; downward. And among them was Happidust.

Grant, with expressionless face, watched the shadow-writing spelling out the end of an era and the beginning of the depression. But his ache was only the thought of his home, of Vinnie, and of the baby, and the translux spelled for him—"thou fool."

At two o'clock he called Meiklejohn & James in Yonkers.

"You're sold out, Mr. Euwatse!" said the clerk whom he got. "We got a confirmation on you. We sold you out at the market; you owe us a hundred dollars. Can you get us a check right away?"

"I lost all I had in the account, and I still owe you money?"

"That's it; a hundred dollars. You're lucky at that, Mr. Euwatse. The bottom fell out of Happidust, and it's down sixty points."

At four o'clock he entered Tarat's library.

Tarat, sitting erect and silent behind his desk, bowed silently and with a touch of sternness that was not indifference.

"Is it—very bad, Grant?" asked Vinnie in a small voice.

"Uh-huh."

"All gone?"

"Uh-huh."

"My—ten thousand dollars, too, Grant?"

"Yes, Vinnie. Every cent we had."

"Then — what about the house, Grant?"

"That, too. We can't save it now. We can get a little flat somewhere, I guess. And—doesn't everything happen at once? I was just at the office, and Mr. Palembo wants to cry off on that contract for a hundred refrigerators; he took a beating today. If he gets out of it, and he's a pretty big customer, I'll owe the office that five-hundred-dollar advance they let me have on my commission."

"Lover."

"No, Vinnie; don't touch me."

"You did your best, Grant! For me and Junior. Don't cry, sweetheart."

"I'm not crying! Who's crying? Something in my eye."

"Come, Mr. Euwatse. You are young, and you love each other. The stars in their courses have no greater blessings in their gift. Even your financial fortunes will rise again, and quickly, while you live in harmony with your sign, which is home-loving. Never through speculation. Even this morning, when I telephoned you, Venus was in the house of Money; indicating gain through women."

"Then I'm not one of the women, Tarat. I never helped Grant; only thought of spending his money. Just today—"

"You make me feel like this, Vinnie; because you don't say anything when I tell you I lost everything. If I'd only not thrown in your ten thousand dollars! Everything would be all right. We could pay off the mortgage on the house, and settle our little debts, and have thousands in the bank. Oh, well."

"Just today, when I knew you were so frightfully worried about money, I went and—Grant, you wouldn't want to go to that costume ball now, would you?"

She was picking at the string of a parcel in her lap.

"Unless I went as the village idiot."

"King Solomon! I wanted you to go as King Solomon, Grant; because you're always so wise. Wouldn't you like to see the costume, Grant? This is your only chance, as I'm bringing it back to the store. Try on the crown, Grant, and see if it fits; it's seven and three eighths. How's it feel? I didn't want to get it too big, and have it falling down over your eyes when you dance. Real rhinestones, lover! Here; try the cape on. Oh, Grant! Doesn't he look grand, Tarat?"

"'Grand' is the *mot juste*, Mrs. Euwatse. Hello—for you, Mr. Euwatse; on the wire."

"Thank you. Hello! Meiklejohn & James, eh? Yes, yes, I know that you sold me out and that I owe you a hundred dollars. No, I can't give you a check tonight! I'll get it to you as soon as I can. I tell you—! What's that? At what price? Well, how—how's that? I gave you ten thousand dollars more margin this morning, and— They did? They did, eh? On the level?

"Vinnie!"

"Yes, Grant?"

HE SAT down heavily. The shadow of calamity was still on his face, but he was peering through it.

"Meiklejohn & James say that they sold me out at the opening this morning, first thing; ten o'clock; before the market crashed. They sold me out because they didn't get the ten thousand dollars. The bank refused payment on my check: insufficient funds! So practically all we lost is what we had in the market yesterday. Insufficient funds, understand?"

"Well, Grant—"

"Venus to the rescue," exclaimed Tarat strongly, darting a glance at the resplendent Grant. "By the twelve lords of the ring!"

"Vinnie, did you put that ten thousand dollars into my account this morning as I told you? Did you or didn't you?"

"Yes, lover! You told me to."

"Vinnie—all of it?"

"Yes, Grant. That is, practically all of it. Nine thousand nine hundred and— Well, I was putting the whole ten thousand dollars in, and then I got to thinking how worried you were, and if there was anything I could buy that you'd like; and I remembered the tickets we have for the costume dance next week. Well, Grant, you had to have a costume. Don't be angry with me, lover; it was only twenty-five dollars."

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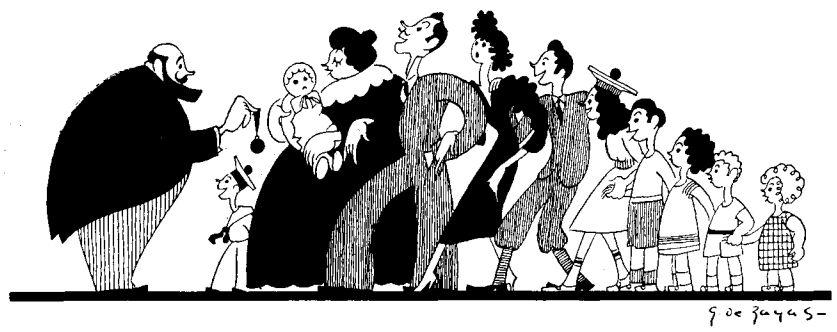

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

For the past 15 years France has awarded a decoration to mothers for raising large families, a bronze medal for having five children, a silver one for having eight and a gold one for having ten or more. Yet, despite this and other encouragement, France today has to depend on immigration to maintain her population.

The only science that is named after its discoverer, it is believed, is roentgenology. This science, which comprises the nature, action and use of Roentgen or X-rays, is based on the findings and developments made by Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen in Würzburg, Germany, in 1895.—*By Dr. T. C. Bauerlein, St. Louis, Missouri.*

Musical show programs in Japan nearly always carry the name, address and telephone number of every girl in the chorus in case you wish to call any particular one sometime and tell her how much you enjoyed her dancing.—*By Tokuo Doi, Kyoto, Japan.*

Throughout the Orient, marriage has a religious as well as a social purpose. Consequently, among many peoples, particularly in India, the corpse of a person who has died before marriage has to go through a wedding ceremony with an effigy of the opposite sex before burial.

Ignorance of monarchs furnishes some of the bright spots in history. In 1855, Czar Nicholas I of Russia, smarting under a heavy defeat by the British Army in the Crimean War, issued a decree that all state papers thereafter were to be prepared in the Russian and American languages—no longer in Russian and English.—*By Raymond Forer, Trenton, New Jersey.*

In days of old, weddings often took place in strange places. During the middle of the 18th century, in one district of Scotland it was quite the vogue to be married in a saloon.

A Frenchman, famous for his ability to answer questions on any historical subject, was found to be even smarter than the scientists had imagined when he died recently in Paris. Secretly he had made cash-in-advance contracts for the exclusive possession of his brain after death with 53 medical institutions.

Organized crime is not new. Fifty years ago Chicago had several hundred pickpockets, few of whom ever spent a day in jail in a decade because they were never caught with the loot, having passed it to a confederate. Each telephoned his attorney every hour. Failure to do so meant he was arrested, and his lawyer would immediately appear with a writ of habeas corpus and obtain his release, sometimes as often as three times a day.

Recently in Europe a series of mysterious deaths led to the discovery of an air-gun that fired a rubber "bullet" which, through a hollow needle, injected an insect poison into the victim and then exploded, throwing the needle several yards and destroying evidence of itself.

One of the most complex musical instruments in existence is the Orchestron, which is in the Provincial Trade Museum in Stuttgart, Germany. It was built in Vienna in 1805 and contains 259 instruments, among which are 37 flutes, 16 bassoons, 38 clarinets, 36 hautboys, eight trumpets and drums, cymbals and triangles. Beethoven composed a special symphony for it.

Since the revolution in 1917, Russia has patrolled its entire European border to keep unhappy peasants from escaping to near-by countries. Along the Rumanian frontier Red guards, armed with rifles, are stationed every 900 feet.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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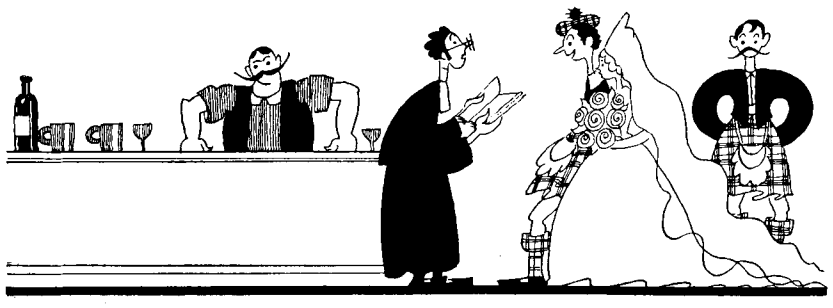
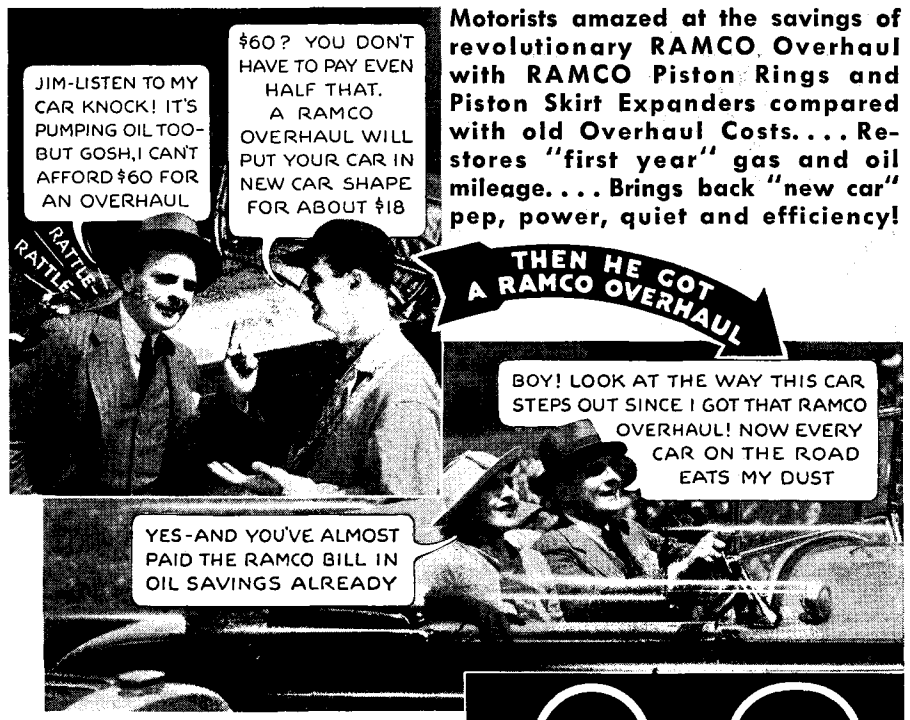


MOTORISTS AMAZED! GET NEW CAR PEP-BENEFITS OF $40 TO $150 OVERHAUL FOR ONLY $18 UP!


JIM-LISTEN TO MY CAR KNOCK! IT'S PUMPING OIL TOO-BUT GOSH, I CAN'T AFFORD $60 FOR AN OVERHAUL
$60? YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY EVEN HALF THAT. A RAMCO OVERHAUL WILL PUT YOUR CAR IN NEW CAR SHAPE FOR ABOUT $18
RATTLE RATTLE
THEN HE GOT A RAMCO OVERHAUL
BOY! LOOK AT THE WAY THIS CAR STEPS OUT SINCE I GOT THAT RAMCO OVERHAUL! NOW EVERY CAR ON THE ROAD EATS MY DUST
YES-AND YOU'VE ALMOST PAID THE RAMCO BILL IN OIL SAVINGS ALREADY

Motorists amazed at the savings of revolutionary RAMCO Overhaul with RAMCO Piston Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders compared with old Overhaul Costs. . . . Restores "first year" gas and oil mileage. . . . Brings back "new car" pep, power, quiet and efficiency!

REMEMBER that first-year driving thrill? How you used to zoom over the steepest hill—and pass all the other cars? You can have that new car performance back again—without paying those $40 to $150 overhaul charges you can't afford!

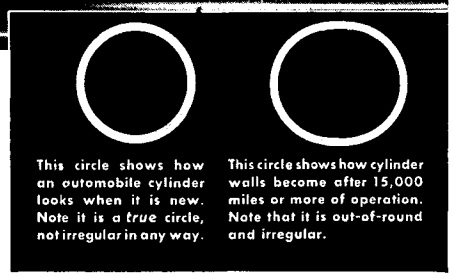
Simply ask your repair-shop for a Ramco Overhaul estimate. You will be amazed how little it costs! And—actually—your savings in oil alone will pay for it in no time at all!

It makes no difference how old your car is, or how far you have driven it. Here's a report from C. J. S. of Inwood, Long Island, N. Y.

"After my 1930 Ford had gone 75,024 miles, I had a Ramco Overhaul and went on a 12,000 mile tour of the country, part of the trip with a 500 pound trailer, baggage and six passengers. I never had to add oil between changes—and I averaged over 22 miles to the gallon of gas. Previously, my engine was in such bad shape, the mechanic told me I would have to have cylinders rebored if I used any other rings than RAMCO'S."

Ramco Compensating Piston Rings are made for worn motors. Unlike ordinary rings, they have a revolutionary feature—the Ramco Inner Ring of "live" steel, which cushions the piston, centers the rocking action, and causes the piston-ring to fit the irregularly worn cylinders . . . thus sealing compression, ending oil-pumping, piston slaps and knocks. Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders restore collapsed piston-skirts, thus saving new piston costs.

Let the Ramco Repairman make your motor run like new again! See him! Mail coupon, too, for our important and instructive FREE booklet.


This circle shows how an automobile cylinder looks when it is new. Note it is a true circle, not irregular in any way.
This circle shows how cylinder walls become after 15,000 miles or more of operation. Note that it is out-of-round and irregular.

HOW RAMCO WORKS

Common sense is enough to tell us that only a piston ring that *expands* can fit both the new cylinder and the out-of-round cylinder. Ramco Piston Rings do precisely that. The "inner cushion ring" expands the Ramco Ring to conform to the cylinder wall surface . . . making reboring unnecessary in cases where the cylinder is worn. Thus Ramcos end oil pumping, increase compression and control piston rock, the basic cause of motor depreciation. Remember: Ramcos are the result of 16 years concentration on spring ring design. Avoid substitutes.

You can find the nearest Ramco Dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Piston Rings"

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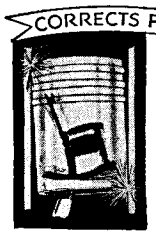
CORRECTS PISTON ROCK — THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION



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MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS—PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

DEALERS—Write for particulars on Ramco Master and Authorized Service Stock Propositions

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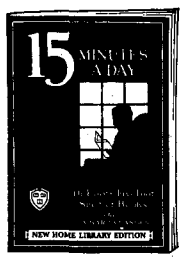

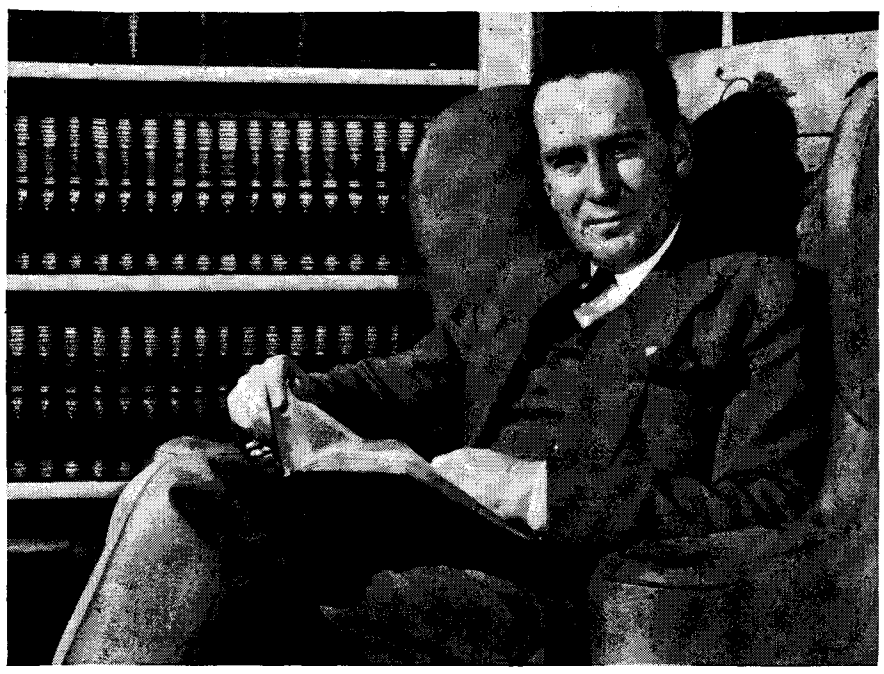

How To Get Out Of A Mental Rut

What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current novels or the daily newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

The Secret of the Art of Living

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, where the latchstring of welcome is prominently displayed, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining.

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CLIP COUPON ON TOP

All Lit Up and Going Places

Continued from page 13

time a farmer saved his surplus cash to move to town. Now he can be shown it is far better to improve his farm instead, so that he will have all the conveniences he can get in town plus the security of the farm."

Down in the Mississippi Valley, a survey was made in a typical rural farm district. The surveyors found that six out of every ten farms had automobiles. They found four in ten had telephones. They found four had radios. But, strangely, only one farm out of ten had water on tap. This is the explanation of why nine farms out of ten don't have sanitary bathrooms. In the city there are more bathrooms than telephones. On the farms there are more telephones than bathrooms. In the city the bathroom is regarded as a more essential convenience than a telephone. But why is this reversed on the farm? The figure quoted above about the tap and the running water is the explanation. You cannot have a modern bathroom without running water. And in practice you cannot conveniently have running water without a pump. Electric pumps mean sanitary plumbing for the farmer and plumbing jobs for the plumber. So the plumber and plumbing-fixture man have a big stake in this program. It is estimated that to supply all the farms in America with modern bathroom equipment, the manufacturers would have to work without stopping for seven years.

But now seven out of ten farm women have to carry water from a well or spring. Seven out of ten farms have outdoor toilets. Less than one in ten have bathrooms. Less than four out of ten have other than kerosene lamps. Half of them have to do their washing out of doors. This is why, in Red Wing, on the purchase lists of those well-to-do farmers when electricity was brought to them, bathrooms were the first thing on the lists.

Facing the Obstacles

This in a general way is the market the rural electrification program is aiming at. Very simple it is to get electric wires to the farmers but you can't make them press the button. It is not a completely easy task. There are obstacles. Mr. Hudson W. Reed, management engineer of the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, is one of the members of a committee representing the private utility industry to coöperate with the REA in advancing the government's program.

He is whole-heartedly for the program, but he wisely cautions that our expectations must remain within reasonable bounds. After all, electrification costs money. And there are certain realistic obstacles which must be faced. For instance, he pointed out that while there are 5,000,000 farm homes and a million non-farm homes in rural areas which have no electricity, it must be some time before many of these can be reached. These 5,000,000 farms run along 3,000,000 miles of road. That's 1.6 farms per mile. In the city there will be one hundred customers to a mile. The cost of lines, therefore, which, in the city, is shared by one hundred customers, would, in the country be borne by less than two.

He estimates that you cannot serve rural users unless you can get at least three to the mile. Even then it is rarely profitable. Here are his figures:

It costs from $600 to $3,000 a mile to put in lines. Let us say $1,000. It costs $110 to put transformers, meters, etc., into each farm. Three farms to the mile would make this cost $330, or $1,330 altogether. At 11½ per cent of this for interest, amortization, maintenance, the running fixed charge would be $153. Distribution would cost $116 and production cost of current delivered would be one cent per kilowatt hour. The average use of current by farms in the Eastern United States is 800 K. W. H. That would mean $8 per farm or $24 for three farms. So the total cost would be $293 or $97.67 per farm.

Creating Customers

It will be seen that the company to make a profit must charge a high price for the current or that the farm must use more current or that there must be more than three users to the mile—quite a few more. He then pointed out that: (1) 40 per cent of our farms are tenant-operated and hence will not be wired for electricity; (2) that 50 per cent of our farms are mortgaged and (3) that the average farm earnings in 1934 were only $500 and that, therefore, we have to count out at once a large number of our farms.

It is well to keep all these cautions in mind. But after all this has been discounted, there still remains plenty of territory to work in. For instance, it will not do to say that the average farm income is only $500. You do not sell current to a mythical average farmer. You cannot sell to the low-income farmers who bring the average down, but to the higher income farmers who bring the average up.

With this in mind I talked to Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, who has been named by the President to direct the Rural Electrification Administration. Mr. Cooke is a distinguished consulting engineer, who before this job had been directing the President's Mississippi Valley experiment. He had spent many years in the study of utility operations and rates as well as in the somewhat related field of water control. I found him in the midst of completing the organization of his administration. And because Mr. Cooke has been friendly to the general idea of government ownership of power, I asked that he clear up that point too in its relation to his present job.

"This unit of the government—the REA—has nothing to do with any controversy about the form of ownership or control of utilities. The President has handed me a specific job and I expect to try to do that and nothing more. That job was defined by the President himself. It is getting electric wires running into as many American farms as we can with the funds at our disposal and in as short a time as possible. The men associated with me have, I dare say, all sorts of ideas as to how society ought to be organized. But that has nothing to do with this job. We are out to create as many users of electric current as we can and to make as many customers for electric appliances as possible.

"We are not concerned with who supplies the current. At present almost all the power is supplied by private utility companies. Some is supplied by municipal generating plants. Whatever power is used in this movement has got to be taken from those who make it.

"Perhaps I can make the matter clearer if I describe precisely what we are doing.

"First, our business is to get electric service into rural areas where there is none. Therefore if an application comes

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for funds to bring service into a rural area that is being served now by some other company, that project is declared out instantly. We do not even investigate it. The neighborhood has service. Whether it is good or bad, whether the private company and the consumers are getting along happily is not our business. We are not interested in setting up competition.

"Second, the rural or farm areas we are interested in will not ask for the building of new generating plants. We will limit ourselves to applications from territory which can be served by existing plants. Hence the project will involve merely a building of new lines into the area to be served and hooking them to the lines of some operating company already making power.

"Let's look at a concrete example. Here is a project in which a number of farmers want electric power. Some miles away is a city with a private electric power plant. The farmers want service, but the private company is not willing to build lines out to them. They have very good reasons for this. Lines cost money and the prospect of selling enough customers may not look bright. The company is in business for profit and it cannot see a profit here. But some of the farmers want power and are willing to pay for it—take the risk. Therefore they have formed themselves into a little coöperative group, have gone to the company and offered to buy power from it at the nearest point on its lines. They will buy it wholesale at a rate fixed by negotiation or by the public service commission of the state. The farmers' group will build the lines and maintain them. They need financing. They ask us to lend the money to build the lines. We examine this project—every part of it—to see if it is sound. And we are ready to make this loan.

"Now you see there is nothing very complicated about this. It is not like launching a great new power project involving millions. This whole operation will not exceed $20,000.

"We enable the private company and some out-of-town users to get together and do business. Such a project is not difficult to examine quickly. The construction part of it is merely putting up poles and stringing wires, which the private company may do under contract. Transformers must be put in, and meters. Money must be furnished. The job must be inspected when it is finished. If this project were to be approved today, the putting in of poles could begin in forty-eight hours. Lights could be burning in some of these farm homes in thirty days.

"The technique of handling this, you see, was in the formation of a little coöperative. It is not a power company. It is just a bunch of consumers in a given neighborhood who banded themselves together to buy current at wholesale from the company.

"Our method of procedure, therefore, will be to stimulate line extensions in one of four ways:

"By coöperatives as described;

"By private company extensions;

"By municipally owned companies where they serve the territory.

"Through state or public electrification authorities; that is, state bodies organized to do this work.

"Later, in fields which cannot be reached by these agencies, we may consider what can be done under federal auspices.

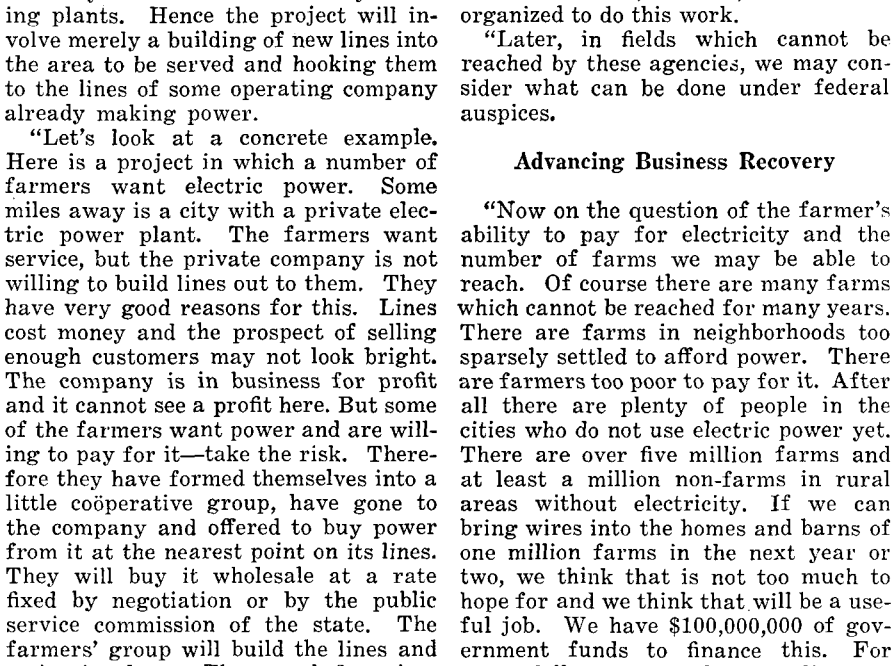
Advancing Business Recovery

"Now on the question of the farmer's ability to pay for electricity and the number of farms we may be able to reach. Of course there are many farms which cannot be reached for many years. There are farms in neighborhoods too sparsely settled to afford power. There are farmers too poor to pay for it. After all there are plenty of people in the cities who do not use electric power yet. There are over five million farms and at least a million non-farms in rural areas without electricity. If we can bring wires into the homes and barns of one million farms in the next year or two, we think that is not too much to hope for and we think that will be a useful job. We have $100,000,000 of government funds to finance this. For every dollar spent on building lines, at least another dollar and a half will be spent on appliances."

Another electric industry authority told me that he believed that the neck of the bottle in rural electrification was financing the purchase of appliances. Farmers who were willing to buy didn't have the cash and there was no one to finance them as was the case with their city cousins. The government's plan to provide the funds for financing the purchase of appliances, in his opinion, would offer a solution of this difficulty.

To all of this Mr. Cooke added:

"I can only thus simply and briefly sketch the vision of what ought to be done. But it will take time, planning, public support. In the meantime, we believe that we can perform a useful task in advancing the business recovery of the nation by carrying forward as quickly as possible the stringing of these familiar wires to our first million farms."



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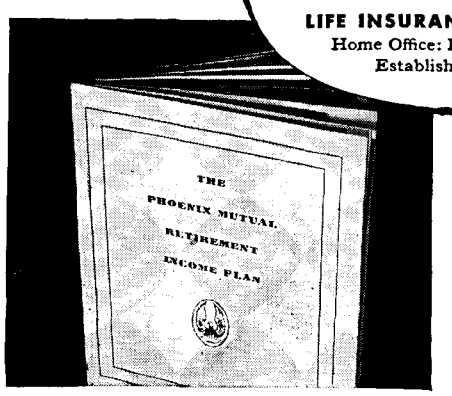

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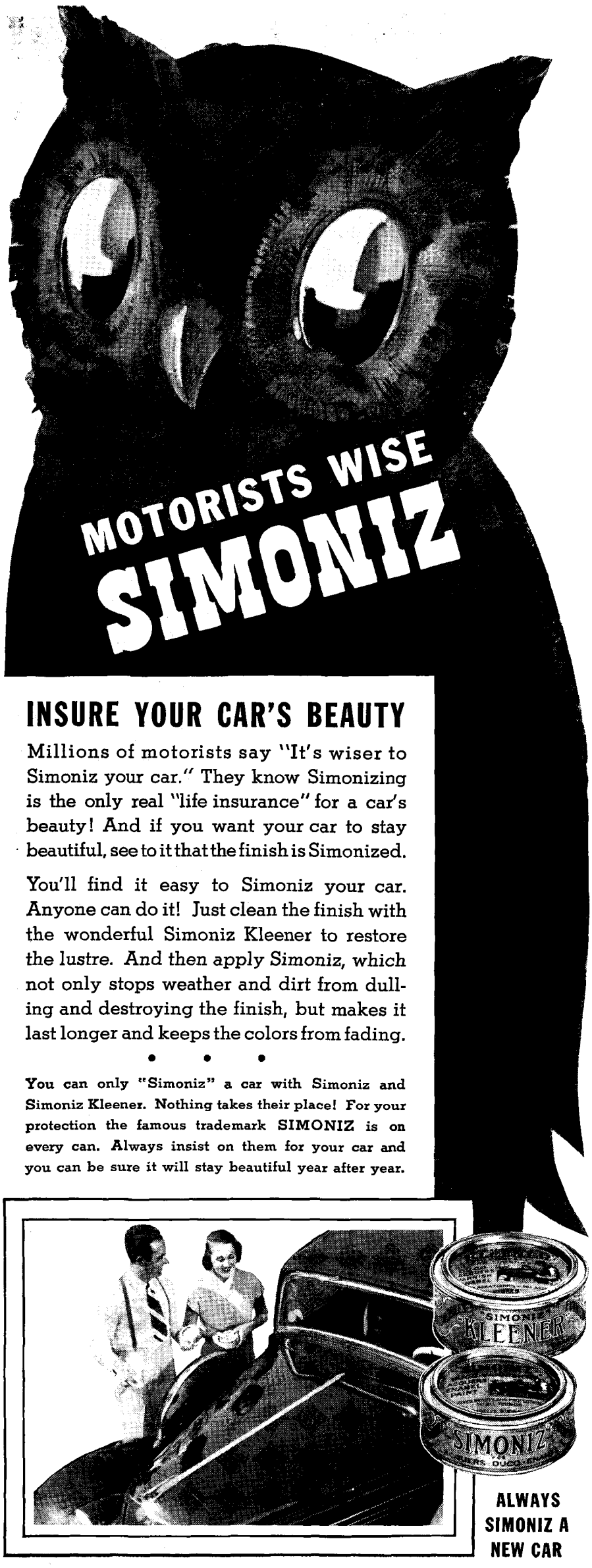

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ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

Weeping Wilma of Old Shanghai

Continued from page 11

"All them Russian nobility lost their dough. Pipe down!"

A Chinese servant opened the door of the Obelensky apartment.

"We're U. S. sailors and we wanta speak to her majesty a minute."

Seaman Linn swaggered behind the boy into a small living-room. Fireman Dunnevan shuffled his feet and coughed.

The Countess Olga Obelensky was seated on a divan smoking a cigarette.

Fireman Dunnevan gulped loudly.

"Hey . . . ain't you . . . ? Yerse! I know you!"

"You know *me?*"

"Yerse! You're *Weeping Wilma!*"

This accusation brought the countess to her feet. As Seaman Linn goggled at her, she turned on the hauteur.

"I am not amuse'. I mus' ask you to leave me. Hip Soy!"

Fireman Dunnevan lumbered over to her, grabbed one svelte wrist and turned her toward the light.

"She's Weeping Wilma. Look, Benny! She's got a mole on the side of her nose just like Weeping Wilma had and she smells like the same perfume. She's dyed her hair, though. It was red when I knowed her."

"I don' know you, sailor! Hip Soy!"

THE houseboy jabbered something and plucked at Seaman Linn's jumper. But Seaman Linn was now ready to take command of the situation.

"You beat Tim outa forty bucks. I'm gonna call a cop!"

Weeping Wilma seemed to realize that the jig was up.

"Gimme a break, sailor," she said to Tim. "I'll pay you back the money I borrered. Be a sport and gimme a break."

She began to cry. Fireman Dunnevan backed away. He looked dubiously at Seaman Linn.

"Don't tell Mister Trower, fellas. Oh, please, don't tell him. I'll pay the money back—"

"Let's give her a break, Benny. If she'll pay me my forty bucks—she's *crying*, Benny."

Seaman Linn snorted contemptuously. He took Ensign Trower's letter from his pea jacket and opened it.

"Hully gee, Tim, listen at this: 'Dear Lady: It distressed me thinking of your having to travel third-class to the States. I beg you to accept this small additional loan. You must remember that when you are safely established among your friends back home you can repay me. Indeed, it is not right for us to speak of money. Our friendship has meant so much to me. Auf Wiedersehen. Herbert Trower.' And he's sent her two twenty-dollar bills!"

Weeping Wilma threw her arms around Fireman Dunnevan's neck.

"You make him gimme that money. It's mine. . . . Oh, . . . he's jest crucifying me . . . jest crucifying me!"

Fireman Dunnevan wavered. Seaman Linn was made of sterner stuff.

"She cried you outa forty bucks and now she's went and cried Mr. Trower outa forty bucks and I don't know how much more besides." Then eying his old buddy with a cold stare, "We got our duty to the U. S. Navy to think of, Tim. This gal is a menace to U. S. sailors!"

"That's right, Benny, but—"

Weeping Wilma had been crying only tentatively and in a simple little-girl-done-wrong timbre. Now, she began to cry more dramatically and to tell her story.

It was all only a loan, see? All of it. She done it because she had to get back to Frisco, see? There was a guy named Pat Marx in Frisco and he—why, there was a new show in rehearsal, see? And this Pat Marx had promised her a job with the show and she would pay this nice fireman's money back, but the officer's money, why that was all on a higher plane and—

"I'm willing to get my money back and not make no trouble for her, Benny!"

Once more Seaman Linn had to remind Fireman Dunnevan of the sordid facts:

"She went and took the honor of the U. S. Navy and dragged it in the mire, Tim. She got her hooks into a poor ensign that wasn't wise in the ways of the world and was half crazy over falling out with his girl friend. If this gets out it'll be a disgrace to the whole Destroyer Division and the U. S. Asiatic Fleet.

Weeping Wilma fainted.

She was revived by Seaman Linn through the simple and expert method of pouring the remnants of a gin sling down her back and threatening to clout her on the nose.

All hope gone, Weeping Wilma wept for mercy.

"It ain't the money," was Seaman Linn's ultimatum, "but I can see you had a hand in busting up Mr. Trower with his girl friend and you gotta come clean about jest what you done or we'll turn you over to them Sikh cops. How much did you get outa him?"

"We-ell, oh, I don't remember. It wasn't much, maybe twenty or thirty dolla's—"

"She's lying. Call a cop, Tim!"

"It was fifty dolla's—in all—"

"Did Mr. Trower's girl friend know he was going with you?"

"Why, certainly not—"

"That settles it. Come on, we're going to the station. Grab her other arm, Tim—"

"Well, I'll tell you. She did happen to find out on account of them British dicks pinched me downtown and found some money on me and I had to prove where I got it but I couldn't reach Mr. Trower and I called up Miss Reith and told Miss Reith in a perfectly ladylike way and it was all hushed up—"

Seaman Linn made a gesture of supreme disgust.

"We oughta kick you all around Shanghai!"

EVEN Fireman Dunnevan, the full cupidity of Weeping Wilma exposed, was disillusioned enough to growl in his throat.

Weeping Wilma wept again, this time heart-rendingly. Seaman Linn buttoned his pea jacket and prepared for the march to the police station. Weeping Wilma began, quite demurely, to disgorge money from a stocking. At first, thirty-eight dollars was all she had in the world. At long last, the sum came to ninety-one dollars.

Carefully pocketing all of Weeping Wilma's money and Ensign Trower's forty dollars, Seaman Linn delivered judgment.

"There's only one thing that can save you, sister. You gotta help us square Ensign Trower with his girl friend!"

"Yerse!"

The terms were hard, but Weeping Wilma agreed.

Miss Virginia Reith was dining with her mother in the main dining-room of the Cathay Hotel. Miss Reith was dining but not eating. She had wept much; her pretty face was still streaked with tears.

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"You'll just have to forget him, dear," said Mrs. Reith, for the two hundredth time.

The headwaiter spoke:

"Miss Reith? There are two sailors and a young woman in the lobby. They say they have a letter for you from Ensign Trower. They wouldn't give it to a page—"

Mrs. Reith rose dramatically.

"Tell them my daughter—"

"No, Mother. I shall see them!"

Anything can happen in Shanghai, as Miss Reith well knew, but she was a little startled to see the strange trio awaiting her. There was a funny little sailor with a big Adam's apple; a funny big sailor with eyes like a St. Bernard dog—and a young woman whom Miss Reith knew all too well. The *other woman.*

"You wished to speak to me? I am Virginia Reith."

"Yes'm," said the small sailor, "but it's a private matter, Miss. Can't we go some private place?"

"Yerse!" said the large sailor.

The other woman wept softly.

Miss Reith led them into an elevator and upstairs to her mother's living-room.

"You had a letter from Ensign Trower, I believe?"

"I'm Benny Linn, seaman first, and this is Mr. Tim Dunnevan, fireman second, Miss. And this is Miss Wilma Smith, formerly with the Roses of Picardy show, only the manager was a bum and run out with the dough, Miss. And we come to tell you—"

"I *thought* you were not a genuine Russian countess!"

"No'm," said Weeping Wilma, softly weeping.

THE little sailor cleared his throat. The big sailor blushed redly.

"It's like this, Miss—Mr. Trower never had nothing to do with Weeping—I mean Miss Smith. We—uh . . . I mean I and Tim got her in trouble—"

"Oh."

"But, Benny—"

"I and Tim got her in trouble, Miss. But we didn't have no dough to help her and Mr. Trower found out about it—he's a swell guy, Miss, and the sailors' best friend—so Mr. Trower knowed it would be a disgrace to the U. S. Navy, so he went and give her some money!"

Miss Reith could not help being impressed by these words.

"Is this true?" she asked *the other woman.*

Weeping Wilma gave a short, sharp gasp of pain. Miss Reith did not observe the little sailor's thumb and forefinger. The drama of the moment held her transfixed.

"It's true, Miss Reith. Oh, it is true. Both these clucks—these men got me in trouble and—"

"You can tell me about it in the other room," Miss Reith said, and she led Weeping Wilma into her bedroom.

When Miss Reith and Wilma reappeared some five minutes later, Ensign Trower's sweetheart had nothing but scorn for the two sailors.

"Mr. Trower's sympathy was wasted on you!" she said, with well-bred repression. "You are a disgrace to the service! I shall insist that he report your actions to your commanding officer."

"Yes'm."

"But, Benny—"

Weeping Wilma wept gently.

"That will do! Leave the room!"

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan, happily ensconced at a table in On Leong Cheng's American Café, discussed the evening's events across planked steaks and French fried potatoes.

"Weeping Wilma done good, Benny."

"Yeah. She cried Miss Reith outa a hundred bucks while they was in the bedroom."

"Aw—honest?"

"Yeah. I seen the lump in her stocking."

"Didja take it away from her, Benny?"

Seaman Linn hastily swallowed some beer.

"Naw. I felt kinda sorry for her, since we'd taken all her other dough. I let her keep it."

Fireman Dunnevan gulped.

"*All* her other dough? Heck, Benny. I give her back the forty bucks she owed me!"

"You—*what?*"

"She cried nice, Benny. She sure cried nice. Anyways, we still got fifty bucks, not counting the forty that belongs to Mr. Trower."

"Yeah. That's ninety bucks profit."

"Ain't you gonna give Mr. Trower back his forty bucks?"

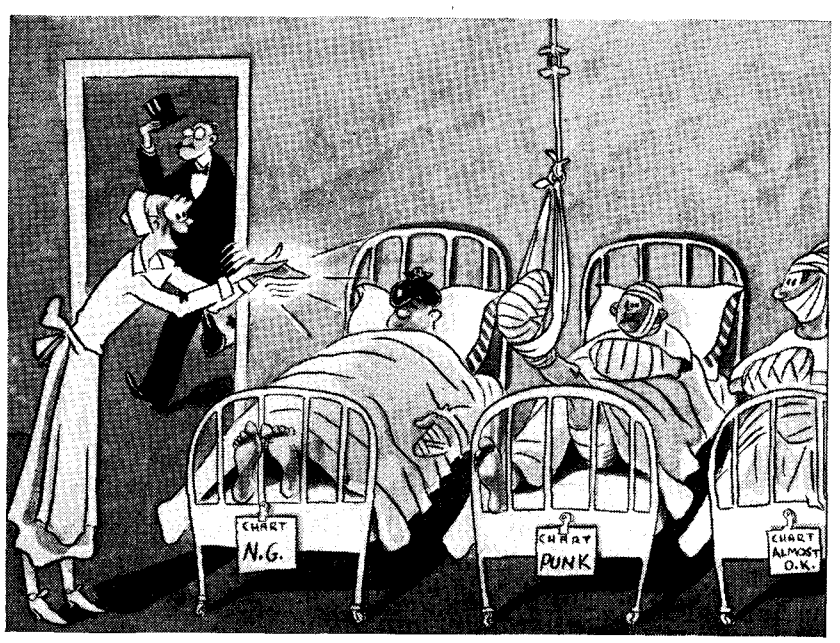
Seaman Linn shook his head sadly.

"No brains, Tim, no brains. How is this man's Navy gonna educate an ensign if U. S. sailors give him back all the dough he throws away foolish?"

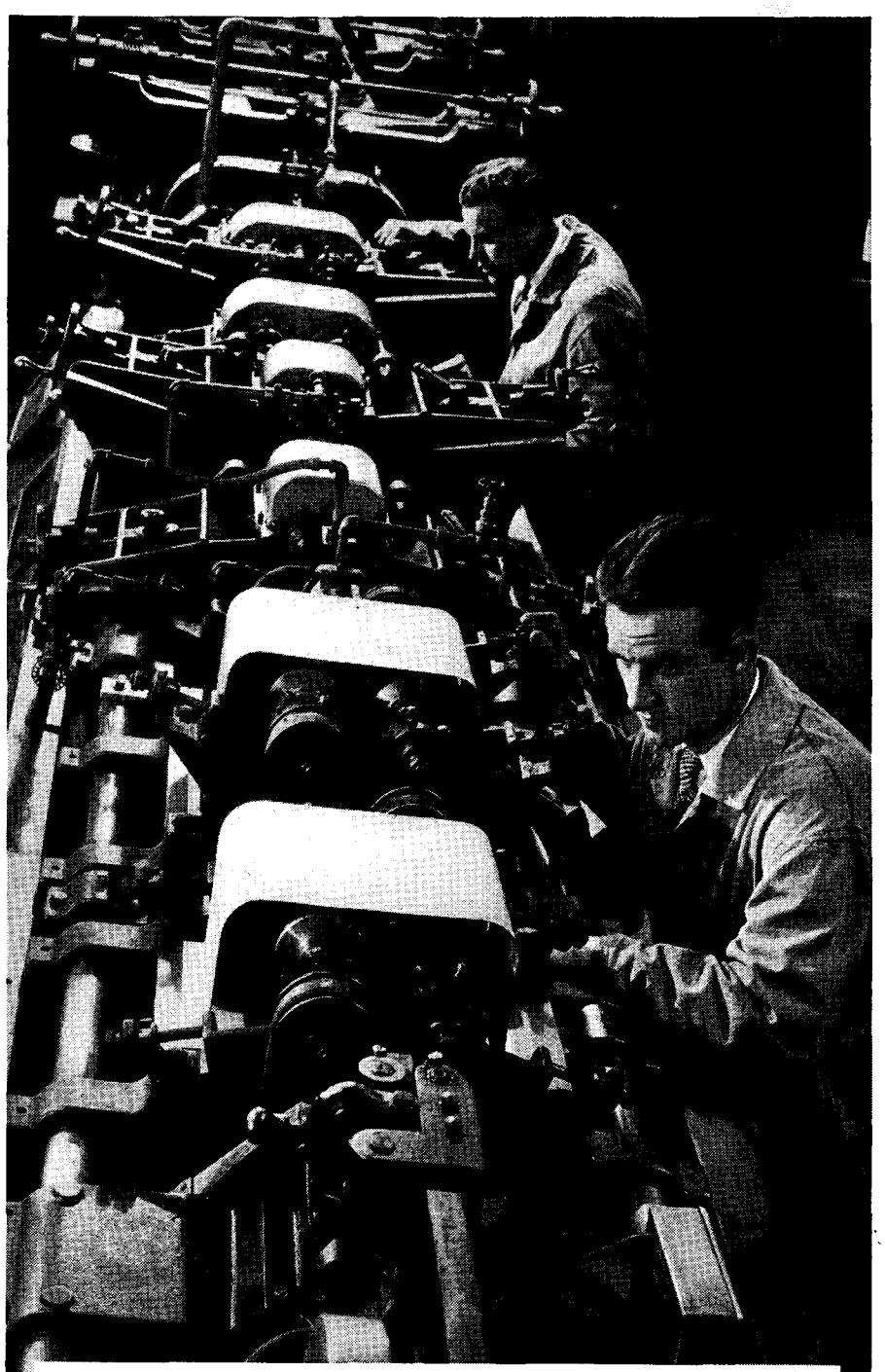
Fireman Dunnevan grinned.

"That's right, Benny. And if he asts us about it, let's tell him Wilma had a hole in her stocking. Hey, Benny?"

"Force *and* brains, Tim. You're learning!"



"On your toes, everybody! Here comes the doctor!" BO BROWN



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Secret Marriage

Continued from page 17

mildly. She sighed as she said it and Lindsay, looking at her a little timidly, dared not go any further. There was silence in the kitchen, except that a low fire murmured in the stove, a faucet dripped in the empty, shining sink, a window shade occasionally rattled.

"Someone's coming!" Lindsay said, as a shadow crossed the window.

"It may be the man about the grocery bill," Mary whispered. "Peter gave me five dollars for him; it's in the lowest drawer of the cupboard there—"

The outer door, that had been rattling in the wind, opened. They all looked toward it. A squarely built big man was standing there smiling at them; it took Mary a second to recognize the brown face with the white teeth shining in it. She had thought him far away.

"Jeffery!" Her glance downward at the baby's bright head was her excuse for not rising. "Come in, come in!"

JEFFERY went to shake hands with Miss Burleigh, shook hands with Lindsay and then with Mary. Little Betsey stared at him in sleepy interest.

"Your property?" Jeffery asked smilingly.

"This is Betsey."

"Betsey looks rather dubious about me. I hadn't heard," Jeffery said.

"Perhaps I should have written you," Mary said serenely. "But Betsey arrived in exciting times and I didn't do any letter writing at all."

"Aren't you thinner than you were?"

"I think I am rather thin. And you're thinner, too, and browner," Mary observed, her blue eyes studying his face.

"I was ill, you know."

"Oh, Jeff, I didn't know it. They took good care of you, you were near doctors?"

"Not at first. I was all right as soon as they could get me back to Peking. Old Paul—Paul Lewisohn, you know, whose assistant I was, nearly killed himself doing it—we happened to be rather deep in when I went down like a log."

He talked along pleasantly, comfortably, not looking at her except with occasional glances; she knew he was trying to get his bearings and give her a chance to get hers.

"But you've not been in the Orient all this time, Jeffery? Not almost three years?"

"This is May. I came home in January, the other way, and had a look at Russia and England. I'd never been to Russia, and to England only once, years ago, when I was quite a kid. I got to Baltimore—my people live there—in March. Now I'm on my way back."

"Back to China."

"For another attack. Lewisohn and I sail tonight!"

"Tonight!"

"At eleven. We got in this morning. We've been fitting ourselves out with equipment and picture machines. The old man is going to make the grade this time!"

"You've only this one day?"

"That's all. Well, tell me the news. You've acquired this young lady—"

"Unmistakably a young lady, and temperamental," Mary said warningly, as Betsey, after staring at the strange man in silence for several minutes, suddenly burst into a terrified uproar. "Oh, Betsey, Betsey—" Mary reproached her, trying to disentangle herself from the frantic grip of the little arms, and push back the wild, soft, gold tangle of hair that was pressed against her face. "What a silly way to act!" she said. "She *never* acts this way!"

"Here, idiot, come to the store with Aunt Lin!" Lindsay put in tactfully, kneeling down to get a better grip on the baby. Betsey hurled herself, hot little face, streaming tears, hands gripping wildly, upon her aunt. She was presently walked through the kitchen decorously but fearfully, her blue sweater snugly buttoned, her eyes fixed apprehensively on Jeffery.

"What did you say, Mary? Molasses?" Lin asked.

"I thought I'd make some drop cookies for Peter."

"And oranges and asparagus?"

"If it looks nice. It was down to six pounds for a quarter yesterday."

"Come along," Lindsay said enthusiastically to the child, "and we'll see the baby goat!"

Aunt Joan had slipped away. Mary and Jeffery were left alone in the kitchen. He looked at the old stove, the orderly sink with Betsey's luncheon plates piled at one side of it, the chipped floor and shabby chairs.

"Now tell me, tell me everything about yourself," he said. "You've Betsey—was that it? Betty? No, Betsey. You've Betsey, and there's to be another. How soon?"

Deep, peaceful waters seemed to be flooding the innermost reaches of Mary's soul. The world was right. Squared about at the kitchen table, one elbow resting upon it, her cheek against her hand, she could look at him, drink in the lines of his face, the look in his eyes, the tones of his voice. The grimy old kitchen, her own worn gingham dress, the time of defeat and doubt in which he had found her mattered nothing. It was Jeffery Maclean again, back in her life; her heart was almost too full for bearing.

"August," she said. "Betsey'll be two just before little brother comes along."

"Are you living here now—I mean with Peter and Lin, Mary?"

HE SAW the color come up in the thin cheeks, but she did not stop smiling.

"Some of the things I didn't write you were that Calvin's uncle, who was president of his own bank, committed suicide two years ago," she began. "It was just before—as a matter of fact it was the very day Betsey was born. Calvin rushed to the John Tait house the moment one of the maids telephoned, and before he got back I had been whisked off to the hospital by Doctor Poett. Betsey was born early the next morning."

"Suicide! Why?"

"Well, things were going badly at the bank, he'd mismanaged loans—whatever it was, does that make sense? It was something like that," Mary said, "and as a matter of fact everything was taken over by a board of trustees, and whether anything will be left for his wife when it is entirely straightened out we don't know. Calvin and I had a lovely little Spanish house, with a patio and oaks. We'd only been in it a year, but we had to let it go. The common lot!" Mary said cheerfully. "Women all over America have been doing that sort of thing this year, no matter how smoothly things have been running in Manchukuo."

"I wouldn't say things have been any too smooth there," the man said with a smile. "But my own affairs have been all right. I've arranged for the new book, and I'm to do another as soon as I can."

"I want so to see it, Jeffery! What did you call it?"

"'Over the Big Wall.' I'll send it to you."

He took a little notebook out and penciled in it.

"I wish you would. I read so much, and I need something new."

"I'll send you some other books, then. When do you get time to read?" Jeffery asked, putting the book back into his pocket.

"All the time. Lin and I have the housework down to a fine point now. She's still with her kindergarten, but she gets fifty a month. She had just gotten here when you came in."

"And Peter's working?"

"Oh, yes; much too hard. Peter," Mary said, tears suddenly in her smiling eyes, "Peter's so *good!* He's with the gas and electric light people now, and they think the world of him. He still feels that we're all his responsibility, even Betsey and the new baby!"

"And my dynamic friend Chris, is she still the hellcat of the ages?"

"Chris!" Mary's laugh softened, and an amused and tender light came into her eyes. "Chris has her times of being a darling," she said. "Of course she still screams and jumps and comes in torn to pieces, but often she really surprises us, she's so thoughtful. And she's wonderful with Betsey—both the girls are. They spoil me."

JEFFERY turned his keen, slow smile upon her, looked at her for a moment without speaking.

"You don't seem spoiled to me, Mary."

April color was in the face that he had thought when he came in looked pale and tired. She moved her eyes away from his eyes.

"They're all—miraculously kind to me," she said. "I have wonderful brothers and sisters."

"You and Calvin came here when everything went to pieces at the bank?"

"Not at once. Calvin hoped we could save our house from the wreck, and when I left the hospital with Bets I went there. But it was downhill, downhill, downhill," Mary said, with a reminiscent shudder. "Those were dreadful days! Never any good news, and Calvin more anxious and irritable; I don't mean irritable, exactly, but more nervous every minute. Things weren't going well here with the family, either—altogether it was a bad time! Calvin couldn't claim his salary from the bank, they had accountants and adjusters and all that in there, and he couldn't seem to find another job. Finally he did get in with an insurance company in San José, but it was at a lower salary, and the trip used to tire him terribly. Meanwhile I was slowly going mad over bills and expenses—babies cost something, to start; they must have the right care—it's a nervous business!"

"So you moved down here?"

"I did!" Mary confessed with a smile. "Calvin was wild at me at first. He followed me down here and we—" Her eyes danced with their remembered blue fires; her laughter was full of mischief. "We had a talk that you might describe as—well, as *married,*" she said. "He was all for keeping up appearances, but I knew it was too late for that. I told him that I had been poor here once, and could fight it through again, but that I had to feel the ground steady under my feet. Poor Calvin!" she added, shaking her head. "He had always had everything he wanted; I think he thought that respectable people always *did* have everything they wanted—

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houses and servants and cars and college educations. Sometimes, when we were first married, and we'd be talking of my father," she added, "he would almost have the air of blaming Dad. Men ought to leave their children sufficient money; good managers could foresee the need of providing. It was absolutely—well, staggering to him," Mary said, spreading her hands in an eloquent gesture that invited her companion's sympathy and understanding. "It was staggering to him to find himself without money and without a job. Horribly hard on men like Calvin," she added thoughtfully.

"Hard on everyone!" Jeffery conceded, watching her as if he were thinking more of her than of the man of whom they talked. "Is he still with the San José insurance people?"

"No; that firm went under. That was last January. It was just about the time that I realized that Betsey had ordered a little brother," Mary said, with her philosophic shrug and laugh. "Calvin did his best; he went everywhere. Nothing! And here was Chris needing fifty cents for the school entertainment and Barty wanting a quarter for Miss Wales' wedding present, and Cal with his hands empty! Then he decided that it was wiser to leave me here and go off and look for something somewhere else."

"Any luck?" Jeffery asked, attentively watching her.

"Not yet."

"So you're back with your beloved clan?"

"Ah, that was happiness to me, even though we were both so anxious!" Mary said, her face brightening. "We came down here in September, more than a year ago. Betsey was only a tiny thing, and the responsibility for her used almost to floor Lindsay and me, but we love to remember it now—coming down to the kitchen bitter cold mornings and getting the fire started, and having her like a little cocoon in her blankets. There were times," Mary added, looking at him smilingly and slowly shaking her head, "when I didn't really know whether or not we could manage it. But you do, you get through! Poor people have been getting through impossible times since the beginning of everything."

"Are you wondering at all how you'll get through the time ahead?" Jeffery asked, with a keen, anxious look.

"Not often. Nature does something mysterious and soothing at this time." But her eyes filled with tears and her lip shook as she spoke, and Mary put out her hand and gripped his. "It's so nice to be talking to you again!" she said unsteadily.

JEFFERY did not speak nor look at her; she could see the fine, clean profile as he turned his head away. For a long time there was silence in the kitchen.

"You knew Carol was married to a Polish scene-painter?" Mary presently asked, resolutely and cheerfully leaving dangerous ground.

"Yes; I had an announcement in China."

"The announcement, all duly engraved and in a double envelope, amused me," Mary said, "because the shy young bride came out here on her honeymoon alone. Conventional only in spots, as it were."

"Alone?"

"Spent a month here. I saw her two or three times."

"What was the idea of not bringing the groom along?"

"I don't know. You know Carol."

"I don't know Carol. I don't know that I ever thought I did," Jeffery confessed. "She belonged to a strange time in my life. I had a little money for the first time; I was in New York; I was tasting a little fame. I've often wondered," the man added thoughtfully, "what our lives would have been like if we'd married. It might have lasted this long, it might not. Lots of queer marriages start in Greenwich Village!"

"Your first marriage—that was different?"

"That was different. That was a girl in pink at a college dance, and a boy without money or prospects, and a justice of the peace dragged out of his bed at eleven at night, and wonderful days in a two-room apartment in New Haven. We had a hundred dollars between us when we were married, and we had a week of bliss. Then Phyllis was taken home by her mother, who refused to sign the license. She held that she would rather have the week of honeymoon on Phyllis' record than a mistaken marriage and a divorce, and she had it annulled on the ground of perjury—Phyllis had written herself down nineteen when, as a matter of fact, she was just past seventeen."

"AND when did you see each other again?"

"We never saw each other again, as it turned out. We wrote wildly to each other, but her people lived in Montana and I had no money. After a while she wrote less, and then I had a wedding announcement. My girls seem strong on wedding announcements!"

"But Jeffery, surely—surely that wasn't all there was to it! Why, from the way Carol spoke I thought of a hardened character going to Reno—that sort of thing."

"That was all there was to it. I felt pretty sick over it, remembering how cute and little she was in her little pink party dress and her little striped pajamas, and then I forgot it, and was heavily arty—going to places where you eat off bare tables in basements, and men with wild hair talk socialism, and girls think they can find radically different ways of getting into the same old trouble!"

He stopped, smiling, and they looked at each other.

"Surprised to see me, Mary?"

"Surprised! Aunt Joan had been predicting an earthquake, and I thought it had come."

"I've been thinking of this—of seeing you, all across the continent—all around the world, in fact. I didn't know you were here, of course; I didn't know where you were. I came down here thinking that in these three years you might all have moved away, and I can tell you my heart was beating fast when I walked across the side yard here, and heard voices in the kitchen."

"For a minute I thought you'd walked into a dream of mine—that I was asleep."

"You hadn't forgotten me?"

Her steady blue eyes did not waver.

"No such luck," she said simply.

"No such luck," he echoed. And again they both were still.

"Do you suppose it's a life sentence, Mary?"

"I'm afraid so," she said smiling.

"For us both, eh?"

"I can only speak for myself, Jeff. If I had it all to do over again," Mary said and stopped short. "Nobody ever has a second chance," she went on, after a moment in a dreamily reminiscent tone. "I can't ever be Mary Burleigh again—Mary Burleigh with her mother just dead and her new black clothes, and talk of there being no money, and all the excitement of moving down here, and finding out that we could do it! I'd never been in love when I married Calvin; it seemed very thrilling to be married at nineteen. A girl is apt to think that the man does most of the loving

(Continued on page 44)

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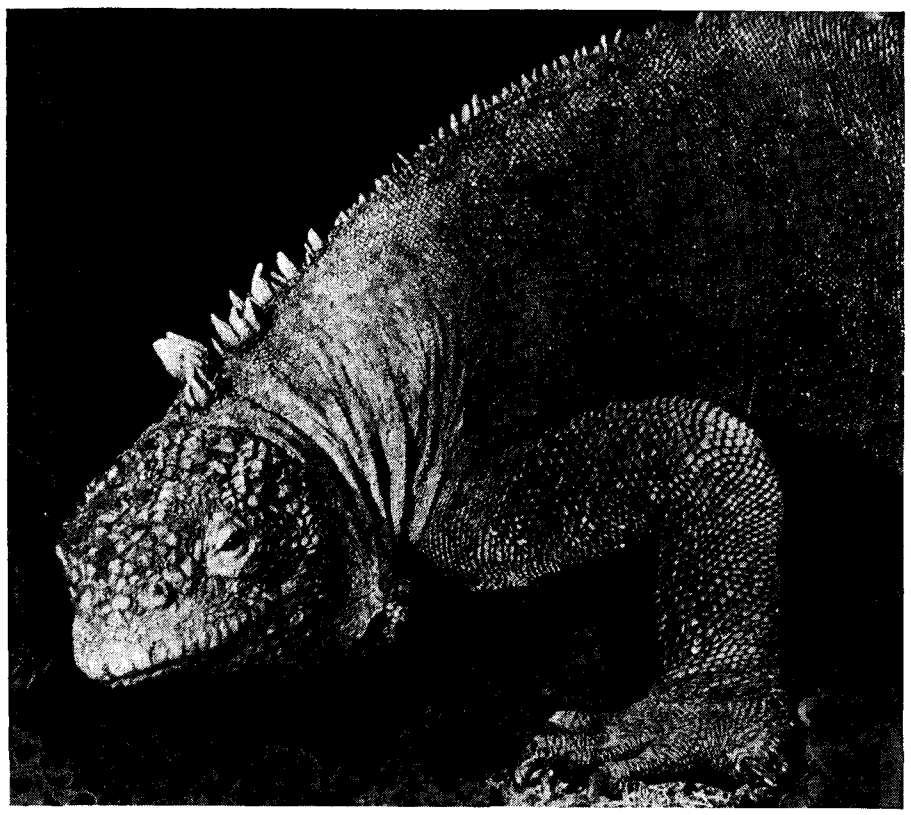

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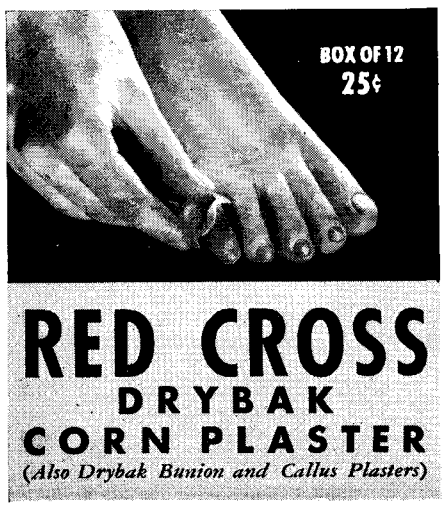

RED CROSS DRYBAK CORN PLASTER
(Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)

(Continued from page 43)

anyway, and there's the new name and the gold ring."

She looked down at her thin hand, twisted the ring on her finger.

"I believe that most women, and perhaps most men too, look back at young marriages and wonder," she said. "Wonder how it all came about, wonder who they were and what they felt when they made those promises! But love isn't so important, after all; there are lots of more important things in the world."

"As which?" said Jeffery, with an upward glance from the hands that were hanging locked between his knees.

"Motherhood, my dear. Wifehood. Duty. Character," Mary answered, with a maternal smile.

"I suppose so. I suppose there is no friend in your life who could—let me see how I had better phrase this," Jeffery said, after a moment. "Someone else will be coming in and we must talk while we can. How shall I begin? With us?"

"IS THERE something so important to say?"

"I think so. I'll skip the obvious part if you like. I mean my loving you and your needing me. You haven't been out of my mind for one single minute since we parted. I came back wondering if your mouth could possibly be as beautiful as my memory of it, and the tones of your voice, and the shape of your head, and the way your cuffs fit at your wrists, and the way your neck comes round and white and sweet out of your collar—" Jeffery began, and stopped abruptly. He was not looking at her; she saw his big hands grind together.

"I find you poor and anxious and burdened as no woman in the world ever ought to be," he said. "And I find you," he went on in a lowered tone, "more marvelous than you were before. Reading Shakespeare—are you still reading Shakespeare?—making cookies for your brother, standing by them all as you always have—"

She had moved a little so that she could put both elbows on the table; her face was buried in her hands.

"Adding terribly to their burden now!" she said in a shaken whisper. Jeffery stared ahead of him without speaking.

"Don't cry," he said after a while. And then, with a sudden squaring of his shoulders and a change of position that brought his eyes to hers again: "Well, as you said years ago, we have to go on from here! What I meant to ask you in the beginning was this: Do you think you have any friend close enough to you to lend you some money? Enough to get through August and be comfortable—have extra nurses, take things a little easily."

"No one that I would ask. It'll be long vacation, you see, and Lin will be home. I may not even go to the hospital. Calvin and I have fixed one of the upstairs rooms here very comfortably for ourselves; we brought our own things, and with a practical nurse here for a week, and no doctor's bills—darling old Poett never charges us anything—I'll get along marvelously."

"Calvin will probably be back, then?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I wasn't thinking of any casual friend," Jeffery said, marking lines on the tablecloth with the baby's spoon. "I was thinking of myself."

"I knew that," Mary said quickly, smiling and flushing. "I would if it were absolutely necessary, Jeff; truly I would! But it isn't. People are wonderfully kind, and last February Peter won five hundred dollars in a contest, and we got all cleared up with that."

"Didn't that cheer Calvin somewhat?"

"Calvin had gone."

"What sort of a contest?"

"A slogan for a frying oil. We all tried—even Chris contributed, because it happens to be the oil we use for everything, and we had the covers from lots of cans. I was keeping tapioca and beans and things in them."

"What was Peter's?"

"It was 'Oil serene on the western front'!"

"I hope you remember Chris."

"Chris submitted several, as I remember. I know one was 'Washes easily from the hair.' She spilled half a can on her head one day."

"It sounds like that dear girl."

"She ought to be in, any second. She went with a gang of young cutthroats to see the regular Saturday Mickey Mouse show."

"To go back, Mary. Suppose you had a friend who spent very little of his money, by reason of having all his expenses taken care of. Suppose he had several thousand dollars that were not working, and suppose—"

He leaned toward her, and he saw that the blue eyes near his own were filled with sudden tears.

"Suppose it would be the greatest happiness to him, suppose he wanted to do it more than anything else he ever did in his life, Mary. What then?"

"Oh, no, Jeffery," Mary said, and now their hands were tightly joined on the old red-checkered tablecloth. "I couldn't, my dear. This isn't like an emergency; we're getting along. I wish Peter didn't have to work so hard, but it wouldn't help that. We can stay here in this house where we don't pay rent; it's big enough for us all, and we have plenty to eat. Sometimes—sometimes"—Mary said, trying to smile and looking away, "I begin to think that it's almost time for a break, but I don't mean borrowing! Not for myself so much," she went on. "I have Betsey, and I'm older, and I don't expect as much of life as I did—"

"Meaning that you are what? Twenty-four?" Jeffery asked as she paused.

"Getting 'round to it."

"Elderly."

"It's for Peter and Lin that I wish something wonderful would happen," Mary said, going back. "Lin's so patient and so sweet, and she has none of the things that other girls have!"

"She has you, my dear."

"Ah! That's what she says. But what Lin means to *me*—" Mary's voice thickened and she stopped. "Anyway," she went on immediately in a brighter tone, "we'll have to wait for our luck, and meanwhile we live, and laugh at everything, and we have the radio and books and Betsey—and everything is all right!"

"Never heard from the lost bonds?"

"No. There may not have been any, you know. Mother may have disposed of them. I had hopes when the investigations at the bank began. But no sign of them!"

PETER came in blown and weary out of the wind. It was five o'clock now, and a long spring twilight was dying over the world. Doors and windows were still rattling; garden blossoms scudded in the roadside ruts like films of blown snow. Barty came in with chapped cheeks and ice-cold, red hands; Chrissie's nose was pink. She was delighted to see Jeffery, and told him in her first smooth sentence that Mary had had no word from Calvin since February. Mary's ears grew scarlet as she heard this observation; she was busy now at the stove with dinner preparations. Jeffery had a view only of the young slender body that was already slightly misshapen; he could not see her face.

Shaven and washed, Peter presently came back to the kitchen, eager for details of the Lewisohn Expedition. No detail of folding stoves, sleeping bags, pemmican cases, selection of guides, was too small to interest Peter; his young face, somewhat pale from the office work of the long, windy day, brightened into delight at the thought of the other man's luck; he drew Jeffery out with questions that gave Mary a chance to go on with her cooking uninterruptedly.

Even while he was talking to Peter, Jeffery watched her, saw the tender expression of her face when she answered Chris, consulted in a low tone with Lindsay about table-setting. The meal must be in the kitchen; there were too many of them for the parlor; it meant moving of chairs and fussing.

"Ought I stay?" Jeffery said, not moving.

"Of course you oughtn't," Mary said, "but you will."

"Well, if you press me," Jeffery agreed. It made her happy that he wanted to stay; it was with no sense of strain or anxiety that she went from stove to sink and sink to table.

"It looks like a good dinner," Peter said hopefully.

"It's one of those lucky accidents that you just can't believe," Mary said. "To have a company dinner and unexpected company on the same night is too much luck! We had chickens for dinner last night and they were as tough as rocks," she told Jeffery. "Chrissie bought them for ten cents apiece at about Thanksgiving, and they wouldn't lay, and they wouldn't do anything, so Peter killed them. But I don't think I cooked them long enough. Anyway, they were invincible. So here they are after hours more of cooking, all in a delicious melted mush, and with dumplings and asparagus and real French bread—sniff at that French bread! An old Frenchman down the block makes that. Isn't that good?"

"DON'T forget the cookies," Jeffery said, dutifully smelling the French bread.

"They're changed into eggless gingerbread. Less fuss! Look at somebody eating her supper like an angel for Uncle Peter!"

"Gosh, it is hard to feed a baby prune sauce and milk toast when you're in the last stages of starvation!" Peter said. Mary presently went upstairs with Lindsay, Betsey riding sleepily against Aunt Lin's shoulder. Mary was upstairs perhaps half an hour; came back with her eyes dewy from the dark, her hair brushed into its old bright cloud of red-gold, her old blue velvet gown setting off the unwonted apricot satin in her cheeks. Jeffery thought he had never seen her or any other woman so beautiful.

The chicken was luscious beyond even her enthusiastic description of it; the coffee was hot and amber-clear; the last spear of asparagus was finally served from the cooling butter. The Burleighs and their guest lingered long at the homely table in the kitchen; Mary had never realized before, she told herself, that Jeffery could talk. He had them all transported across the rough Pacific; they were in Kobe, in Shanghai, on the muddy waters of the Whangpoo; they were in the hot, white streets of Bombay.

"How long are you with us, Marco Polo?" Peter presently asked.

"Only until tonight."

"Oh, bad luck!"

"I'm hot!" Chrissie suddenly exclaimed, heavy with warmth and relaxation and food, and dragging the last word out to two syllables.

"It *is* hot in here. The wind's gone down." Peter got to his feet. He went to the yard door and opened it, and

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stepped outside. "Come out here!" he called to them. "It's as hot as blazes. Not a breath of wind."

"Oh, God help us and preserve us!" murmured Aunt Joan. She had come to dinner in a worn yet presentable old silk dress, but she was wearing the paddysoy belted snugly about her.

They all went out into the yard, glad for a breath of air, and stood staring up at the starry sky. No wind was moving; the moon was coming up enormous and yellow on the other side of the Pilts' hayfield.

"Ain't it funny and hot, Mary!" Mrs. Roberts shouted from across the back fence. Mrs. Roberts had been the woman to call "Shoylee" so shrilly on that winter morning long ago when Peter and Mary had come down, in solemn superiority as the Burleigh heirs, to look in indifferent scorn at the Green Oaks house that was so inconsiderable a part of their estate. Since then she and the Burleighs had become friends; Barty had even been suspected of a tenderness toward Shirley.

"Isn't it queer?" Mary called back.

"Terrible cold this afternoon. I didn't know but what we'd have to have the furnace going!" the neighbor shouted.

"They have a new furnace—her husband put it in—and with her squirrel coat it is the only thing she thinks of at the moment," Mary said in an explanatory undertone to Jeffery.

OTHER men and women had come out of their houses to marvel at the strange, torpid heat that had so quickly replaced the high, nerve-racking wind. Voices were heard oddly in the yards and orchards; the moon rose, lessening in grandeur, and swam in an obscured sky of Prussian blue.

When they went back into the house again it smelled stuffy and of food. Peter opened the doors on both sides; Mary, Lindsay and Chris fell upon the cleaning-up; Chrissie exemplary and useful and capable. Out of the corner of her bold, black eyes she watched Jeffery to see if he observed how good she could be.

"I think I'll turn in," Peter said. "It's ten o'clock."

"I wish you were going with me, tonight, Pete," Jeffery said.

"Oh, gosh!" Peter said eloquently.

"Well, I didn't see it coming when I was your age," Jeffery reminded him.

"That's right. Oh, I'll get my break," Peter said. He stopped, leaving the kitchen, and put his hand on Mary's shoulder. "I just wish that everything was all right with Mary here," he said wistfully. "She seems to have more than her share."

"She has a damn' good brother," Jeffery said unemotionally. He and Peter looked at each other, and Mary saw the younger man flushed with pleasure.

"Come along to bed, Chris and Bart," Lindsay said.

"Oh, why?" Chrissie demanded, half laughing, half aggrieved. "It's so hot!"

"Well, for one thing, Mary wants to talk to Mr. Maclean," Lindsay said simply. "He has to leave for China tonight, and we won't see him again for a long time."

"Well, I won't either," said Chrissie, not forgetting that she was a big girl now, and yet not quite ready to obey.

"Beat it!" Peter said simply, cleaning his pipe at the sink. But before Chrissie could move, or refuse to move, there was an interruption. Mary thought afterward that she had heard a wind get up outside, a strange wind that talked like a voice. Lindsay always said that it was the knocking that gave her her first horrible premonition of something wrong; knocking, and the tumbling of things—glass breaking in the pantry. From somewhere unspecified came the sound of a woman's voice screaming, high and broken, and then the earthquake was upon them.

Then a door slammed, and Aunt Joan, swift, desperate, unseeing, rushed through the kitchen. She collapsed against Peter, and Jeffery, helping to catch her, shouted, "Earthquake, and she's fainted! Get her into the open air!"

The solid house was jarring and rattling like a box of china; the solid earth outside was heaving sickeningly when they reached it.

"She's fainted," Peter said, laying his aunt's small figure straight on the grass. "Sit here, Lin, and hold her head in your lap. It's all over! It was only an earthquake. It's over. It's nothing to yell about, Chris! Shut up, Chris."

"Where's Mary?" Jeffery demanded suddenly.

"She's gone up for the kid!" Peter ran for the house, but Jeffery was before him. The stove had been shaken to pieces, the red tablecloth was aflame, and heavy fumes of smoke were already circling in the kitchen. Jeffery and Peter ran through them and thundered into the narrow downstairs hall. They could hear Mary calling desperately upstairs somewhere in the dark. There were no lights in the black, hot house, and a reminiscent quiver of the earth caused another rattling of picture frames and china, and was followed by a long, slow smash.

It was all quicker than a flash of light, quicker than their terrified heartbeats.

"The door's jammed!" Mary called down. "Come up and break it; Betsey's awake, she's calling me!"

And as Peter burst in the door with a mighty blow of his shoulder, Jeffery caught her, fainting, and she leaned against him and felt his arms holding her, and slipped away into a merciful blackness and oblivion as he went with her down the narrow stairs and out to the lawn.

THE papers the next morning would report a slight earthquake, felt most severely in the neighborhood of Las Palomas, starting several fires in the little township of Green Oaks and the Vershayne Cannery district. Peter, rushing with his little niece to the open air and the dark; Jeffery, kneeling on one knee as he and Lindsay shook and coaxed Mary into cognizance of what was going on; Aunt Joan, belted into her paddysoy and staring up at the hot close stars in the last moments of her life, breathing deep of the air that was sweet with fresh green grass, could not know that this unimportant event marked the beginning of a change in all their lives, could not know that this seventeen seconds of panic had set in motion wheels that would not stop turning for many days and weeks.

Aunt Joan breathed deep and sighed, and closed her eyes to darkness forever. Lindsay carried the awakening Betsey to Mary, so that consciousness and her knowledge of the child's safety should return to her at once. Mary looked about her, dazed and smiling, sensing rather than knowing against whose shoulder her own shoulder rested, smiling at Lin in the moonshine, gripping with a wet, cold hand the big hand that held her own.

"I was frightened," she said, surprised to find her voice only a whisper.

"You're all right now, my dearest!" Jeffery said.

"No harm done!" Mary said gallantly, getting to her feet. But the moment she stood, she reeled against Jeffery's arm and knew a moment of sickness and vertigo, and went back to blackness again.

(To be continued next week)

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Good Eating

Continued from page 24

the smaller of which carries the life-and-energy blood to the chest cavity and external body, and the larger of which supplies the abdominal cavity and its contents. The two routes borrow from each other at need, and so, if you have been starving all day with your body and brain going full tilt, you will have been borrowing in increasing amounts from the abdominal blood supply in order to keep going. Then, when it is at its lowest ebb, you suddenly eat your fill, thus throwing a terrific burden there, and the whole circulatory system is thrown into confusion, which manifests itself in different ways, depending on your temperament and your weak spots. You get fidgets that are really a reaction from unnecessary nerve and hunger strain. Or insomnia, or a restless half-sleep because your digestive apparatus is having spasms from overwork. Or you burst out every now and then (generally just before the week-end you've been looking forward to all summer) with a dandy little series of chin and forehead bumps.

The second rule, to eat a balanced diet, isn't news any more. Everybody knows the fundamentals nowadays—that you should have in the course of each day approximately and in some form, one meat, two vegetables (one so-called "green" vegetable), one sweet, one fruit, an egg or a serving of cheese, and a pint of milk. And if you don't know all the rules and fancy words, your common sense will tell you lots. That after a rich meat and vegetable meal you should choose a tangy dessert, and after a light one you may go in for a cream or pastry. A cream soup goes well before a salad, and apple pie or strawberry shortcake is a meal in itself when combined with a glass of milk. Moreover, you can generally trust the day's table d'hôte or blue-plate combination, for trained dietitians have arranged them. Only don't skip the dab of coleslaw or the olives and celery that come with it. It isn't there just for garnish but is your mineral quota.

If Your Mouth Doesn't Water

When a group of hospital and clinic dietetic experts were asked recently what restaurant eaters neglect most, they said milk, first of all. Then vegetables and then eggs. And you should listen to them, for they handle the digestions that are on the skids. Milk is so important that an advisory pamphlet on feeding a family at minimum cost for maximum health, distributed by many relief and welfare agencies, allows a third of the entire food budget for the milk bill. That is unnecessarily high for adults, of course, but it gives you some idea of its health and economy value.

Fresh fruit is another valuable health item, and one easily neglected because it is likely to come high on the bill of fare. The same welfare experts suggest, therefore, that, if your quarters count, you buy your apples and cherries and peaches and such at a market and eat them at home.

Now for the ticklish matter of eating congenially and restfully. Don't shrug. A butler or a membership in the best clubs isn't the answer to that. The answer is never to eat a full meal when you're rushed, moody or overtired. The food may go down but it sits like a burden instead of turning into pep and energy, for rage or worry or tension will turn off the digestive juices exactly like turning off a faucet. The simplest proof of this is that, after a fight with the manager or bad news from your broker, your mouth is so dry that you literally swallow your lunch whole. Your salivary glands are too tense to moisten it and your taste buds too numb to savor it, whereas the mouth of the easy-going, leisurely epicure just naturally "waters" as the meal comes on, and thus prepares it for the next digestive process. And the same thing, without your realizing it, happens all along the line.

A Long, Warm Drink

And that's why, too, nervous people are particularly inclined to digestive troubles, and why doctors who know their patients are suffering more from business rush and complications than ill-health—though doubtless suffering just as truly—recommend eating less at a time and more frequently. That is, very light meals supplemented by a mid-morning cup of broth, say, a mid-afternoon milk or orange juice, and a mild night-cap—not necessarily spirituous, but preferably warmed. Eggnog made of half-and-half is an ideal choice for a person who is too disturbed or too rushed to eat normally. And in extreme cases when you're all keyed up and yet need sustenance, a hot milk with a dash of rum in it will both calm you down and pep you up.

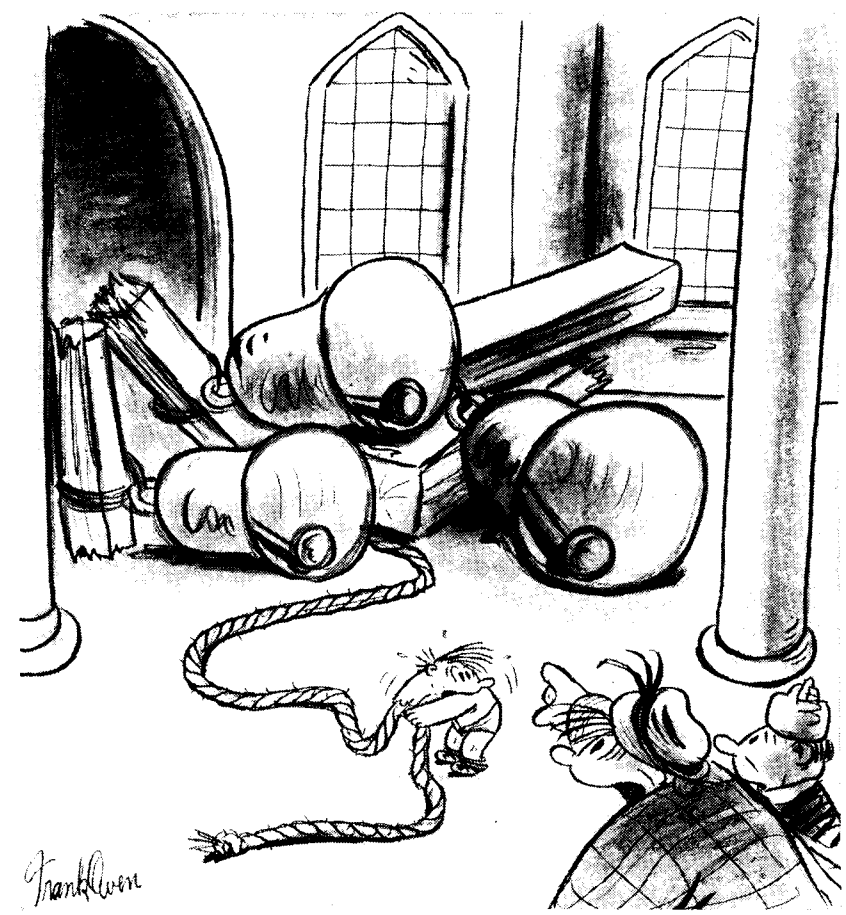
In fact, a layman can never believe how much more soothing heat is to your inside cupboards than cold. So beware doubly of iced liquids when you're keyed up or overstimulated after a business or athletic battle. I know they hit the spot when you're dry from over-tension or dehydrated from exercise, but once they're down they're dynamite. If you can't resist them, at least drink them slowly instead of in icy gulps, to give them a chance to warm up a bit on the way down.

Even the healthiest and calmest and most insignificant cogs in the business machine have nervous, hectic days, and they're the ones that get us into digestive and complexion troubles. So, if you know you're in for a big day—or perhaps a whole busy season—baby yourself a little about your food. Take an especially good breakfast and rest, or at least relax, before lunch if it's only to stretch out in a chair somewhere. Lean your head back, drop your shoulders down—they'll always creep up around your ears somewhere when you're overwrought, that's why you get so tired at the back of the neck—put your hands in your lap palms up, wipe your mind as blank as you possibly can, and just drift awhile, as long a time as you can spare. Or, if you're too rushed to get out at all, don't keep plugging ahead until you drop, but send out for sustenance. Something hot, remember. The corner drugstore always has a cream soup or chowder on tap. Sip it slowly and it will take you through until you come to a real stopping place. Then when the worst is over, go home and really rest before you take dinner—making the dinner a real reward by choosing some place, some thing—or somebody—you especially like.

If the business world could just learn to eat more happily and wisely and comfortably, to pass up the dish of haste or worry that will curdle the best lunch or breakfast ever served, and then make it a point to rest and refresh itself before dinner, however simple the meal is to be, there would be less talk about the modern business strain.

Philbert
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"All right, Philbert, speak up! Why did you pull so hard?"

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The Silver Desert

Continued from page 19

power of Barrier in your hands. If I can't trust you with it, tell me now."

"It's hell to think of Tip Hagan killed!" groaned Matt.

"It would be hell to think of more boys killed on a fool raid to get even. Are you with me, Matt?"

Strang said moodily: "Of course—but it's Buffalo Galt who's behind this."

"You sure?"

Matt looked swiftly at Sebastian. "Anybody else?"

"Maybe. That's all. I want guards put out tonight."

The crew filed through the doorway. Sebastian turned and climbed the stairs, going into his own room at the head of the landing. As he did so, Charm Michelet appeared from a lesser hall leading off the balcony and followed him, closing the door behind her. On the lower floor, Matt Strang had lifted a lighted match to his pipe but he saw that incident and he flung the match from him and made a violent turn. He stopped in front of a chair and sat down, bending forward to clasp his long palms tightly together; and he stared up to Sebastian's room, strain stiffening all his features.

CHARM MICHELET crossed to where Tom stood looking through the window at the shadowed desert. She touched his arm and drew him around, and for a long interval her dark eyes studied him. Her breathing quickened. When she spoke it was with a sighing gentleness: "Is it very bad, Tom?"

"I think it is going to be, Charm."

"Something I don't know about?"

"Something none of us know about."

Her voice lifted with partisan loyalty: "There aren't enough crooks in northern Nevada to drive Barrier men off Barrier."

"Charm," he said, almost sadly, "there are other methods of ruining a ranch nowadays than by using gunmen. Big business has a way—and politics has another way."

She said: "You knew it was the DePards. But you refused to chase them. Did you refuse because you were thinking of Tommy and me?"

"Perhaps."

"Do what you've got to do—and don't think about me!"

He said: "Did the shooting wake him?"

"No." She stayed there, one hand touching his arm through the long silence, until her eyes drew a smile from him. He said: "We have guests, Charm. The women might be a little shocked to know you were in here."

She retreated to the door and turned and looked back to him with an obscure expression. "Lily Tennant is a beautiful woman."

"Is she?" murmured Tom—and never observed the swift emotion flash out of Charm's eyes. She slipped quietly from the room.

Matt Strang, seeing her return along the balcony to her own room, at once straightened from his crouched, cramped position in the chair. He let his arms fall; and the tenseness left his face. He fumbled around for his pipe, fingers unsteady, and rose and strolled to the yard.

There had been one other interested observer. Kit Christopher, sitting in front of the bedroom fireplace, heard Charm's heels tapping down the balcony. She promptly got up and opened the door a mere fraction, thus observing Charm go into Sebastian's room. Later she saw Charm come out. Closing the door, Kit stared significantly at Lily. "She went into his room!" she whispered.

Standing beside the open grave, wherein the fresh pine box enclosing Tip Hagan lay, Lily thought of how blunt and final the events of this land were, of how simply these people accepted the accidents of the day. They adorned nothing with unnecessary words or emotions. Tip Hagan was dead and they were giving him a moment's respect before they buried him; and then they would pass on to other things. In a way, she reflected, it was beautiful—because it was real and natural, because there was here none of that artificial delicacy or exaggerated grief of her own Hollywood world.

Poplars surrounded the four sides of this cemetery which held, she had noticed, the three generations of Barrier. Tom, at the head of the grave, was reading the Twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." And as his voice rose and fell with those phrases so rich in human faith and hunger, she studied the men of the crew opposite her as they stood ranked against the penetratingly clear light of the early morning. Some of these men were quite gray, and she guessed they might be thinking of services held in this same spot long ago. Yet as gray as some were and as young as some others were, she felt the solidity and the singularity of all. They were not individuals. They were part of Barrier. And they were, she decided, not soft men.

Sebastian ceased speaking. The silence hung on a short moment, then two hands stepped forward and began shoveling the mounded earth down against the pine box. Kit Christopher drew a startled breath, wheeling away. The small crowd turned down the gentle incline toward the ranch quarters sitting below, now freshly bathed in the golden flash of a sun breaking over the eastern rim. Corrals and barns covered the foreground. Past these a series of shops and sheds and bunkhouses formed a plaza; beyond the plaza sat the main house, looking out upon a southern desert all bronze and yellow. Early as it was the distant horizon slowly faded behind heat haze and a low range of hills in the near west began to drip and flow with the same powder-colored atmosphere. In the distance a lone occasional water tank broke the monotony, and that was quite all. It was, Lily thought, immense and empty beyond description.

KIT gravely walked beside her. Seldom did this smiling, aloof woman ever permit the world to disturb her, but she was plainly disturbed now. Looking behind, Lily saw Tom Sebastian still standing at the grave, his bare head lowered. Charm Michelet walked in front, every motion of her lithe, strong body a-flow with a natural grace that reminded Lily of a spirit as free as the winds. It was something intangible, like the perfume of wild rose.

Crossing the plaza, Lily noted then how deliberately the buildings of the place enclosed and barricaded it—a memory of the turbulent days of 1870 when Barrier had been—Sebastian's words—"the only piece of civilization on the northern range." Going on through the house to the living-room, Lily remembered Kit Christopher's descriptive word. Feudalism. How queer a thing in these modern days!

Kit Christopher smoked a cigarette

(Continued on page 48)

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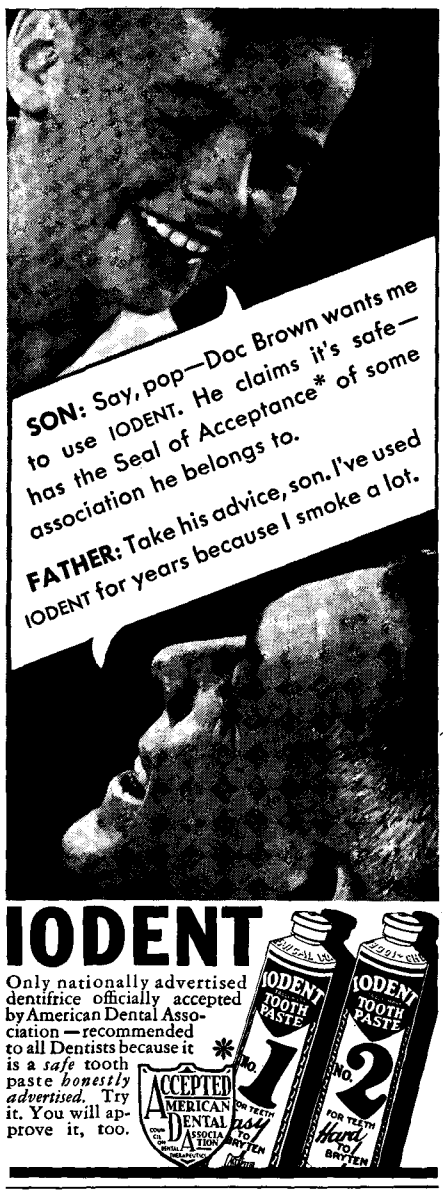
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(Continued from page 47)

with a strange nervousness; her eyes were very sharp. Sebastian came in.

"I don't want to be inhospitable," he said. "But I know you want to get home—and we had better drive it before the sun gets any higher."

He turned to the porch. Kit rose from her chair, touched by impatience, and followed. Sebastian stopped on the steps, by the auto, his eyes roving the eastern distance while his fingers rolled a smoke. Fresh sunshine poured out of a cloudless sky.

Kit said: "Well, you showed us something different, which was your wish."

He didn't look at her. "I regret it."

She moved over to a porch post and put her slim back against it; and made an immaculate, self-sure picture there. She was watching him with an alive interest. "You regard us as soft, weak people from whom the bitter truth should be concealed. It isn't a very high opinion."

"You came to Nevada for a little pleasure. Not to get your clothes dirty."

She said: "Yes. That's why Lily will be going back to Hollywood tomorrow."

"Is she?"

Kit Christopher narrowly studied his face. "Reno romance is like shipboard romance. Only illusion. Lily's going to the top in pictures. She mustn't nurse any silly dreams of romance."

HE WENT down the steps, betraying no feeling. Sillavan and Timmy and Lily came out of the house. For a moment Kit stood beside the front door of the car, but Lily came up and got in beside Sebastian. Kit shook her head faintly and turned into the rear seat with the other men. Sebastian drove away. Dust rose in heavy clouds behind and the ranch posts began to flicker like fast film.

"Tip Hagan," Lily thought aloud, "really died for the ranch. Did he have to?"

"Men like Tip stay on Barrier as long as they live."

"Loyalty," she said in a gentle voice. "Something that doesn't change, and can't be destroyed."

He didn't take his eyes from the road. "Yes."

"Loyalty to Barrier. Well, you are Barrier. So—loyalty to you."

He didn't answer. Looking aside then, she wondered if it were that sense of responsibility which laid so strict a reserve across his eyes, which made his lips so solid. He wasn't a laughing man. . . .

Two hours from Barrier they came upon a ranch surrounded by a few poplar trees and stopped by a tub of water by the roadside. Another car stood beside the tub, its ancient hood steaming; an elderly man bent and dipped water with a lard pail. The sound of Sebastian's machine pulled him around.

Sebastian got out. He said: "I thought you'd weaned that flivver, Lot."

"Just so, Tom, just so. I'm merely foolin' around. You're the second car I've seen today. This country's gettin' crowded."

Sebastian grinned. He turned to the car. "You should know Sheriff Lot McGinnis. He's been in this country so long even the Piutes come to him when they want to know their family history. These are some folks from Hollywood, Lot."

McGinnis removed his hat and made a grave bow. The desert had weathered him to a uniform bronze shade, against which the silver whiteness of his hair and long mustache made an extreme contrast. He was a tall, spare man with a broad jaw and a pair of deep blue eyes that seemed to contain remote humor. He said "I'm pleased" very courteously, and let his glance touch each person in the car. "Matter of fact, I was over in the desert and saw your dust comin'. So I thought I'd head this way. I want to see you sometime, Tom."

"Be back from Reno tonight."

"That's all right. Take the bucket. I ain't goin' anywhere."

Sebastian filled his radiator and settled behind the steering wheel.

An hour and ten minutes later the endless road had its ending at last, curling past a water tank and shanty into a broader highway that swooped over a dry, sun-scorched hill. At the top of the hill they saw Reno, one fluff of smoke standing over it. Sebastian, still thinking of what had been said far back on the road, spoke almost harshly: "What is it you really want?"

She delayed her answer a long while. Her voice fell. "To love—be loved."

They flashed across the flat lands into the outskirts of this town sitting so strangely in the deep, barren desert; and idled through its streets. Sebastian stopped, and when Lily looked out at her rented bungalow sitting between its pleasant locusts, a feeling of uncertainty shot through her. Kit Christopher and Timmy got out. But Sebastian turned his shoulders toward Lily.

"You can't have both. When you fall in love you surrender a great deal. You give as well as take. If you're going on to fame you can't give anything. Fame is all taking."

She said, in wonder: "How would you know that?"

"I have had plenty of time to think," he said very quietly.

Kit Christopher came up, her discerning eyes on them. Lily and Sebastian were at that moment completely absorbed in each other. Kit Christopher broke that up with a sudden sharpness. "So," she said, "this is the end of another buggy ride."

Lily left the car, but stood with one arm touching its door. Serenity had left her. "Shall I see you again?"

"I'll be going back to Barrier in an hour."

She said: "I'm sorry."

He drew a long breath, and turbulence rushed through him and left its wake across his eyes. "So am I."

THERE was a silence, then, in which baffled and inexpressible thoughts lay powerfully between them. Kit Christopher, more impatient and more watchful than ever, touched Lily's arm. "Let's get out of this sun."

Lily said "Goodby," and afterward walked to the bungalow porch, where Hannah waited at the open door. But she didn't go in until she saw Sebastian's car, carrying Sillavan, turn a far corner and vanish.

"There's been a long-distance call from Mr. Stuart," said Hannah. "He wants you to ring him back at Hollywood." Then she added, "There's letters."

Lily went in with a brusque swing of her shoulders, Kit and Timmy Akin following. Kit said, with a touch of urgence: "Call Jay. He may have something important to tell you." Then she stopped, for Lily turned and looked at her directly. Her chin was lifted and her long lips were pressed together. All the ease was gone from this fair, slender, womanly girl; all the laughter was out of her and suddenly the dark energy of her mood turned her expressively beautiful. The corners of her features were firm. She didn't speak, but Kit said, "I'm sorry, Lily."

Lily opened the first telegram: "I must insist you take the next plane back. Rex Gilman."

She threw it aside and took up the other: "What have you found over there in such a wild place that looks better than good old Hollywood? I have got Superb Pictures breathing down my neck. Sam."

Restlessness possessed her. She dropped the telegram and faced the two people silently looking on. "Probably I'll go back. Perhaps I can never get away from ambition. But I won't be pushed, Kit."

"Starlight and romance—in Nevada," murmured Kit. "You've got to grow up, Lily."

"Perhaps. But I'll have to find that out for myself."

Kit said: "I told you there was something queer about that ranch. Timmy discovered it. Charm Michelet isn't married. She grew up on the ranch as an orphan. The child is hers, but only Sebastian knows who the father is. Does it throw any light on the morals of a Nevada ranch? Did you observe how gentle he was with her?"

More aroused than she had been before, Lily said: "I don't believe it!"

"It's hard to put away your dreams," was Kit's soft answer. Timmy Akin, very sensitive to things unspoken, turned and left the room.

TOM SEBASTIAN dropped Sillavan at a downtown street corner. "I'll be back at your office in fifteen minutes," he said, and drove on. He parked before a bank, went in and crossed the lobby and sat down by a flat desk, beside George Grannatt. Grannatt was around forty and he looked very tired; his eyes warmed a little when he saw Tom. He squirmed his stout body to one side of the chair.

"There ought to be a credit exchange through from Frisco tomorrow," said Tom. "For the cattle I shipped yesterday."

"How much?"

"Around eleven thousand, I suppose, if the market hasn't changed much." Tom took a check from his pocket and laid it on the desk. "I need five thousand."

Grannatt beckoned a cashier over, handing him the check. He stared through a near-by window, into the brightness of the day. "You're carrying a lot of men out there."

"I need a good many men."

"Better cut wages."

"They've been cut."

Grannatt minutely scowled. His chair squealed as he turned toward Sebastian. "You could do with less men, but you're proud about it. Your dad ran that big a crew and you can't see the way clear to do otherwise."

"Those fellows have been on Barrier a long time. Where would they go if I turned them loose?"

"Sentiment. All Sebastians have been full of it. Your grandfather and your dad both died because a sentiment for Barrier trapped them into situations they had no need to be in. In their day it was all right, but personal relations don't count now. You've got to handle Barrier on a straight business basis or you'll sink."

"George," said Sebastian, "you know better. If running Barrier was a business I wouldn't need all those men. What I've got over there is an army of defense. You know why."

"Perhaps," admitted Grannatt uncomfortably. Then he added with an increase of vigor: "Don't get pulled into any trouble." The cashier came back and laid a half dozen packets of bills and a sack of silver in front of Sebastian. Grannatt said, very casual: "Is that all the money you need?"

"I think so. How's things in the bank?"

"No better than they should be."

"That bad?"

"Tough times for all of us, I guess. I'm not crying any more than the rest."

"You'll pull through." Sebastian

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tucked the bills into various pockets and stood up with the sack of silver under his arm. Grannatt pulled a pen from its nest by the inkstand; he made an aimless series of squares across his blotter. Not looking up, he said: "You sure you've got enough spare change to carry you over until next time?"

"Yes," said Sebastian. His eyes watched Grannatt carefully a moment. Then he repeated: "Yes. See you later."

Grannatt rose and walked as far as the gate with Sebastian. He touched Sebastian's arm. He was quite openly concerned. "Don't get drawn into trouble. That's the second time I've said it. So I must be saying it for a reason."

"I know."

SEBASTIAN went into the hard gush of sunlight. He left his car where it was and crossed the street to Sillavan's office, which was up a flight of stairs. There wasn't any anteroom. If people wanted to see Sillavan while he was busy with others they stood in the hall and waited. The walls of his quarters were solidly lined with books; and Sebastian found him in an accustomed attitude, half lying in his chair, feet on the desk, cigar smoke turning the atmosphere blue. Sebastian put his silver sack on the table and sat down.

"What do you think you're up against now, Tom?"

Sebastian curled and licked a cigarette. "A big ranch always has enemies. Barrier's a big ranch."

"My boy," said Sillavan, "I'm sorry to tell you it isn't simply that."

Sebastian got out of the chair and braced his solid back against the bookcases. "Go ahead. I want to hear this."

"I'm pretty old," said Sillavan. "I rode with your grandfather. I knew your dad. He was an influence in this state. Sometimes he had to use every ounce of that influence. He was honest, but he could kill either physically or politically when his back was against the wall. Some of the greatest fights in the West centered around your father, though you will never hear them mentioned above a whisper. Your dad is dead. Some of his enemies are not. That's what you inherit."

"That's why I keep a strong crew."

"Shooting? Sure, that's coming. But it isn't the whole thing. Range wars are fought other ways. Politics —and money."

"You're not mentioning any names."

Sillavan's deep-lined face momentarily vanished behind cigar smoke. All Tom saw was the bright blandness of two blue eyes. "No," said Sillavan. "I wept over Henry's grave when he died. And if I were younger I'd kill the man that shot him. I know that man. He's still alive. But I can't speak secrets. They concern too many people and they're better buried with me. All I wanted to tell you was that there's a fight coming up against Barrier that will be worse than you think, because the roots of the quarrel go further back than you know, and the sources are higher up than you imagine. I'll try to help you in my own way. Only, I'm getting old."

Sebastian walked from the wall. He said: "I'm playing a waiting game. All this sniping by the DePards doesn't fool me much. I'll wait it out. When I know where to hit, I will."

"Be careful," adjured Sillavan. "Bullets are still being fired out of the rimrock. Nevada doesn't change much. The whole campaign of your enemies is to put you in a bad light, to get you to commit an error. Then they've got you."

The telephone rang and he lifted the receiver and listened. Then he said "Yes," with a fine, soft courtesy. "Yes, of course," he added, and hung up. "Lily Tennant wishes you to call before leaving town," he said.

Tom only nodded. He got his sack of silver and passed from the judge's rooms. Leaning back in the chair, Sillavan listened to the definite, unhurried tread die down the hall. He continued to smoke for a matter of minutes, eyes unblinkingly fixed on the ceiling; and something of the rough, tough youth that had been his began to fire his glance, to put pressure around his lips. Abruptly he got up, clapped on his hat and went over to the bank. He crossed the lobby to Grannatt's corner.

Grannatt said: "I've got to run to Frisco this afternoon to see the Fleishmann brothers. They may take over some of our frozen paper. I want you to go along."

"Me?"

Grannatt said wearily: "I haven't got a single decent business argument why they should buy this junk. You know them. I want you to put it on a sentimental plane. They made their money in Nevada silver. It's their home state, and if this bank busts it's going to hurt a lot of their old friends. It's the only out we've got. Otherwise we close shop. By the way, did you say anything to Sebastian?"

"This bank is my client. How can I mention its affairs? But I wish to God he could be warned."

"I dropped a hint," said Grannatt, "which he refused to take." Then the rawness of his nerves showed. "I guess he'll have to suffer with the rest of us."

LILY TENNANT waited for Sebastian on the bungalow porch; and he thought he saw defiance in the tilt of her chin. She wasted no words. "Would you mind if I imposed on you? I want to go back to Barrier. For a day—or for a week. With Timmy and Kit, of course."

He said: "Why?"

"Just consider I'm running away from something I don't want to face yet."

"I'll guarantee you isolation—but not quiet."

She said: "Will I be a bother?"

"I told you last night you and I were as good friends as we'd ever be. There is some risk involved, Lily. But I'd like to have you."

"Risk?" she queried.

He only looked at her; and then she understood and faint color came across her cheeks. "I'll take my chances on the moonlight, Tom."

"Come along."

She returned to the house while he went out to the car. In a moment she reappeared with a small fitted case, Kit and Timmy following. Kit looked at Sebastian with clear hostility. "I think this is absurd," she said. "You shouldn't permit it." She got in the back of the car with Timmy. Lily took her place beside Sebastian. Sebastian put the car down the street.

"Moonlight," he said quietly, "is for adolescents. It may be something more real than that, Lily. What Barrier takes it seldom gives up. And you and I are flesh and blood people."

They were in the center of town. Kit said: "I'd like to do a little errand here, if you don't mind."

Sebastian drew over to the curb. Kit got out, going into the telegraph office near by. She spent very little time phrasing her wire, which was to Jay Stuart. It said: "Lily has gone native. Only you can stop that so come immediately. Kit."

She returned to the machine, presenting inscrutable cheeks to Lily. Sebastian drove on, reached the open country and raced across it, underneath the burning, brilliant sun.

(To be continued next week)

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Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

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ADVERTISE WHERE THE TOP-INCOME BUYERS ARE *SIFTED* FOR YOU

• in FARM MARKET A

THE startling fact that two-thirds of the farmers are getting only one-fifth of the national farm income, is an important factor that sales and advertising executives cannot afford to ignore. It means that to make your rural marketing successful you must choose publications with *selectivity* — not *collectivity* — to carry your sales messages into the agricultural field.

How could it be otherwise? The advertiser who buys widespread "coverage" in any state or limited section gets more chaff than wheat. For there is bound to be a full quota of unable-to-buy farmers in the "scooped-in" subscription lists of such publications. A surprising statement, perhaps, but the low-income farmers by far outnumber the top-income farmers in most states and limited sections. They are the poor prospects for branded merchandise.

When you realize that only 35% of the farmers are getting 80% of the national farm income every year, you can see the fallacy (and waste) of collectivity — trying to put your advertising into every mail-box along the road. Reach the top-income farmers — the 35% whose gross income averaged $2,888 last year, and you reach the buying power of rural America. Farm Market A — the richest agricultural market, where there are no country slums. And, best of all, you *can* reach this nation-wide market of top-income farmers with one national farm publication — The Country Home magazine — for far less than the cost of reaching the scooped-in circulations of the cheaply-printed farm magazines. Advertising in The Country Home magazine, per-page-per-thousand readers costs less than half as much as advertising in localized farm publications, as Standard Rate and Data will show you.

The Country Home magazine offers you a highly selective circulation — 91% of which is concentrated in Farm Market A. "Selective" because it is sifted two ways: The circulation men of The Country Home sell only at the better farms. The editorial viewpoint of The Country Home is deliberately aimed at the minds of the better-thinking, better-off farmers. More than 1,500,000 of them and their families. The rich top-soil of rural purchasing power. And an intelligent advertising campaign in The Country Home directed at these intelligent men and women is bound to show direct results in sales.

80%
of the farm income is produced by
35%
of the farms

EIGHT-DOLLAR CUSTOMERS *or* ONE-DOLLAR CUSTOMERS?

Here is striking evidence of the difference in farmers' ability to buy. Last year the farmers in Farm Market A had an average gross income of $2,888—about $8 a day. But the other farmers—65% of the total—averaged about $400. A little over a dollar a day to exist on. These dollar-a-day farmers unhappily can't afford to be brand-conscious. They don't read the better publications, nor can they buy the things that are advertised in them. And since they do not buy your products—can you afford to advertise to them?

20%
of the farm income is produced by
65% **of the farms**

THE country Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

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No fountain pen like it; you can change the point *yourself*. Select *YOUR* point, screw it in —and away you write! Points graded for any type handwriting including bookkeeping and shorthand. Made of Esterbrook's exclusive metal, Solid Duracrome, more efficient and cheaper than gold. No time out for repairs — to fix leaks, stoppages, bent points, etc., etc. Just replace old point with new point (25c) *yourself*. See this pen! Try it! Esterbrook Pen Co., Camden, New Jersey.

RE-NEW-POINT
◀ *complete with feed* ▶
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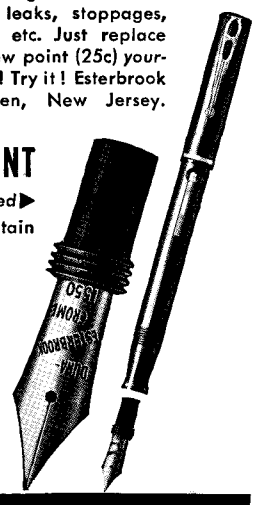

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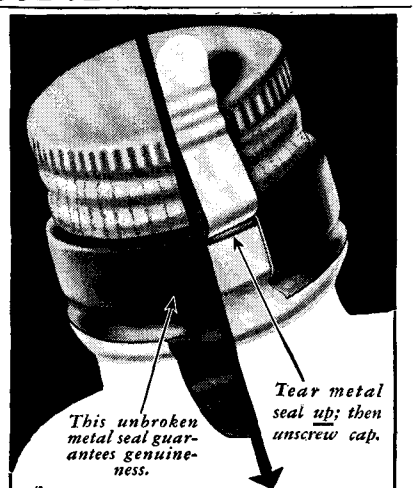
D.D.D. *Prescription*



FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857
Seagram's

See advertisement . . . . . Page 33

HAS AN ALSECO ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL ON EVERY BOTTLE *for your protection*

ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Apple Dumplings

Continued from page 15

lands flat in the bottom of the dory.

"A dory mate!" says Hector. "There's a right way to drop into a dory—watch!" he shouts at Clarrie, and timing himself and the dory, he drops and lands like the dory is lying in smooth harbor water.

The Skipper watches Hector and Clarrie whirling astern of the vessel. "Hector ought to be makin' allowances for Clarrie and not ridin' him the first day in the dory," said the Skipper.

"That doesn't mean anything with Hector," I said. "He'll ride a green hand till he has him ready to jump overboard and then tell him he knew he had the makings of a good dory mate from the first day he saw him."

"I know," said the Skipper, "I know, but there's a danger in waiting too long to tell 'em sometimes."

We have one hard day after another, and Clarrie does his best, but halibut-catching, handling the extra heavy gear and a banker's double dory, especially in rough winter weather, calls for big, able men.

Clarrie tries, but all hands know that he's not going to prove himself to Hector as a dory mate that first trip—and Clarrie is thinking the same thing too, I guess.

We get two weeks of good fishing, which is plenty for a fresh halibuter. Our last trawl is hauled, our last dory is hoisted. It is set the watch then and swing her off, and drive her for a market passage home.

Wind and sea were making when we left the grounds. It was growing rougher every minute, and colder too, they said—the spray freezing as it hit the deck, almost.

Late in the afternoon Hector and Clarrie are called to take their watch. Clarrie comes out of his bunk sort of chanting to himself—or whoever would care to listen—a way he had when he was in one of the exalted moods that took hold of him at times.

"Spars of gold she had, and sails of beaten silver!" chants Clarrie. "Of wove blue silk were her sheets and halyards, and red tassels were to the ends of 'em. And there was a shining diamond head to every trenail in her deck. And her deck was all ivory. She was dazzling to look at, and she was sailing, sailing, sailing through a sea of purple wine!"

HECTOR frowns at Clarrie across the fo'c's'le, both hurrying into their redjackets and oilskins. "A sea of purple wine?" says Hector. "I'd like to been standin' round her deck with a draw bucket handy."

I'm in the galley, peeling apples. "Ho!" says Hector. "Apple pie, Jud?"

"No pies, Hector," I said. "Apple dumplings. And it was knowing how you liked them made me think of making them."

"There's a shipmate!" says Hector. "Apple dumplin's! What I'll do to them!"

"Apple dumplings, Cook? Mm-m! For supper are they?" says Clarrie.

"For supper, boy, and if you and Hector are a bit late off watch to sit in at the supper table, I'll save you both a helping of 'em."

Clarrie caught the idea I had in mind—to bring them closer together—in saying that, and he smiles toward Hector; but Hector is the kind who is ashamed to let on he's beginning to be friendly when he didn't used to be, so he avoids looking at Clarrie. Clarrie goes up the deck ladder shaking his head.

"Gold spars and silver sails," says Hector. "What d' you make of a man who talks like that?"

"Don't you ever bust into swearing, Hector?" I asks.

"You know I do."

"Does it do you any good ever?"

"Why, it eases me down sometimes."

"That's it!" I says. "You bust into swearing, another man gets drunk, others will go around wanting to beat up somebody, and all for the same reason that Clarrie busts into poetry—to ease something inside of him."

"I s'pose it's better than goin' crazy and runnin' fore and aft yellin' Hallelujah and heavin' tubs o' good trawlin' gear over the side like a man I was shipmates with one time," says Hector. "Clarrie stands by the foreriggin' the other day lookin' at the sun settin' when he oughta been down havin' his supper. When he does come below he outs with a little notebook and begins writin' in it. Is there a livin' for a man in that poetry stuff, Jud?"

"Not him—he'll need a better business head, and more ballyhoo behind him than he'll ever get. Tell him not to be too careless on deck when you get up there, will you, Hector?"

"Man, ain't he got sense enough to watch out for himself on the deck of a pitchin' vessel on a rough day?" says Hector.

"Tell him just the same," I said.

A LIVING gale was blowing and a high sea running when Hector reaches the deck. He relieves the forward lookout, hooking his arms into the weather forerigging so no loose water will carry him to loo'ard. He looks aft and sees John Houghton shifting his life line from himself to Clarrie at the wheel. Every man taking the wheel that day had a life line around him.

"Nothing to and keep her goin'. Drive her, boy, drive her!" says John.

"Nothing to and keep her going," says Clarrie. "I got her, John. And have a care going for'ard, John. The break of the deck is a sheet of ice."

Hector has a look to wind'ard, and decides that the safest place for him to be, in case any big seas feel like coming aboard, is up in the weather forerigging. He climbs up there. He hears Clarrie chanting:

"Golden spars and silver sails
Silken sheets and halyards fine
And drive her, drive her, drive
Through a sea of purple wine!"

John Houghton reaches the for'ard corner of the cabin house on his way to the fo'c's'le. From there he dives for the saddle of the mainmast. The vessel is hatches under, the deck pitched like a steep-pitched house roof ashore, and all icy. John slips down on the icy deck and while he's down a masthead-high sea comes racing at the vessel. It's all open deck and all loose water between the cabin house and the mainmast, and nothing handy for John to grab hold of. The great sea sweeps him to loo'ard and over the lee rail.

Clarrie is wide awake, for all his singing. Hector sees him throw the vessel quick and hard into the wind, and hold her there. Then Hector sees Clarrie slide down the deck to the lee rail.

Hector then spots John, who is having a hard time to keep from being smothered in the roaring sea to loo'ard. Hector sees Clarrie slip the life line off him and heave it out to John. A Gloucesterman's life line for a helmsman on a hard winter passage is a long line with a slip-noose to one end, and the other end double hitched to a bitt beside the wheel box.

Hector sees John grab the life line and haul the noose down over his head and shoulders. By this time Hector has dropped to the deck and is hurrying aft to lend a hand hauling John back aboard. He is still on his way aft when another mountain of a sea comes racing down on the vessel. Hector has just time to hook both arms into the weather main rigging before the sea strikes aboard.

All that Hector saw above him for maybe half a minute was solid green water. When he could see the blue sky again overhead he looked around. The vessel was still safe in the wind, but Clarrie was gone from where he'd been standing at the lee rail.

John, with the life line still around him, is trying to haul himself through the rough sea. Hector ran aft and helps him over the rail.

"What happened to Clarrie?" asks Hector.

"I saw that last sea bury him to over his head and then it buries me. When I come up from under it he's gone."

Hector and John hold the vessel into the wind and study the sea all around, but there's no sign of Clarrie. They didn't expect there would be. No man could've stayed anywhere near the vessel in that sea without a line around him.

"Poor Clarrie—he's gone," said John.

"He's gone," said Hector.

The cabin companion hatch is slid back, the Skipper's head comes sticking up through it. "Who's on watch? What's the idea heaving the vessel to?" says the Skipper.

They tell him what happened and he gets up his glasses and sweeps the seas.

"No livin' in that sea," said Skipper. "And that's tough too—a good lad going like that. But being lost is all part of fishing life. Let me have that life line, John, and I'll put the vessel on her course again and stand Clarrie's watch for the rest of the passage home."

Hector goes back to his perch in the weather forerigging and John comes for'ard and tells me what happened. He felt bad over it, saying: "And he warned me to be careful and then I go and get washed overboard, and he's lost savin' me. I wonder what he thought of me, goin'?"

"Quit grieving, John," I said to that. "Whatever Clarrie thought, it wasn't to blame you, be sure of that. You had a family and he was all alone."

Hector came off watch, and sat on the locker. He doesn't say anything for a long time. Then it was: "Give me time and I'd made a good dory mate of him. As it was, and without any help from me, he proved himself a good shipmate."

"A damn' good shipmate!" says John.

SUPPER is over, but I had let the table stay set and kept a plate set for Hector. "Come on, Hector," I says, "sit in and eat. As the Skipper said, being lost is all part of fishing life. See, here's the mess of apple dumplings I said I'd save for you."

But he couldn't be coaxed. He climbs into his bunk and lays there, smoking pipeful after pipeful and staring up at the deck beams with not a word out of him.

The crew were whispering to each other for the rest of that night how hard Hector was taking Clarrie's being lost. I could have told them how hard. I'd been shipmates with Hector Penny for twelve years, and I never knew him before to pass up a mess of apple dumplings.

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Ordinary laxative cleansed his system—but failed to correct acidity . . .
STILL FEELS "HALF-SICK"
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Just take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Soon the alkaline action of this unique mineral salt laxative begins to correct your acid condition . . . to restore your alkaline reserve. At the same time it gently, thoroughly frees your body of clogging wastes and poisons—in an easy, natural manner.

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You can not expect these same wonderful results from ordinary laxatives. For while the usual laxative will cleanse your system, it is not designed to correct your acidity.

So, take Sal Hepatica the next time you need a laxative. And see what a remarkable difference it makes in the way you feel, when you correct acidity as well as cleanse your system.

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TUNE IN! "TOWN HALL TONIGHT." One full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun. Every Wednesday night, over National Broadcasting Network.

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All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

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THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT CORRECTS ACIDITY

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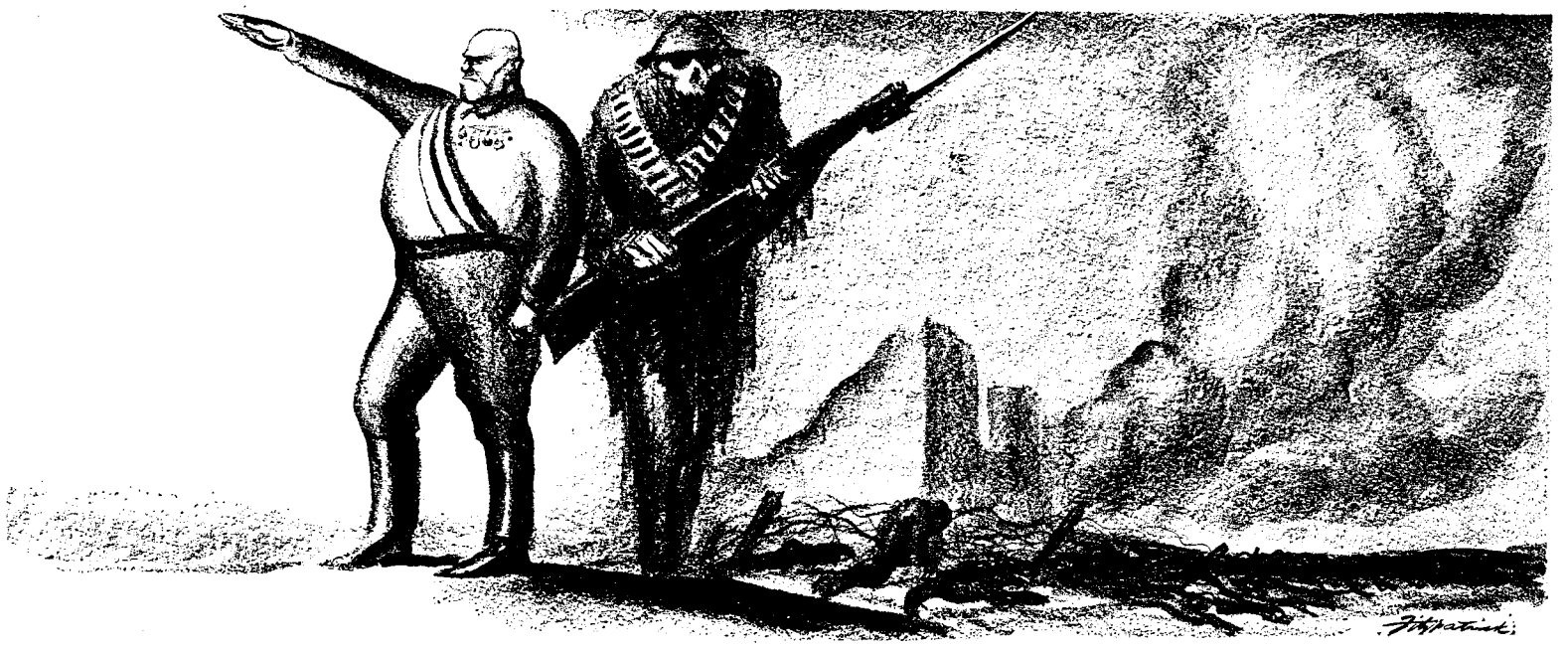

Dictated but not Approved

DEMOCRACIES may fumble and blunder but they make few wars. Only dictators and autocracies are willing and able to undertake the adventure of conquest. Japan's campaigns in North China are the work of the War Office, which is independent of the Japanese Parliament and Cabinet. Nobody in Japan except the Emperor can say "No" to the generals. History does not show that even emperors have done so.

In Italy Mussolini has the autocrat's authority to make war on Abyssinia. Neither Parliament, Cabinet nor King can restrain the dictator. If he finally decides that his own personal fortunes will be bettered by an Abyssinian campaign, no one can forbid the speculation.

No popular government today would dare to advocate an aggressive military campaign as a means of bettering its own fortunes.

Dictators and ruling cliques, on the other hand, are compelled to think forever of safeguarding their own continued power. War, especially a successful and not too costly war, may divert attention from disagreeable domestic problems. So war is sometimes chosen as the lesser evil of the alternatives available to the ruler.

The Japanese adventures in China and the Italian preparations for a conquest of Abyssinia reawakened old arguments in elaborate efforts to justify military action. Both the Japanese and the Italians have said that their aggression was precisely like the policies of Great Britain and France in the nineteenth century. It is true that the European powers built up their colonial possessions by methods now condemned. The answer is that this is the twentieth century. World opinion no longer approves what was tacitly accepted fifty years ago.

Abyssinia is an extensive area which contains much fertile land. The government proudly traces its history back to Biblical times, but the civilization is primitive. Men live and work much as their progenitors did two thousand years ago.

A war against Abyssinia would be as safe for Italy as any war can be. Climate and geography are Abyssinia's defenses. The Abyssinians have no modern weapons, no modern organization, none of the science which characterizes civilization.

The threat to world peace arises not from the resistance which the Ethiopians might offer but rather from the conflict of interests which will be disturbed by an Abyssinian campaign. France, Great Britain, Italy and Egypt control the adjacent lands. The British tried to dissuade Mussolini from undertaking the adventure. The French policy has been less outspoken. France is thinking of Germany and doubtless wondering what Hitler will do if Mussolini becomes involved in a long and costly campaign.

More than anything else, however, the idea of a frankly aggressive war deliberately started by a great power is shocking and disturbing. Japan's policy toward China was precisely similar, but Asia is not Europe and millions have believed that newer and better ideals were dominant in Europe.

Even a brief and relatively inexpensive conquest of Abyssinia by Italy will mark a loss of prestige and principle for the entire world. Of course, it may be true that Mussolini can administer Ethiopian affairs more efficiently than the Emperor Ras Taffari Makonnen and his subordinate chieftains. A very wise and generous administration over a long period of years would, however, be necessary to atone for moral loss inflicted by an unnecessary war.

For the plain record is that not only Italy but other great powers have signed the most solemn treaties with Abyssinia. On August 2, 1928, Mussolini's own representative signed a treaty of "perpetual friendship" with Abyssinia.

No great power, however, is going to use force to attempt to persuade Mussolini not to go to war. The dangers of the European situation are too great to warrant any break in the ties which unite Italy, France and Great Britain. For our part, Secretary Hull can remind the Italian Ambassador of the Kellogg Treaty renouncing war, which Italy signed. That is all the protest, or nearly all, the Administration can undertake.

Certainly, public opinion in this country will not support any interference which Italy might interpret as unfriendly. Public opinion in Great Britain and in the dominions is equally hostile to any act which might remotely lead to war. So, in effect Mussolini finds himself as free to pursue his own policy toward Ethiopia as the Japanese War Office was free to do its will in China.

The one agency of world opinion which might have exercised a restraining influence is the League of Nations. The League is impotent because the great powers have been unwilling to build up an international authority. As much as any other people or government, we shall have to accept responsibility for the feebleness of the league. It was our idea, almost as much Elihu Root's and William Howard Taft's as Woodrow Wilson's. But for political considerations the League became a part of our domestic quarrels and we turned against it.

Thus, today there is no competent international body ready to mediate this national quarrel. The dream of a world agency to consider international conflicts and to suggest peaceful solutions is deferred to the future. Without hindrance those in absolute authority may exercise their will absolutely, secure in the knowledge that no one will do more than express regret.

During recent years the glamour of dictatorial efficiency aroused some enthusiasm in this country. A dictator's swift decision seemed more attractive than long-winded debates in Congress. The glitter which surrounded the dictators fades in the eyes of Americans. Our instinct is for peace with justice and not for arbitrary war. Mussolini has unwittingly and unintentionally strengthened the cause of popular government in the United States.

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"That Blow-out I had taught me a lesson"

says **LESTER STOEFEN**
flashy tennis star

● "Championship tennis is strenuous enough. And a cannon-ball drive really hurts when it hits. But for real danger nothing that ever happened to me can equal that blow-out I had. I was driving from New York to Los Angeles last summer—and while crossing the desert my left front tire blew out. The terrific heat did it. My car lurched to the side of the road, and I was lucky there wasn't a thing to crash into. Now I'm taking no more chances with blow-outs—I'm riding on Goodrich Silvertowns."
LESTER STOEFEN

LIFE-SAVING BLOW-OUT PROTECTION *Free!*

WHAT if *you* had a blow-out speeding along some fast, crowded highway? Could a smooth-running motor or perfect brakes keep you and your family off the accident list? Maybe . . . but it's a long-shot gamble. You need *tires* that meet the challenge of today's high speeds. Because altogether too often human lives are snuffed out, people are injured, cars are wrecked when blow-outs throw cars out of control. And here's how most blow-outs get a start.

You Get No Warning

When the speedometer climbs to 40, 50 and 60, terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. Then what happens? A tiny, invisible blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER it grows. There's trouble ahead. But you can't *see* it—there's no way of telling *when* that blister may break. It may burst quickly or the blow-out may not happen for months. Just the same that blister—that blow-out in the making—as long as it *is* in the tire, is a real driving hazard and a constant threat to your life.

That's why so many motorists in America stopped gambling on tires and switched to Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. Built into every new Silvertown—and *only* into Silvertowns—is the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This amazing Goodrich invention resists *heat.* Rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form. Thus high-speed blow-outs simply don't get a start. For safety's sake get this *real* protection that Goodrich Silvertowns give you against *high-speed blow-outs.*

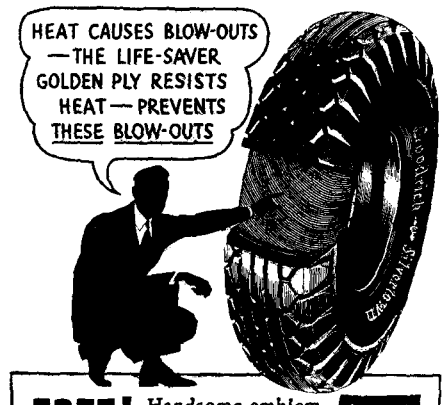
Another Safety Feature

And when it comes to positive protection against treacherous "tail-spin" skids, the Goodrich Safety Silvertown well deserves its name, "the Safest Tire Ever Built." Visit your Goodrich dealer and look at that big, broad extra-thick Silvertown tread. Press the palm of your hand on it. Feel those husky cleats *grip.* Then you'll know why you'll be *safer* on Silvertowns on every kind of highway—in all kinds of weather.

No Extra Cost

Don't gamble on unsafe, tread-worn tires. That invisible blister—that blow-out in the making may be in your tire *right now.* Remember, *only* Silvertowns, of all the tires in the world, provide you with Golden Ply blow-out protection. Furthermore, they'll give you more trouble-free miles than you ever got out of tires before. Yet this extra safe, extra rugged tire costs not a penny more than other standard tires.

Put a set of Goodrich Silvertowns on *your* car. That's the way to get *every bit* of value out of the tire dollars you spend . . . that's the way to *play safe.*



FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 573, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

The NEW **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown**
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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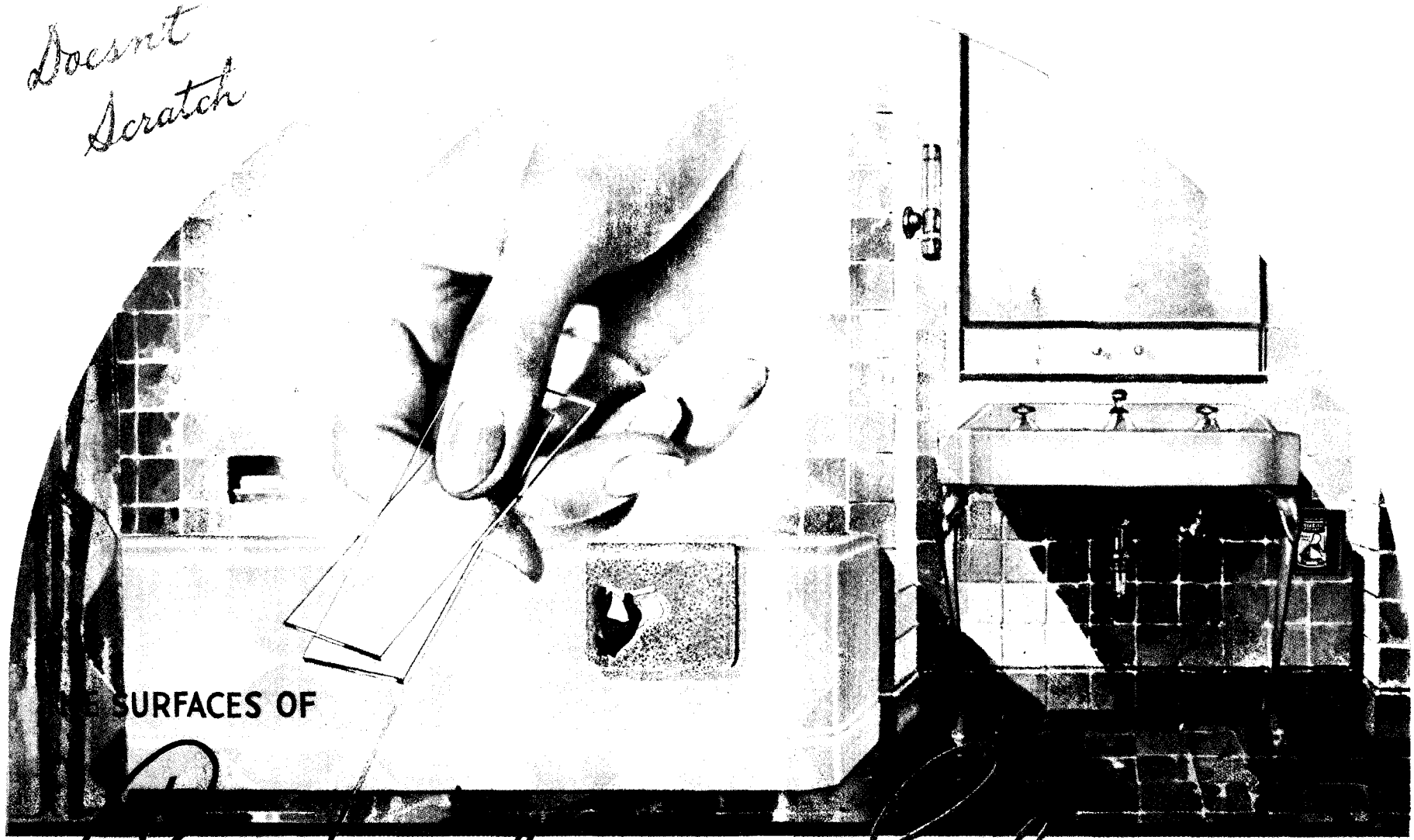

Bathtubs are Glass too

and this test shows that Old Dutch—made with SEISMOTITE*—protects their shining beauty

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The lovely porcelain surface of bathtubs—and of wash basins, sinks, stoves, refrigerators and washing machines—is really *glass* fused onto metal. If you want to keep it smooth, beautiful and new-looking, clean it only with Old Dutch . . . the one cleanser that passes the scientific "*Glass Slide Test.*" This test *proves* conclusively that Old Dutch won't scratch.

This is the Test: *Place a little Old Dutch between two pieces of glass and rub them together. You won't feel or hear the scratching of harsh, gritty particles because there are none in Old Dutch. With ordinary cleansers you'll hear grinding and you'll find minute scratches in the glass. Grit made them . . . and will make porcelain surfaces dull and dingy, difficult to clean.*

You can perform a similar test by putting the cleanser on a porcelain or glass surface and rubbing with a coin.

Use Old Dutch on any surface not harmed by water . . . even jewelry or dental plates. It doesn't scratch because it is made with *SEISMOTITE—a fine cleaning and polishing material that is scientifically processed and combined with other valuable ingredients.

You'll find Old Dutch cleans quicker, goes further and costs less to use. It polishes as it cleans, is kind to sensitive hands, is odorless and removes odors. Nothing else gives the value, service and satisfaction of Old Dutch.

..... The Old Dutch Rubber Bath Mat .....

This attractive bathroom accessory (illustrated above) is made of durable sponge rubber—light green background with blue-and-white Old Dutch figure. It is reversible and full size—14¾ x 23½ inches—a regular $1.00 retail value. This offer is good only in the United States.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. M312, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing 50c and 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, for which send me one Old Dutch Rubber Bath Mat.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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